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BY THE

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ON SATIRE.*

"ANSWER not a fool according to his folly, lest thou also be like unto him." "Answer a fool according to his folly, lest he be wise in his own conceit."† These are two contradictory proverbs, which are to be found side by side in a venerable book with which all Englishmen are supposed to be peculiarly familiar. They furnish a good example both of the value of proverbs, and of their complete inadequacy as rules of life. A proverb is the expression of a very wide experience; an experience so wide that it is in a measure common to a whole people, or even to the whole human race. But not the whole life of any individual, much less the experience of hundreds of millions of mankind, separated from one another by enormous intervals both of space and time, can ever be condensed into a single sentence. A man's life, in almost every sense, is a heap of contradictions, a long series of conflicts, a daily death, and a perpetual new birth. And when men come to live together, the moral permutations and combinations which become possible are absolutely innumerable. Among these combinations, unfortunately, it is possible to find fools.

* "Victoria Magazine," July, 1865.

† Proverbs xxvi. 4, 5.

mingled with wise men, and needing to be dealt with in whatever way may be best. How, then, shall a wise man answer a fool? We find, in actual fact, that people shape their conduct according to one or other of the two contradictory proverbs already quoted. There are men who laugh at folly till they themselves become almost incapable of perceiving that it is anything worse than a joke. There are others who spend their utmost wisdom in gravely answering absurdities, and utterly refuting preposterous nonsense, which a mere laugh might shatter to pieces in a moment. We are not likely to win, in our battle either with folly or vice, unless we are prepared to accept both the proverbs just quoted, as indicating the behaviour required and justified by a long and wide experience. There are times, in short, when flippancy must be rebuked by solemn gravity; and there are times when the lightest jest would be sufficient for its discomfiture. And so in literature there is a place for grave books on law and ethics, for treatises on the highest good, and the great end of human life; and there is room also for comedy and satire.

It is difficult to imagine any time in the history of man when comedy and satire had no existence; except, perhaps, that probably short period which was spent by our first parents in the garden of Eden. The perfection of that primæval state, if just a little monotonous, must have excluded those vanities which are the proper object of laughter and scorn. At any rate, if Mr. Carlyle be right, and if the very vices of mankind are essentially only different kinds of clothes, the satirist could have had no message for creatures so entirely unsophisticated as Adam and Eve. And yet no sooner does sin enter into the world than satire comes along with

it; and there is a wondrous irony, a bitter scorn of that tremendous loss which Adam and Eve believed so surely would be an immeasurable gain, in the few simple words, "They knew that they were naked." There is a comic side even of the worst sins; every sort of evil is quite out of joint; and there must always have been men who were capable of perceiving this, and who tried to cure or punish vice and folly by laughing them out of countenance. But as a department of literature, both comedy and satire, which are very nearly akin, are among the latest results of civilization. They imply an artificial life, which renders it extremely easy for people to seem what they are not; a state of society in which etiquette becomes of more importance than good manners; in which the free utterance of a man's genuine feelings is forbidden as coarse and vulgar; and in which therefore all manner of affectations abound on every side. It is not quite easy to determine whether satire preceded comedy or grew out of it; but whatever their history may be, they are in nature related to each other almost as epic poetry is related to tragedy. Epic poetry is descriptive, and as it were historical; but tragedy is the imitation of actual life. The tragedian does not relate how men have fought or suffered; he makes them fight or suffer before our very eyes. He does not dissect his characters, and show us their various motives, but he permits us to listen to what they say, and to see what they do, and so to ascertain for ourselves what they really are. In like manner, comedy is the playful representation of real life. It accomplishes that moral purpose which all good comedy has, by actually exhibiting to us that grotesque and contemptible behaviour which we always despise and ridicule whenever we are

in a position impartially to judge it. Satire, on the other hand, is more directly didactic; it dissects character instead of representing it in action. It does not suffer the vain man simply to exhibit his vanity to us, that more in mirth than anger we may laugh him to scorn; but it takes him apart, and strips off, one after another, all his showy disguises, till his deformity is before us in its utter nakedness, and we thrust him away with execrations.

For obvious reasons, we find the masterpieces of ancient comedy among the Greeks, and the masterpieces of satire among the Romans. The gravity of the Romans was more adverse than Greek decorum to histrionic performances; and this is an aversion with which the English character can very thoroughly sympathise. It is impossible not to admire a good actor; and it is impossible not to perceive how much genius and labour, how much power akin to the poet's own, are necessary to histrionic perfection. But there are very few Englishmen of good education and easy circumstances, who would consent to *be* even first-rate actors. There seems to be something undignified in the dresses, the attitudes, the false colours and lights, the feigned passion, and the innumerable unrealities of the stage. And yet this feeling may spring, not from the superior strength and solidity, but from the far inferior versatility of English character. We are for ever haunted by a self-consciousness which forbids a hearty abandonment to innocent and healthy pleasure; and which nothing seems able to control but money-making and religion. Nay, even our religion itself is far too subjective, far more the expression of what we think *we* are towards God, than of what we believe *God*

is towards us. Even in its public exercises, in the devotion of Christian congregations, an Englishman can scarcely kneel to pray without remembering that his attitude may be ungainly, and that somebody behind may be laughing at him. Or, again, in a very different region of life, most young people enjoy dancing; and probably no exercise is more pleasurable, so long as it is genuine dancing. But it may be doubted whether more than very few young men are capable of forgetting themselves enough to be made happy by so graceful and fascinating an amusement. Apart, moreover, from the solidity and reticence of Roman character, which were unfavourable to the full development of comedy, the political relations of Rome were far less elastic than those of Greece. The Roman watchword was "order," the Greek was "freedom." It could not be permitted in a well-ordered society, that chief citizens should be made the laughing-stock of any crowd of idlers. In fact, dignity is less easily killed even by crime than by derision.

But, on the other hand, religion is the chief leveller; in the sight of the gods all men are alike, in their exceeding smallness. Again, they are alike to the divine mercy and care.

"Carior est illis homo quam sibi."

The chief festivals, therefore, of the more powerful divinities were seasons of licence—"liberty, equality, fraternity"—and above all, the god Dionysus required of his worshippers that they should revel in his gifts with boisterous, grateful, self-forgetting mirth. The worship of this god has, indeed, passed through all stages of debasement, till Bacchus has become the

symbol of a worse than beastly sottishness. But he was not such in the beginning. On the contrary, it is, in a manner, to him that we owe those masterpieces of ancient wisdom and genius which have survived the wreck of civilisation itself, and floated safely over the deluge by which the old world was overwhelmed. That quick perception and ardent love of the beautiful by which the Greeks were distinguished, and the liveliness of their temperament, preserved them from the dreadful excesses of cruelty and lust which disgraced the Roman Bacchanalia. But when all men are suddenly reduced to one level, and permitted to address one another with unrestrained freedom, it is quite impossible to guarantee that the control of good feeling, or even common justice, will supply the place of the ordinary restraints of law. The scurrilous songs of the festive chorus, which gave place at a later period to comedy itself, were full of unmeasured invective and unpardonable libel; which, in fact, characterised Athenian comedy so long as it retained sufficient wit and spirit to be worth regard.

"Never, probably," says Mr. Grote,* "will the full and unshackled force of comedy be so exhibited again. Without having Aristophanes actually before us, it would have been impossible to imagine the unmeasured and unsparing licence of attack assumed by the old comedy upon the gods, the institutions, the politicians, philosophers, poets, private citizens specially named—and even the women, whose life was entirely domestic—of Athens."

With the loss of political freedom the Athenians suffered also the loss of that literary liberty which they had so recklessly abused. From that time Greek comedy lost its spirit and worth; it was at once too dramatic

* "Greece," viii. 450, (1850.)

to be genuine satire, and too satirical to be genuine drama. Greece enslaved could accomplish no more of those literary achievements which were in fact the very offspring of liberty; and from the time of the loss of her independence it was only her ever living *past* which ruled the thought of the world.

The licence granted by the great religious festivals, and the love of jest and banter inherent in human nature itself, found their best literary expression among the Romans, not in comedy (for reasons already alluded to) but in satire; and the satires of Horace, Persius, and Juvenal, are still unrivalled. Our English satirists have done little else, and nothing better, than imitate them; while, perhaps, none of them has reached the moral earnestness of Juvenal. Horace (whom Persius, both in style and moral purpose, closely resembles) is the representative of those who good-humouredly castigate the smaller vices and inconvenient follies of mankind. Indeed, he was far more a polished gentleman than a poet, beautiful though many of his poems are. They have more of good taste, exquisite neatness, perfect finish, than of real genius, or depth of emotion, or wealth of imagination. His choice of epithets is marvellously felicitous; they are never vulgar, coarse, exaggerated. No heat of passion makes him forget the reticence of good breeding. And so, in his satires, he looks at vice as unbefitting a well-bred gentleman; as a rude, unmannerly impertinence. His rebukes would scarcely touch the evil-doers; they were too delicate and refined. He was no match for the insolence of wickedness. He could caricature, for the amusement of his friends, the oddities, the follies, even the vices of his age; but his weapon was no way

sharp enough to pierce the thick, tough hide of fools and knaves. He seems unconsciously to reappear in almost every satire as he shows himself in the ninth of the first Book—sauntering along the Via Sacra, pestered by a forward coxcomb whose intrusive insolence he was too gentlemanly to resent; or again, as in the first of the second Book—writing because he must write, because somehow he couldn't sleep if he didn't. Even if he seems to forget himself in unwonted sternness, he is more vexed with himself than with those whom his lashes have hurt; and he writes a satire, which is scarcely satirical at all, to show how necessary it is to put up with people as we find them, and to make allowance for one another. "Deal with your friends' faults," he says, "as mothers do with the deformities of their children; call them by soft, sweet names. Let the close be called thrifty; the silly man who is a little too prone to boast, say he is anxious to please; the rude and off-handed, say he is natural and manly; the passionate, high-spirited. This is the way to make friends and to keep them." If a man can scarcely open his mouth without uttering some villanous lie, say "all his geese are swans." If he is an arrant coward, call him prudent. So will the awkward roughnesses of life be smoothed down, and human fellowship be made easy and agreeable. So it will, indeed; but the man who could write thus has missed the true, or at any rate the highest, aim of satire. Horace was no great teacher of morality—he was too much afraid of being thought ungenerous, fault-finding, censorious; a most real danger, to which everyone will find himself exposed who tries to mend the mischief which he sees around him. He frankly acknowledges that he wrote

not for the many, but for the little circle of his refined and cultivated friends. Moreover, his intimate friendship with Mæcenas, and those yet more illustrious men to whom the patronage of Mæcenas was an easy introduction, may have taught him to regard with a sort of toleration those follies which were rapidly becoming very dangerous vices. It is impossible to conceive of a lower degradation than for a great and powerful nation to be sunk in such undiscriminating luxury that the highest enjoyment of its chief men becomes scarcely better than a refinement of gluttony. Perhaps this vice had in the time of Horace scarcely begun to attract the attention of even thoughtful men ; just as in private life we may become aware that our friends have an eager relish for the pleasures of the table, long before we perceive that the flesh is utterly subduing the spirit, and changing the man into an animal. But by the time of Juvenal, gluttony had become one of the most contemptible and even dangerous vices of the Roman people. Horace, however, was more at home when satirising in his gentlemanly way the airs of those rich, vulgar men who imagine themselves capable of giving an entertainment to choice spirits, simply because they can afford to buy delicate viands and hire skilful cooks. He was unspeakably amused by watching the mingled impudence and cowardice of that sort of people ; their affectation of equality with their guests, continually discomfited by their complete knowledge of their own meanness. It is at once painful and amusing to reflect as you sit at table, that your host is the very meanest piece of furniture that his house contains. In fact, Horace is the representative of one of the two classes into which satirists may be divided, and Juvenal is the

representative of the other. The one is the satirist of folly; the other the satirist of vice.

"Juvenal had to deal with vice and folly more than a century older than the vice and folly of Horace's day, and a tyranny which Horace never witnessed. The playful personalities of Horace did not suit Juvenal's subject, and would not have represented his way of viewing it, nor did they suit the severe and defiant spirit in which he approached it." *

The morality of Juvenal is so pure and stern, that some have almost persuaded themselves that he was a Christian. It was less "technical" than that of Horace. It was not the virtue of a gentleman, but of an earnest, upright man. It regarded vice not as a folly that might be laughed at, nor as a ridiculous breach of good manners, but as an unspeakable baseness, destroying the true life of an individual and the peace of society. Indeed, that any Roman could have contemplated the moral condition of his nation in the time of Juvenal without loathing and terror, would have been utterly incredible, except for the far more terrible wonder that Romans could have been found guilty of those vices which Juvenal lashes with such unsparing severity. The growing wealth of our own country, its ever-increasing luxuries and refinements, its cessation from all plans of conquest, its principle of non-intervention in those noble quarrels which at any rate are more heroic than gluttony and lust, its almost absolute security from the attacks of foreign enemies; these and many other causes are combining to enable us to understand that rottenness of civilisation by which the Roman Empire was cursed. There is probably not a single vice satirised by Juvenal which might not be discovered

* Macleane's "Juvenal." (Bibl. Class.) Introduction.

in London itself: but as yet, at any rate, the vices of our own day are content to pay to virtue the tribute of hypocrisy. The vices of Rome in the time of Juvenal were utterly shameful and obtrusive.

The degradation of women was at once the effect and the far more fruitful cause of every other degradation.

"Surely you once were sane," says Juvenal to Postumus, in his sixth Satire, "are you really going to marry a wife? what fury is it that is driving you mad? are you really going to submit to one of these she-tyrants, while there are so many ropes left in the world by which you might hang yourself; when there are so many windows high enough to make you giddy, from which you may throw yourself down; when you can so easily plunge from the Æmilian bridge into the river?"

And then there follows that scorching satire which leaves us no room to wonder why the Roman Empire should have been broken in pieces.

"Eastern impostures and Greek debauchery," says Mr. Macleane, in his introduction to the sixth Satire, "very quickly took root in the soil of Rome, and brought forth the fruits of a rampant superstition and profligacy, especially among women; and these two were so mingled, that the very shrines which cherished the one were the shameless scenes of the other. Extravagance, without generosity, and driven on by mad lust, bred covetousness; and covetousness, murder; so that poisonings were frequent and notorious. The conditions of domestic slavery gave terrible scope for the caprices and violence which self-indulgence generates: and the sufferings of the poor wretches from the ill-temper of their mistresses is described in language which has the air of extravagance, but may nevertheless be accepted as true, not only from the testimony of other writers, but from the nature of the case, the known character of the women, the legal and social position of the slave, and, moreover, the experience (perhaps in more exceptional cases) of modern times. The love of personal display, of finery, of gossip, of public amusements, and the affectation of learning, and pride of birth, and the self-complacency of virtue, are strongly put, but not more so than the

present generation might readily bear. Gluttony and drunkenness are not commonly reckoned among women's failings, but they appear to have been prevalent in the time of Domitian. The folly which is, perhaps, most inexplicable, and without parallel in our own days, was that of women of family engaging in the arena, and practising as gladiators, hunters, charioteers, and so forth, in the circus and amphitheatre. That such was the madness of the time there is no doubt; and it forms one of the many monstrous features of this satire, in which there are no traces of those crimes which are usually associated with the nobler passions in women, jealousy, disappointed love, ambition; but all is grovelling, depraved, and despicably mean."*

Juvenal scourges with equal energy those smaller vices which, less dangerous in themselves, are unhappily unmistakeable signs of worse and more fatal mischiefs. He exposes, for instance, in the fifth Satire, that beggarly servility which characterised the parasites of his time. There were men in Rome too idle even to beg, who exhausted all the contrivances of their ingenuity in securing an invitation to dine with some wealthy citizen. The race of parasites is not even yet extinct, nor, unhappily, is that race of Virros upon whom parasites feed. There are stupid people enough who are for ever clinging to the skirts of greatness, and who almost seem able to persuade themselves that mere local proximity to worth is actual worthiness. To stand on the platform of a railway station while the Queen passes by in an express train, seems to fools of this sort to constitute a kind of intimacy with the royal family. If you had never spoken a word to a nobleman, there are powdered flunkeys who would look down upon you with a kind of contemptuous pity, because, forsooth, *they* had blacked the boots of a duke, or carried a stick with a gold knob behind the back of a duchess. But

* Macleane's "Juvenal," Sat. VI. Introduction.

there is a flunkeyism in everybody. There are many men, not without ability, who could be bribed to change their social or political opinions for the honour of forming part of a deputation to some great man. The servility that prostrates itself before mere rank or fortune, is a servility fatal to all nobleness, not only in the slave, but in the master. The man must be mean indeed who thinks the rank that parasites could give worth taking.

The best known of Juvenal's Satires is the tenth. It is not, perhaps, the best of them, but it is less than any of the others bounded by those peculiar conditions of time and place in which Juvenal wrote. It is, therefore, most capable of imitation, and has been not unsuccessfully imitated in our own language by Dr. Samuel Johnson. Examples of the vanity of human wishes are to be found all over the world. Perhaps the prayers of mankind are among the most woful proofs of their ignorance and blindness; and it is the most singular blessing of Heaven that the larger half of the passionate entreaties of human beings are utterly unregarded. The close of the tenth Satire of Juvenal is surely written not without some Divine inspiration; it is so full of reverence, so full of submission to the Divine will; so full of trust in that heavenly wisdom which doeth all things well, and yet so full of that filial confidence which must tell its griefs and wants to Heaven, out of that pure love which can keep no secrets from the loving Father of all.

"Are then," asks the poet, "frail short-sighted men to wish for nothing? If you will take my advice, you will leave the gods themselves to bestow what is best for us, what is really for our highest good. Not always what is pleasantest, but everything

that is really best, the gods will give us. Man is dearer to them than to himself. We, led astray by the heat of passion, and strong blind lust, desire marriage and children; but to the gods only is it known what sort of woman would be our wife, and what sort of boys our sons. But if you must vow your vows, and pray for anything, pray that you may have a healthy mind and a healthy body; ask for a stout heart, free from the dread of death, counting the last end of life among the good gifts of nature, with power to bear all its appointed toils; a soul that is free from angry passions and from covetous desires, and that believes the labours and hard toils of Herculēs nobler than lust, and appetite, and luxury."*

It is far beyond the limits of this short essay to give anything like a history of satire, Roman or English. Unhappily our English satirists were scarcely themselves so far exalted above the vices they lashed, as ever to approach the nobleness and perfect honesty of Juvenal. Some of them are playful like Horace; and even those who hold up to scorn the more dangerous vices of mankind, seem sometimes to have caught the infection that men can scarcely escape who are in familiar intercourse with the deadliest sins. There is a taint of impurity even in their rebukings of the impure. They sometimes almost remind their reader of Byron's stupid jest about the "Confessions" of St. Augustine, that "they make the reader envy his transgressions." It is impossible to believe in the complete sincerity of such a man as Swift, whose works contain more unredeemed dirtiness than can easily be found anywhere else in the whole English language; simple filth, without a spark of wit, or moral purpose. Even of Dryden and Pope, it is often necessary to remember the words of Holy Scripture, "the scribes and the Pharisees sit in Moses' seat; all there-

* Juvenal X. 346-362.

fore whatsoever they bid you observe, that observe and do ; but do not ye after their works, for they say, and do not."* The age of poetical satire, however, seems to have passed away, and the satirists of our own time are to be found chiefly among the writers of fiction. Men, indeed, will never cease to laugh at what is ridiculous, and to deride what is contemptible ; but now, instead of satirists, we have what may perhaps be called satirical writers ; such, for instance, as Mr. Carlyle, whose histories even, and much more his miscellaneous essays and lectures, contain a rich vein of satire. Mr. Thackeray, again, and Mr. Charles Dickens, and almost every novelist whose tales are worth a second reading, not only describe the manners and characters of men, but also castigate their vices and mock their follies They are, in fact, notwithstanding their reputation for worldliness, among our best lay teachers ; and not seldom they administer to powerful and shameless evil-doers those stern rebukes which even ordained priests and ministers of religion have not the courage to utter.

But of course the question arises, whether, after all, satire should be considered one of the lawful weapons that a kind and honest man may use in his war with evil ? Why should he make himself disagreeable, and those whom he attacks unhappy or savage? The knaves and fools of the world are perhaps doing no great harm to him ; why not let them alone, to reap in due time according as they have sown ? Have not even satirists themselves told us that the worst torment a wicked man can know is inflicted by his own conscience ? Is anyone justified in satirising his neighbours, stripping them absolutely bare of all their little hypocrisies, pricking all

* Matthew xxiii. 2, 3.

the inflated bladders of their conceit, and holding up their little shriveled insignificance for all the world to grin at? Is a man justified in doing all this, without some grave provocation? Perhaps Pope may give us the answer to some, at least, of these questions.

> "Ask you what provocation I have had?
> The strong antipathy of good to bad.
> When truth or virtue an affront endures,
> Th' affront is mine, my friend, and should be yours.
> Mine, as a foe professed to false pretence,
> Who think a coxcomb's honour like his sense;
> Mine, as a friend to every worthy mind,
> And mine as man, who feel for all mankind.
> F. You're strangely proud.
> P. So proud, I am no slave,
> So impudent, I own myself no knave,
> So odd, my country's ruin makes me grave.—
> Yes, I am proud; I must be proud to see
> Men, not afraid of God, afraid of me;
> Safe from the Bar, the Pulpit, and the Throne,
> Yet touched and shamed by ridicule alone."

It is quite impossible to have a sufficient contempt for that mean and cowardly selfishness, which blinds a man to every vice which does not endanger his own safety or rob his own purse. If the satirist be asked, "Why do you write these stinging, burning words which are sure to inflict a thousand wounds that time can never heal? Why do you make men look so exceedingly small, and rob them of the paltry comfort of imposing on themselves? Why do you drag Pharisees out into the broad daylight, and sign them with the mark of the beast?" Then he may surely answer, "I do all this, and I write all this, because it is true and right; because a Pharisee is a detestable and dangerous humbug; because the more he cants and snivels, the more detestable and dangerous

he is. I will not, if I can help it, suffer anybody to impose upon himself; because he never can cheat himself without intentionally or unintentionally robbing others, without pushing himself into places for which he is not fit, and thereby pushing others out of places for which they are fit. I will laugh at folly as long as I have life enough to laugh with, because it has neither wit nor beauty, because in the end it never fails to mar genuine mirth, because it is sure to break up every happy fellowship, and to put all human relationships miserably out of joint. Do you tell me that the hornets will sting me? Let them sting. I shall at least have the satisfaction of giving them something to sting for. I can, at any rate, destroy their nest, and help to stamp the next generation of them out of existence; and no sting has half so much venom, as the consciousness of being a miserable coward or a contemptible flunkey." That, we may be sure, is something like the answer that a satirist might be expected to give.

Moreover, there are many follies and vices which can be punished in no other way than by the whips of the satirist. There are wrongs which are, strictly speaking, neither civil injuries nor crimes; which, nevertheless, are quite as fraudulent as thieving, and quite as cruel as murder. Indeed, there are wrongs so compounded of fraud and cruelty, that they are as bad as murder and theft put together. When, for instance, the accomplished proprietor of Dotheboys' Hall advertised in the *Times* newspaper, *Morning Post*, *Chronicle*, *Herald*, and *Advertiser*, regarding the academy at the delightful village of Dotheboys, near Greta Bridge, in Yorkshire, where youth are boarded, clothed, booked, washed, furnished with pocket-money, provided with all necessaries,

&c., &c.; nobody needs to be informed that the worthy Squeers was lying; and that every confiding parent who entrusted his child to the kindness and scholarship of that renowned pedagogue, was simply swindled. But there was no law that Wackford Squeers, Esq., could be proved to have broken; his roguery did not come within the legal definition of fraud, or obtaining money under false pretences. So, again, when brimstone and treacle was administered to the boys weekly, and the spoon wiped on the hair of the smallest, with a view to diminish at once the appetite of the boarders and the domestic expenses of the establishment, and to produce a sweet submissiveness of disposition in the junior pupils, it is plain to the meanest capacity that the authorities of Dotheboys' Hall were slowly killing the young gentlemen who were entrusted to their care. But though undoubtedly breaking the sixth commandment, Mr. Squeers was no way guilty of committing murder. So Mr. Charles Dickens bethought him of a number of laws, which do not happen to be contained in the "statutes at large," but which, nevertheless, are guarded by sanctions and enforced by penalties that not even a Squeers can afford to despise. He simply exhibited the Yorkshire schoolmaster in his real character—his double, his many-sided character. There was Squeers the advertiser, the accomplished instructor of youth, the tender parent, the faithful adviser, the sage guide of boyhood in the paths of virtue and wisdom; and then there was Squeers at home, exchanging confidences with his wife, and training up his children in the way in which they should go. In fact, Squeers was allowed to explain himself to society at large; and until that measure of justice had been meted out to him, nobody could have

believed how great was the versatility of his genius, and the copiousness of his resources. It is, of course, sometimes a little inconvenient to say everything we mean to anybody who chooses to ask us for it; it is generally a far more shrewd arrangement to divide our different revelations among the different classes of society; appropriating, for instance, the advertisement side of our character to the parent, while we reserve the domestic confidences for the pupil. Now Mr. Charles Dickens did neither more nor less than take down the parents to the delightful village of Dotheboys, on days when they were by no means expected—brimstone and treacle days, frozen water days, distribution of pocket-money days, general thrashing days—and the result was exceedingly damaging to Mr. Squeers' finances and general reputation. It caused acute suffering to the tender-hearted schoolmaster, and very probably even damaged the matrimonial prospects of the charming Fanny. But how else was the Yorkshire-school nuisance to be abated? Was Mr. Dickens to appeal to Mr. Squeers' sense of honour, to his love of learning, to his paternal fondness for the innocent children committed to his care? Was he to refer him to his advertisement, and meekly suggest that possibly a way might be discovered of bringing the performance somewhat nearer to the magnificent promises which the advertisement set forth? Of course, no such plan could have been adopted. Mr. Wackford Squeers was one of those pachydermatous brutes whom no gentle treatment can affect; you might as well flog a rhinoceros with a lady's riding-whip. He couldn't be hanged, though hanging would have been too good for him; he couldn't be put in gaol for theft, though he more than deserved it. But there was one thing which could be done; Mr.

Charles Dickens could paint his portrait; he could take every trustful parent down to the delightful village of Dotheboys, and introduce them to Mr. Squeers' academy; and that was quite enough. Just show the cloven foot, and he must be a poor fool indeed who does not recognise the Devil!

Nor need we in the least distress ourselves lest justice too ample, and chastisement too severe, should have been dealt out to this unhappy scoundrel. We might have been afraid that education itself would have been rendered almost impossible, and that too timid schoolmasters might have shrunk altogether from the responsibility and danger of their position; that even upright and competent teachers would have been kept back from that path of usefulness which seemed already thronged with impostors and knaves. No fear could be more groundless; you might as well hesitate to tread on a slug, or crush a caterpillar, lest those interesting races should become extinct. Somehow or other, in this puzzling world, the nastiest and filthiest of animals always increase with the most terrible fecundity. So far from having destroyed the whole race of educational scamps, somehow or other the chopping-up of Mr. Squeers has produced exactly the same effect that is produced by the chopping-up of some of the lower animals into bits. Each little bit gets a head and tail of its own, and so the individual becomes a large family. Scores of academies are advertised in the daily papers, with unblushing impudence and gigantic mendacity, which cannot be less odious than Dotheboys' Hall. They only take care to keep more completely on the safe side of the law, and to administer refined torture instead of heavy blows. They are like those murderers who kill, not by

beating in the heads of their victims with bludgeons, but by sticking long, thin, sharp, steel needles into their victims' ears and poking them about in the brains. Does any human being out of Bedlam believe that Middlesex is so totally different from Yorkshire, that in London and its suburbs, for the trumpery remuneration of £15 per annum, a child can be instructed in all the branches of learning, kept comfortably warm by day and night, fed with nutritious food and plenty of it, and enjoy all the comforts of a happy home? Yes, of course, all the comforts of a happy home! All the dainties and delights of Pandæmonium! And at any rate, let us do justice even to those who seem least to deserve it. If there is little to eat, and nothing to learn, there is at any rate piety, and the strictest attention to the morals of the pupils.

To take another example. How shall men deal with such folly and vice as Mr. Thackeray satirises in "Vanity Fair"? Do clergymen imagine that they can *preach* down the vanities of the great world? and by mere pulpit eloquence persuade the rising generation of Becky Sharpes, that "this world is all a fleeting show, for man's illusion given"? If they do, they possess an inexhaustible fund of enjoyment; for next to really succeeding, there is perhaps no pleasure so comfortable as to believe that you are succeeding. Young ladies and gentlemen may be very devout at prayers and very demure at sermon-time, but they do not for that reason make their ministers their father confessors. There are little sly wickednesses which they contrive to perpetrate in spite of all their Sunday propernesses. Staunch old puritans are continually lamenting that the great gulf that separates the Church from the world is already

crossed by innumerable bridges; and that, what with the free and easy manners of piety, and the greatly improved behaviour of sin, they are almost as like one another as two peas. The little deceptions which are practised every day in the most religious families are a sufficient proof that there are evils which grave discourses and solemn warnings can never touch. Besides, the moral effect of punishment is greatly diminished, when the moralist has only one punishment for all degrees and kinds of offences. What can you do with the smaller vices of the world, when you have nothing else to threaten them with but everlasting damnation? Of course it is all very well and true, in a way; but if the choice is to lie between being damned for playing at "beggar my neighbour" and being let off altogether, the chances are that we shall be let off. To the philosophy of the Stoics, all sins and all vices may be alike. They are by no means alike to common sense. There is a very great part of every-day life with which, possibly, the pulpit need never meddle; there is a great number of the enjoyments of life, innocent amusements and relaxations, which are mere necessaries of life in an age and country like ours. But, somehow or other, religion is too often supposed to cover every occupation but prayer and psalm-singing with gloom and danger; and, therefore, young people naturally enough try to cut off one great piece of their life from religion altogether. A little, quiet whist party, for instance, is startled by the sudden announcement of the favourite divine of the family. What is really to be done in so terrible a difficulty? Do they think whist-playing wrong? Of course they don't, or else they wouldn't play it. Even mamma doesn't think it wrong; for while cards are

shuffled and dealt, and in the excitement of tricks and rubbers, she can keep awake as long as the merriest of her daughters. But then the parson would be shocked, or at least he might think it necessary to pretend that he was; and besides, cards are one thing and parsons are another, and it is a great pity to jumble them together, till your very minister perhaps might turn out a jack or a deuce. So what is to be done? How is your esteemed friend to be welcomed? Why of course you will pay him the compliment of throwing a little dust into his reverend eyes. You will shuffle all your cards away into a work-basket, cover them over with stockings or baby linen, and betake yourself to pious conversation, or whatever may turn up handiest. Or why not all rise together in the eager affection of a welcome, and totally forget what you were just doing in the great joy of seeing him? You can very easily relieve your minds when he has gone, and begin a new rubber if you can't remember where the last left off. But how hot these little accidents make one, and what a pity it is that piety should so often have to tell lies for the sake of example!

Besides, if the pulpit had more influence than it really has upon regular church and chapel goers, it is all too obvious that the inhabitants of Vanity Fair are not by any means the most regular attendants at public worship. Indeed, it may almost be affirmed that, in this world at any rate, they are almost completely incorrigible, and can be converted neither by sermon nor by satire. The delights and miseries of a merely fashionable life are like the delights and miseries of intemperance. The successes that are achieved by people like Becky Sharpe, and all the joys and triumphs

of that world into which she managed to thrust herself, are hated even while they are loved. Though they are eagerly pursued, it is in spite of the knowledge that when they have been obtained, they will only bring new disappointments and fresh bondage. A thousand times over does the victim of fashion wish, as Becky did, though in a lazy half-hearted sort of way, that she could live somewhere a quiet kind of life, with all her wants and luxuries supplied, and without the necessity of that everlasting scheming and trickery which is at once the occupation and the torment of a selfish, worldly life. "'It isn't difficult to be a country gentleman's wife,' Rebecca thought. 'I think I could be a good woman if I had five thousand a year. I could dawdle about in the nursery, and count the apricots on the wall. I could water plants in a green-house, and pick off dead leaves from geraniums. I could ask old women about their rheumatisms, and order half-a-crown's worth of soup for the poor. I shouldn't miss it much out of five thousand a year. I could even drive out ten miles to dine at a neighbour's, and dress in the fashions of the year before last. I could go to church and keep awake in the great family pew; or go to sleep behind the curtains, with my veil down, if I only had practice. I could pay everybody if I had but the money. This is what the conjurors here pride themselves upon doing. They look down with pity upon us miserable sinners who have none. They think themselves generous if they give our children a five-pound note, and us contemptible if we are without one.' And who knows but Rebecca was right in her speculations, and that it was only a question of money, or fortune, which made the difference between her and an honest woman? If

you take temptations into account, who is to say that he is better than his neighbour? A comfortable career of prosperity, if it does not make people honest, at least keeps them so. An alderman coming from a turtle feast will not step out of his carriage to steal a leg of mutton; but put him to starve, and see if he will not purloin a loaf. Becky consoled herself by so balancing the chances, and equalizing the distribution of good and evil in the world.

"The old haunts, the old fields and woods, the copses, ponds, and gardens, the rooms of the whole house where she had spent a couple of years seven years ago, were all carefully revisited by her. She had been young there, or comparatively so, for she forgot the time when she ever *was* young; but she remembered her thoughts and feelings seven years back, and contrasted them with those she had at present, now that she had seen the world, and lived with great people and raised herself far beyond her original humble station.

"'I have raised myself beyond it because I have brains,' Becky thought, 'and almost all the rest of the world are fools. I could not go back, and consort with those people now, whom I used to meet in my father's studio. Lords come up to my door with stars and garters, instead of poor artists with screws of tobacco in their pockets. I have a gentleman for my husband, and an Earl's daughter for my sister, in the very house where I was little better than a servant a few years ago. But am I much better to do now in the world than when I was the poor painter's daughter, and wheedled the grocer round the corner for sugar and tea? Suppose I had married Francis, who was so fond of me, I couldn't

have been much poorer than I am now. Heigho! I wish I could exchange my position in society, and all my relations, for a snug sum in the Three per Cent. Consols;' for so it was that Becky felt the vanity of human affairs, and it was in those securities that she would have liked to cast anchor."

But, unhappily, there is a fascination even in trickery itself, a wild excitement in over-reaching people, in fooling them to the top of their bent, making a profit out of their petty vanities and easy credulity. The chase becomes even more delightful than the game; and those who unfortunately have given themselves up to the pursuit of success which can only be achieved by hypocrisy—and especially those who by hypocrisy have actually achieved success—can very seldom be saved excepting by being ruined.

The good done by such moralists as Mr. Thackeray, is done to the people who are outside Vanity Fair, and probably very seldom to those who are in it. The famous little "Becky puppet, so uncommonly flexible in the joints, and lively on the wire," utters its warnings chiefly to those who sometimes half wish that they could change places with her. Mr. Thackeray helps such people to understand what a Becky Sharpe really is; and what was the exact price that she had to pay for her brilliant successes. A large capital well managed can always be made to yield large profits, even though the capital itself be nothing better than impudence. Inexhaustible resources of mendacity, and an effrontery that never hesitates and is never known to blush, can live almost as easily on nothing a year, as on the fortune of a millionaire. It is not people like Becky Sharpe who fail; it is the "poor devils" who

are simply unfortunate, who are too honest deliberately to lie and swindle, and whose honesty seems to do them no better service than publish to all the world when they are hard up. Then, for the unhappy carcase, all the eagles gather together. Poor fool! Such an one little knows the ways of the world, nor what a capital price the devil will pay even in these times to any one who does not mind selling his soul. A man in difficulties should never retrench, he should always double his expenditure! If he can't pay the rent of a small house, he should take a large one; if he can't afford a quiet brougham and one horse, he should buy a carriage and pair, and hire an extra flunkey. "The Prince of Darkness is a gentleman," and will have nothing to do with shabby establishments.

"Just pay my debts," says some unhappy mortal, "that is my one great desire, the only favour I would ask of you."

"Pay your debts," says Satan, "nothing of the sort! I never do things by halves! You shall have a princely establishment, an equipage that a nobleman might envy; servants to wait upon you at every turning; success in every little practical joke you may wish to perpetrate; every miserable beggar that now duns you, licking the soles of your feet with devout gratitude; and an introduction to the very cream of society. As to the settlement of *our* little account, it can of course be deferred from time to time for a trifling interest, and it will be quite time enough to think about that when you grow tired of my favours."

Now a parson would hesitate to put that sort of thing into a sermon, and yet it might be as edifying as a discourse on the final perseverance of an elect ragamuffin.

It may be a very useful exercise to determine how many angels could stand on the point of a needle; but people who are in danger of yielding to the temptations of Vanity Fair don't care a bit of cotton whether it's one or a million.

It is surely unnecessary to prove that the people whom satire is meant to lash can be punished in no other way. This is proved by the very fact that they need satirising. For all manner of different methods have been employed for their amendment, and even to prevent the necessity of their ever needing to be amended, before they have arrived at that particular stage of evil and mischievousness when chastisement becomes necessary. They have heard sermons, they have been presented with tracts, they have been surrounded with good examples, they have been surrounded by almost equally instructive bad examples; appeals have been made to their reason, appeals have been made to their conscience, appeals have been made even to their enlightened self-interest; and really there seems nothing left to be appealed to, excepting, so to speak, their skin. Let them then be well whipped with heavy thongs, or with little bits of knotted whipcord, as the case may require. And why whip them at all? does somebody ask. Why not let them alone? For the very simple reason that no human being *can* be let alone. You can no more let a human being alone, than you can let the middle joint of your finger alone. It is always fastened to the top joint and to the bottom joint; and if it should choose to get rotten, both these joints would have good ground of complaint. Fools and knaves, and those people whose characters are an ingenious compound of both, are like the familiar fly that causes the ointment of the apothe-

cary to send forth a stinking savour. They are like a piece of grit under your eye, or like a thorn down your finger-nail. They are a perpetual bad example; a bad leaven, fermenting, corrupting, decomposing wherever they are. Their reputation and all their hopes depend upon men calling good evil, and evil good, putting light for darkness, and darkness for light, sweet for bitter, and bitter for sweet. Every pure and true society must needs exclude them, for they are incompatible with purity and truth. And if their falsehood is to be found in the deepest and most sacred part of their lives, it becomes a yet more solemn duty, a yet more grave necessity, to lay it bare.

And this brings us to a very common objection urged, not against satire generally, but against that satire which presumes to meddle with what are called sacred things. As if you would damage the apostles by satirising Judas Iscariot; or the publican, who prayed "God be merciful to me a sinner," by satirising the Pharisees who boasted that they were righteous and despised others. What is it that makes all sensible and honest people look with a sort of suspicion even upon some of the best of the great religious and philanthropic organizations of our own country? They are no way indifferent to the great objects for which these organizations exist; they are just as anxious as other people are, that heathens should be made Christians, and they can have no manner of objection even to the conversion of "social evils" into decent members of society; and they are no way unwilling that the Gospel should be put within the reach of those who spend most of the week in selling whelks and periwinkles. But they cannot help seeing that well-meaning people are not

ashamed of obtaining money for great societies by contemptible dodges which they would be ashamed to employ in any cause but the cause of Almighty God. They know the world far too well to put the smallest faith in tea parties for prostitutes at the healthy hour of midnight, even though divines beyond suspicion preside over the fallen. They are far too religious not to be disgusted with the frantic excesses of a revival, and they are far too well acquainted with history not to be aware that "revivals" are but another form of "bacchanalia." When a preacher tells his congregation that he saw lamb in a butcher's shop ticketed at elevenpence a pound, but that they may all have the Lamb of God for nothing; or when another ordained mountebank tells us that salvation is like a plum-pudding, cut and come again; or when another informs his hearers that the blood of Jesus Christ is like a postage stamp, and will pass any letter to the throne of God, however ill-written the direction, or dirty the envelope; or when again, parodying the fifty-first Psalm, he tells us that Almighty God writes down our transgressions in a book, and then hides them all by a big drop of the Saviour's blood—are we really to let him alone because he utters this in a pulpit, and because it is only the Gospel and Almighty God that he is making game of? Are we coolly to be told that this ribaldry is really far too sacred for a satirist to touch? It is not sacred at all; it is a disgusting and odious blasphemy. It is this kind of thing that drives half the ignorant population into a superstition little better than paganism, and the other half into infidelity.

And so, again, with the smaller vices of society, and especially of the religious world. The endless gossip

and backbiting, the eagerness to sacrifice everything, private character and even truth itself, to the interests of a sect or a party; the habit of subordinating virtue to a self-satisfied orthodoxy; how are we to deal with vices of this sort? Are we really to let them alone? Is it nothing that a man's reputation is gossiped away by a malicious meddler, who chooses to believe that his malice is zeal for the Lord? Does it make the faintest difference to a man whose life has been embittered and whose prospects have been blighted by the idle slanders of some sanctified miscreant, that the irreparable wrong was done in the name of conscience? Can anybody suggest a wrong that has *not* been done sometimes in the name of conscience? There is not one of the commandments that has not been broken for conscience sake; men have lied for conscience sake, robbed for conscience sake, murdered for conscience sake; for conscience sake nations have been plunged into war; all the horrors of the Inquisition were for the glory of God; and with a cool love of mere principle that rises almost into sublimity, the Pope himself has, within the last few months, from his tottering chair damned the far larger part of the human race. Of course, when gossips and slanderers are held up to well-deserved contempt, they suddenly discover that it is extremely wrong for anybody to disturb their repose. They think it very unkind, and indisputably anti-Christian, in any one, for whatever reason, to wound their feelings. Very likely. And if a tiger ate a cat that was watching for a mouse, very likely the cat's feelings would be wounded. Probably, also, though the Newgate hangman is not unskilful, the worthy Müller's feelings were somewhat outraged. Picking oakum is a drearier business, no

doubt, than swindling one's neighbours. There is a great deal of misery in the world; and of course if we had been consulted about the making of it, we should have constructed it on very different principles. We were not consulted, and there is nothing therefore left us but within certain limits to determine on whom the misery should fall. Shall it fall on the good or on the evil? On the robber, or on the robbed? On the murderer, or on his victim alone? Is it not much more merciful to scorch with ridicule, and hold up to universal detestation, the malicious slanderer, than to leave him to ruin the happiness of a score of his neighbours?

There is perhaps no nobler rule, either in Scripture or anywhere else, than the rule, "Do unto others as ye would that they should do unto you." And this is the very rule that every honest satirist might print on his title-page. For he might very well say to himself, "If I were ever to fall into these evil habits that I mean to satirise, I should thank anybody from the bottom of my heart who would whip me out of them, and prevent my doing irreparable mischief to my fellow-creatures; I would rather be held up to the scorn of the whole world, than destroy the reputation and ruin the peace of those who dwell securely by me. Very likely if I did acquire those evil habits which now seem to me so accursed, I should at the same time become so blind to my own truest interests, that I should wish to be left alone to my sin and mischief. But that would not be the desire of my own true self; the true man in me would be crying out for deliverance, however acute the pain through which deliverance might come. Now, by anticipation, I ask for the needed punishment; I, sober, appeal against myself drunk; I, with my eyes

wide open, appeal against myself, a poor wretch blinded by possible crime. If I yield myself up to folly and vice, I beseech all good men to smite me, and it shall be a kindness, yea, an excellent oil that shall not break my head." He who has never felt, and who does not feel, somewhat after this manner, has no business to be a satirist.

Law and religion govern two totally different regions of human life, the outward and the inward. Law is concerned only with overt acts, rigidly defined and strictly proved; it cares nothing for motives, excepting so far as outward acts are technically and legally allowed to imply them. Murder implies malice; and if there be no malice, its absence must be clearly proved. But religion, on the other hand, and morality, which is a part of religion, are concerned chiefly with motives, and with outward acts chiefly as indications of that moral character from which they spring. The malicious man has offended against morality, though he may have been unable to accomplish all the mischief that it was in his heart to do. The slanderer is regarded as an evil-doer, though he may have published no libel, nor come within the danger of an action for defamation of character. But it is plain that the law can punish only those offences which the law has defined, and there must be some other than legal punishment for those offences which lie beyond the region of law. In many ways has such punishment been inflicted. It has been inflicted, for instance, by the Church, which cuts off from its communion those who refuse to live according to the laws of the divine family. It is punished by public opinion, and the numerous excommunications of ordinary society. "Nature has given for their defence,

horns to bulls, hoofs to horses, swiftness of foot to hares, beauty to women," and to injured society, impenetrable forgetfulness. The vulgar, ungentlemanly man nobody is obliged to recognise; and he may be compelled to live in utter loneliness, in the very midst of his alienated friends. And so, also, at once for the punishment of evil-doers, and the warning of those who are tempted to become evil-doers, we have satire. The extreme limits of its severity are those limits at which the severity of the law must stop; beyond those limits the law will not suffer it to pass; and beyond those limits the law performs those duties with perfect efficiency, which satire could never hope to discharge at all. Satire may never become libellous; but, on the other hand, if men will persist in living so close to the edge of crime, that it is almost impossible to describe their character and lives without such language as would be construed by law a libel, they must not complain if the satirist should compensate himself and society for being compelled to say less than the truth, by making it perfectly obvious for whom what he does say is intended.

After all, that which constitutes the bitterness, constitutes also the value of satire; and that is, its truth. Take truth away, and whom does satire touch? "'Tis a knavish piece of work, but what of that? Your majesty, and we that have free souls, it touches us not; let the galled jade wince, our withers are unwrung." The honest women in Rome might have read, not indeed without shame, but with a very hearty thankfulness, the sixth satire of Juvenal. It is only parasites who feel offended when the meanness and servility of parasites is held up to derision and contempt. A man

of high principle and undaunted courage never regards your censure of sneaks and cowards as a personal affront. And yet, on the other hand, what cause of complaint have they, the poor galled jades who wince under your satires? You are really doing them a service, if they only knew it. Hitherto, society has known only one side of their characters, and has therefore formed but a poor opinion of their versatility. So you kindly turn them round and round for public inspection, and new wonders and beauties are disclosed at every turn. If the various sides are not very symmetrical, all you can say is, that you did not make them, and you are very sorry for it. It would surely be a great pity to leave people to be frightened at an ass in a lion's skin, or worried by a wolf in sheep's clothing. Strip off the skins, good satirist, stick your long knife into the heart of the wolf, and send the donkey back again to his thistles.

Still, though useful, and in a wicked world like ours, necessary, it must be confessed that satire is the least pleasing form of literature. It may be the fruit of love, but it may also be appropriated by hate. It may be the honesty of the righteous, but it may be employed also by the malicious and cowardly. It deals with one side only of human character and life, and that the worst side; the side which sours men's tempers, and turns them into those snarling dogs which, when they bark articulately, are called cynic philosophers. The world would be well rid of Diogenes, if he were drowned in his own tub; and Timon in his den is neither wiser nor better than Timon in his palace. The satirist or the writer of satirical fictions should write in that style but seldom, only after long intervals devoted to the contemplation of the good and true; that so he may satirise more

in grief than anger, and with a sincere desire not merely to make the bad miserable, but to make them good. Satire must always seem false to a loving spirit, and even to any man of wide experience; for there is more good in the world than evil, more love than hatred, more honest men than knaves, more of God than of the devil.

ELIZABETH AND HER ENGLAND.*

It is scarcely possible to imagine a stranger contrast than that between the spirit of Mr. Froude's History † and the spirit of the age of which he is the historian. We scarcely realize how great is the advance of knowledge, the change in our methods of investigation and canons of criticism, and the total alteration in the habits, and judgments, and ideals of the English people since the Tudor period, until some such history as Mr. Froude's brings us face to face with that past which seems so completely to have vanished away. Natural philosophy has a region of its own, and is not compelled even so much as to recognize those earlier efforts, which in comparison with modern discoveries and achievements are scarcely worth remembering. Even metaphysics are so separated from other departments of study that it is thought possible to teach the philosophy of substance and attribute, without so much as an indirect censure or approval of the doctrine of transubstantiation. To the astronomer or the chemist all religions are of equal importance, or equally of no importance; and the very origin of species is discussed without an allusion to the

* *Fortnightly Review.*

† "History of England, from the Fall of Wolsey to the Death of Elizabeth." By J. A. Froude, M.A., Vols. ix. and x. London: Longmans, 1866.

Mosaic cosmogony. But the historian of the England of Elizabeth finds himself among men to whom theological dogmas and ecclesiastical systems seemed to be the only things worth regarding. It was not asked whether men were good, or bad, true or treacherous; it was only beginning to be asked whether foreign alliances, or domestic laws, were or were not for the good of the nation. But the question which was always asked concerning every individual, and every policy, was this: How is it related to religion—to the old creed of the Roman Church, or the Reformed doctrines of Christ's gospel? The unmistakeable earnestness with which this question was asked, even by men whose own characters were black with every imaginable infamy, is one of the most astounding marvels of all history.

"Through Christ," says Mr. Froude, "came charity and mercy; from theology came strife and hatred, and that fatal root of bitterness of which our Lord spoke Himself in the mournful prophecy, that He had not come to send peace on earth but a sword. When His name and His words had been preached for fifteen centuries, there were none found who could tolerate difference of opinion on the operation of Baptism, or on the nature of His presence in the Eucharist; none, or at least none but the hard-hearted children of the world. The more religion any man had, the more eager was he to put away by fire and sword all those whose convictions differed from his own.

"The Reformation was the beginning of a new order of things. The recognition that false dogmas had for many centuries been violently intruded upon mankind, and the consequent revolt against the authority which imposed them, were in reality a protest against the dogmatic system, and an admission of the rights of conscience. When the visible unity of the Church was once broken, the multitude of the opinions which ensued compelled their reciprocal toleration; and the experience that men of different persuasions can live together with mutual advantage and mutual respect has untwisted slowly the grasp of the theological fingers from the human throat. The truth again begins to be felt,—though

as yet it can hardly be avowed,—that religion does not consist in an assent to propositions; that the essence of it is something which is held alike by Catholic and Anglican, Arminian, Lutheran, Calvinist, Samaritan, or Jew." *

This passage contains the grand moral of Mr. Froude's history, while it also explains his singular impartiality. There is indeed an impartiality which is destructive of all real insight into the motives and characters of men, and into the nature and tendency of great social and political movements. Such an impartiality degenerates always into a cynical indifference, and turns history into satire. No honest man can regard with equal approval, high-spirited, self-sacrificing patriots, and the mean and selfish cowards who have been ever eager to sell their country for their own gain. No wise man can pretend to be indifferent when he is called upon to judge between a policy or legislation which tends to promote the general well-being of a people, and the wretched misgovernment which glorifies and enriches the few by robbing and demoralising the great mass of society. The great test of utility and that moral law to which the test of utility has guided every thoughtful observer, can no more be neglected without baseness in literature than in life. Mr. Froude's sympathies are not only undisguisedly on the side of common goodness and common honesty, but he writes almost as if he had come into personal living intercourse with the princes, and statesmen, and soldiers of the Tudor period. It cannot be doubted that to him Cecil is a personal friend, a man whose reputation he would guard as carefully as his own. It is plain, too, that he regards Elizabeth, in spite of all

* Froude, ix., p. 306.

her weakness of character, and the strange twist in her moral nature, which seemed to render it impossible for her to journey along a straight road anywhere, as a grand heroic woman—the very centre of the new life and movement of the Reformation age. To him also John Knox is a prophet of the living God; and Mary Stuart, in the deepest sense, an anti-Christ—almost an incarnate devil. Let his impartiality consist in this, that he would no more bear false witness, on one side or the other, than he would perjure himself to-morrow in a common English witness box. He will "nothing extenuate, nor set down aught in malice;" and the reason why he is able to maintain this strict justice is precisely this, that he has himself learned the lesson of the Reformation—the lesson that religion is greater than dogmas, and that men are to be judged by their works, and not by their creeds. How hard it is to learn this lesson can be realized only by those who have had to fight their own way through bigotry and intolerance, and who have found for themselves that even now the English people owe their liberties, not to the Church, but to the world; not to the convocation of the clergy, but to the Commons' House of Parliament; not to the archbishops and bishops, but to the judges in the secular courts.

The last two volumes of Mr. Froude's history embrace only the short period of seven years; and these seven years were years not so much of revolution, producing by a single effort clearly-defined results, as years of transition and growth. There was scarcely a single question of vital importance which had even approached to a solution. Whether England should be Catholic or Protestant, and if Protestant whether Anglican or Puritan;

whether the nation should adhere to the Spanish alliance or seek the alliance of France; whether the Protestants, who were disturbing the peace of Europe, should be helped or left to perish; what should be done with Ireland; whether the Queen of Scots should be restored to her throne or beheaded—no English statesman, during the seven years of which Mr. Froude's last volumes contain the history, could have answered these questions. Even Cecil with a wisdom and integrity, an insight and a foresight, quite unmatched by any other of Elizabeth's statesmen, was frequently bewildered. And yet these questions were so vital that each or all of them were but another form of the one great question for the English people, Shall there continue to be an English people at all?

On the other hand—as Mr. Froude better than any other historian has shown—the uncertainty arose, not from the decay of English intellect and English godliness, but from the vitality of the English people. There was no policy in those years of hesitation and contradiction for which some good reason could not be urged. The nation was growing; but the new and the old were so intimately and vitally connected that they could not be torn asunder. Even among the rebels there were men both honest and wise, Catholics and Protestants, friends of the Queen of Scots, and friends of the Regent, and of the infant King. All could appeal to some sacred precedent, or to the utility of change; the inalienable right of kings, or the yet more inalienable right of whole nations; the infallibility of the Church, or the divine glory of human reason. With so much going and so much coming, even the wisest could scarcely find their way to their own true home.

And this may help us to understand the universal and loathsome treachery of which every statesman of every party was continually guilty. Alone among men, John Knox refused to bow down and worship the spirit of evil. Doubtless the kingdoms of this world were to become the kingdom of God and of His Christ; but if Almighty God in His Divine patience could wait through long years for so great a triumph, much more could John Knox. He would not tell a lie even to save a soul, nor condescend to the treachery and dishonesty of the statesmen of his day even for the sake of the whole Scotch nation. Cecil too, was a deceiver under protest. He felt that he lived in the midst of diplomatic war, wherein, all trust having been destroyed, treachery had become impossible. But for the most part men revelled in dishonesty, and lied as if lying were the final cause of the faculty of speech. In the ordinary intercourse of society no human being would be tolerated for a single day who could condescend to the meannesses which were practised, without remorse and without shame, by every statesman in Europe in the reign of Elizabeth. Elizabeth herself was so stupendous a liar that even her own best friends never knew when to believe her or when to trust her. She lied to Leicester, she lied to Cecil, she lied to the Council, she lied to the Parliament, she lied to the Queen of Scots, she lied to the Regent, she lied to Maitland, she lied to Spain, and to France, and to Austria and to the Pope; she lied right and left, thick and thin, year after year, though her lying nearly cost her her own throne, devastated Scotland with civil war, and deluged France with the blood of the Huguenots. Such was the spirit of the age, that, compared with the Duke of Norfolk and Mary Stuart, compared even with

the French and Spanish ambassadors, Elizabeth was transparent and sincere.

Nevertheless, in the midst of treachery, and every kind of crafty "bye-practices," there was also a sort of honour, an excuse for fraud, a slow process of change and growth, which made the wisdom of to-day the folly of to-morrow. Even Maitland, one of the falsest of the false men of that age, could urge apologies for his fickleness and deceit, the force of which it is impossible to deny.

"'You ask me why I have changed my mind,' he writes to Sussex. 'Have you never changed yours? Those are not the wisest men who remain always of the same opinion. The skilful sailing master applies his course as the wind and weather drive him. You speak of philosophy; I have none of it. Yet if I turned my mind that way, I would not study it after the intractable discipline of the Stoics, but would rather become a student in the school where it is taught that wise men's minds must be led by probable reasons. That same firm, certain, unchangeable, and undoubting persuasion, which is requisite in matters of faith must not be required in matters of policy; and good and evil are not such in themselves, but in their relation to other things. You say, persons, cause, and matter are the same. It is not so, for time has altered many things. The affections of men are changed in both realms, and the persons are altered. The person of the late Regent was a circumstance of no small moment. And severity was a matter which might well vary only with the change of time. To sequestrate the Queen for a season might be required; to keep her all her days in prison would be rigour intolerable. Were it true that I had advised more hard dealing yet the substance of things is not changed by our opinion. They are not good or ill, rigorous or equitable, because we think them so. I might have been wrong then, and I might be right now.'" *

I might have been wrong then, and I might be right now. For in that time of change, and clashing interests, and battling creeds, new elements were continually presenting themselves to vitiate the most

* Maitland to Sussex, (condensed.) Froude, x., 90.

cautious conclusions of the wisest statesmen. The moral law of diplomacy is hard to discover, and harder to apply; but it may perhaps be admitted that when the intercourse of states is empty of all trust, when it can safely be carried on only by the aid of intercepting letters, by spies, by the rack and the dungeon, and by universal suspicion, it had better come wholly to an end.

Yet if the intercourse does continue, the man who *cannot* be trusted *ought not* to be trusted; if there are plots, there must be counter plots, and craft must be outwitted by craft.

Perhaps the sincerest part of Elizabeth's conduct was her treatment of Mary Stuart. That treatment of her unhappy rival was indeed full of inconsistencies; but they were the result of a consistent desire to save the Queen of Scotland from the consequences of her own baseness. It is not wonderful that a princess who fascinated every man—save one—who ever came into her presence, should have had power from that scaffold, which was the dark exit from her long captivity, to fascinate posterity. Sentiment, too, is ever more abundant, easier, and more luxurious than reason; and the portrait of Mary Stuart is to be seen over the altar of a Roman Catholic Church. Political prejudice, and religious bigotry have long ago transformed the woman, who was perhaps one of the worst women that ever lived, into a saint and a martyr; and it is a hard and invidious task to show her to the world as she really was. But the fame of the Queen of Scots is the infamy of Elizabeth, and to canonize Mary Stuart is to condemn the Reformation.

It is hopeless to fight against the prejudices of those who determine the facts of history by their theological preferences; they cannot understand the Reformation,

because they are in the very position of the men who made the Reformation necessary, and who were its bitterest foes. But it may be worth while to prove, as Mr. Froude has proved with an almost superfluous completeness, that as Mary was false to everything else, false to every human being with whom she had to do, so she was false also to the Roman Catholic Church.

Her first treachery to her religion was in that foulest portion of her history when she was wallowing in the mire of lust and cruelty with Bothwell. It was no unpardonable sin that with that profligate ruffian she had been the murderer of her own husband—that she had lured the weak unhappy wretch to death by tender caresses, and the kisses of Judas Iscariot. To affirm the Catholic dogmas, or to take due part in the Catholic ceremonies, was counted in those days a surer road to heaven than the keeping of God's commandments. Mary had no religion, but she had a very decided preference for the Roman make-believe; and if she was sure of anything, she was sure of this—that she would be justly damned if she disobeyed the Pope, or prohibited the mass. And yet she was willing to do this—and to do it not for the peace of Scotland, not in the spirit of far-seeing toleration, or the wisdom of political expediency, but only for the sake of carnal dalliance with a worthless scoundrel. Bothwell had lost all hope of securing the favour of the Catholic party; it was needful therefore to bid the higher for the favour of the Protestants. For his sake, therefore, the queen was willing to dishonour the Catholic ritual, and to be married by a Calvinistic service. She revoked all licences to use the Catholic service; and declared that for the future, the Act of Religion of 1560, prohibiting the mass to every

one, should be strictly maintained. What need to care, even for the damnation of every soul in Scotland, if only she might be permitted to toy with Bothwell?

At every stage of her dark, downward journey she was equally ready, for her own interests, and for the sweetness of revenge, to forsake the old faith; and to accept any faith, or no faith at all, as might best serve her turn. At Bolton Castle, while as yet she was rather the guest than the prisoner of the too patient and credulous Elizabeth, the fervour of her Protestant piety had almost deceived Sir Francis Knollys. "Surely," he wrote to Cecil, "this Queen doth seem outwardly not only to favour the form but also the chief articles of the Gospel, namely, justification by faith only; and she heareth the faults of Papistry revealed by preaching or otherwise, with contented ears, and gentle and weak replies."* She consented, if Elizabeth would reinstate her in her realm, to abandon the mass in Scotland and receive the Common Prayer after the form of England. Of course she was lying. "The Queen," she wrote to De Silva, "is using her advantage * * * * to force me and the poor Catholics to agree to a change of religion. * * * * * For my own part, I would sooner be murdered."† At that time, by Papists, even Papist lies were deemed better than Protestant honesty; but that time has passed away. And surely now she can be scarcely worth the homage of honest men of any creed, who was ready at any moment to change her "religion," and to compel her subjects to change theirs. It is not of such material that saints and martyrs have been made.

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* Knollys to Cecil. Froude, ix., p. 269.

† Queen of Scots to De Silva. MSS. Simancas, Froude, ix., p. 268.

And yet it was for this woman that, with a consistency which was compelled to assume all manner of inconsistent forms, Elizabeth was continually endangering her own throne and risking her own life. Nothing can exceed the reckless, irritating despotism of the English Queen; and in nothing is the impartiality of Mr. Froude's history more remarkable than in his unvarnished narrative of Elizabeth's perversity. He clearly regards her with favour and admiration, and yet he leaves upon his readers the just impression that the Queen, "had greatness thrust upon her;" that every one of her glories is in fact the glory of her wisest ministers; that if she had been left to herself, the Reformation would have been wrecked, and she herself assassinated. She had no princely grace; she neither knew when to be firm nor when to yield. She, was, indeed, "semper eadem;" but she was the same, because she was consistently inconsistent; and nothing in her character or government was unchangeable but her mutability.

This despotic perverseness was perhaps least unamiable, though by no means least dangerous, in Elizabeth's treatment of the Queen of Scots; yet even here, it must not be forgotten, that Elizabeth did not regard her rival only as a near kinswoman, or a confiding suppliant, but rather as an anointed sovereign, in whose cause every sovereign had a personal interest. The right to rebel could never be bounded by the Scotch frontier; and Elizabeth thought far more of the danger of rebellion, than of the fact that the deadliest danger of rebellion was in Mary Stuart herself.

When we hear so much of Elizabeth's nobleness, and of the queenly grace with which she made concessions,

when concession was necessary, it is worth while to point out under what circumstances, and in what manner, she did concede, and how and when she displayed her nobleness. It is, perhaps, to begin with, an inferior kind of virtue to *need* to concede. To avoid a conflict is surely a safer and a more dignified behaviour. Nor can it be denied, that when Elizabeth quarrelled with her parliaments and her ministers, they were in almost every case clearly right, and she was clearly wrong. It is no extravagant praise to affirm, that at the last moment, when she was brought face to face with utter destruction, she preferred a pretty speech to sheer ruin. The parliaments of Henry VIII. were exceedingly numerous; Elizabeth's parliaments were exceedingly few. They were called together reluctantly, they were hindered in their debates, they were grossly insulted at their dissolution. Only one parliament was called during the seven years, the history of which is comprised in Mr. Froude's last two volumes. It was called at a time of great danger, when a formidable rebellion had just been crushed, and when the treasons and crimes of the chief traitor, Mary Stuart, had been proved beyond all possibility of doubt. Yet even that parliament was dismissed with coldest thanks; and the only concession that could be wrung from the Queen was the too long deferred execution of Norfolk. The Commons knew what the Queen of Scots really was—"a bosom serpent." The very least that faithful subjects could desire was her attainder. But Elizabeth stopped their proceedings.

"Her answer has not been preserved, but it was so dangerously unsatisfactory, that Burghley became dangerously ill with anxiety. The great minister would yield neither to objections nor to

sickness. He could not stand, but he was carried in his litter to parliament. He was carried in his litter to the Queen's presence. He strained every nerve to move her, but he still failed. The Commons had expressed impatience that Norfolk was left unpunished; Leicester informed Walsingham that he saw no likelihood of the Duke's execution." *

The agitation of the House of Commons continued, and the Queen was compelled to yield so far as to promise to receive a deputation from the two Houses, and to hear what they had to say. They said what they believed, and what they wished; and what they believed Elizabeth knew to be true, and what they desired she knew to be necessary. And yet she would not, and did not yield.

"She admitted that the course which the Committee recommended was 'the best and surest way.' She was perfectly aware that, so long as the Queen of Scots lived, she would never herself be secure; yet partly from weakness, partly from the peculiar tenderness which from first to last had characterised her dealings with her cousin, partly, it may be, from an instinctive foresight of the hard construction of posterity, she shrank from granting what she could no longer positively refuse. She thanked the Houses for their care for her safety. She asked them only to 'defer their proceedings' for a time, and pass a less extreme measure meanwhile. The law officers of the Crown, she said, could contrive means of evading the difficulties which the Committee had raised." †

"To defer for a time only"—when parliaments were fewer and fewer, and the very necessity for ending the delay would be certain to defer the Parliament! "Partly from weakness—partly, partly," etc., etc. But *wholly* the Queen denied the only thing the Parliament cared about her conceding—she abandoned her best friends to the peril of their lives, and her worst enemy she sent away in peace.

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* Froude, x. 362. † Ibid. 365.

But about this "concession"—though it is impossible to discover what was conceded—there was so much grace, that the Parliament was not lectured like a crowd of impudent, meddlesome school-boys. Elizabeth's earlier Parliaments had been far less fortunate. The Parliament, for instance, of 1566, had ventured to advise the Queen's marriage. It is one of the penalties of royal dignity, that kings and queens must marry for expediency, and not merely for love. Elizabeth herself was disgracefully entangled with Amy Robsart's husband, and coquetted with every marriageable prince in Europe, till she had made both herself and them a laughing-stock. But she could not bear the advice, the affectionate entreaties of her own people. Thus *gracefully*, therefore, she conceded to her Parliament of 1566 :—

"On the afternoon of the 5th of November, 'by her Highness's special commandment,' twenty-five lay peers, the Bishops of Durham and London, and thirty members of the Lower House, presented themselves at the palace of Westminster.

"The address was read by Bacon.

"After grateful acknowledgments of the general government of the Queen, the two Houses desired, first, to express their wish that her Highness would be pleased to marry, 'where it should please her, with whom it should please her, and as soon as it should please her.'

"Further, as it was possible, that her Highness might die without children, her faithful subjects were anxious to know more particularly the future prospects of the realm. Much as they wished to see her married, the settlement of the succession was even more important 'carrying with it such necessity that without it they could not see how the safety of her royal person, or the preservation of her imperial realm and crown, could be or should be sufficiently and certainly provided for.' 'Her late illness (the Queen had been unwell again), the amazedness, that most men of understanding were by fruit of that sickness brought unto,' and the opportunity of making a definite arrangement, while Parlia-

ment was sitting, were the motives which induced them to be more urgent than they would otherwise have cared to be. History and precedent alike recommended a speedy decision. They hoped that she might live to have a child of her own; but she was mortal, and should she die before her subjects knew to whom their allegiance was due, a civil war stared them in the face. The decease of a prince leaving a realm without a government was the most frightful disaster which could befall the commonwealth; with the vacancy of the throne all writs were suspended, all commissions were void, law itself was dead. Her Majesty was not ignorant of these things. If she refused to provide a remedy, 'it would be a dangerous burden before God upon her Majesty.' They had therefore felt it to be their duty to present this address; and on their knees they implored her to consider it, and to give them an answer before the session closed.

"Elizabeth had prepared her answer. As soon as Bacon ceased, she drew herself up and spoke as follows:—

"'If the order of your cause had matched the weight of your matter, the one might well have craved reward, and the other much the sooner be satisfied. But when I call to mind how far from dutiful care, yea, rather, how nigh a traitorous trick this humbling cast did spring, I muse how men of wit can so hardly use that gift they hold. I marvel not much that bridleless colts do not know their rider's hand whom bit of kingly rein did never snaffle yet. Whether it was fit that so great a cause as this should have had this beginning in such a public place as that, let it be well weighed. Must all evil bodings that might be recited be found little enough to hap to my share? Was it well meant, think you, that those that knew how fit this matter was to be granted by the prince, would prejudicate their prince in aggravating the matter? So all their arguments tended to my careless care of this my dear realm.'

"So far she spoke from a form which remains in her own handwriting. She continued perhaps in the same style, but her words only remain in the Spanish of De Silva:—

"'She was not surprised at the Commons,' she said; 'they had small experiences, and had acted like boys; but that the Lords should have gone along with them, she confessed had filled her with wonder. There were some among them who had placed their swords at her disposal when her sister was upon the throne, and had invited her to seize the Crown; she knew but too well

that if she allowed a successor to be named, there would be found men who would approach him or her with the same encouragement to disturb the peace of the realm. If she pleased she could name the persons to whom she alluded. When time and circumstances would allow, she would see to the matter of their petition before they asked her; she would be sorry to be forced into doing anything which in reason and justice she was bound to do; and she concluded with a request that her words should not be misinterpreted.'

"So long as she was speaking to the lay peers, she controlled her temper, but her passion required a safety valve, and she rarely lost an opportunity of insulting and affronting her bishops.

"Turning sharp round where Grindal and Pilkington were standing—'And you, *doctors*,' she said—it was her pleasure to ignore their right to a higher title,—'you, I understand, make long prayers about this business. One of you dared to say in times past that I and my sister were bastards; and you must needs be interfering in what does not concern you. Go home and amend your own lives, and set an honest example in your families. The lords in parliament should have taught you to know your places; but if they have forgotten their places, I will not forget mine. Did I choose I might make the impertinence of the whole set of you an excuse to withdraw my promise to marry; but for the realm's sake I am resolved that I will marry, and I will take a husband that will not be to the taste of some of you. I have not married hitherto out of consideration to you, but it shall be done now, and you who have been so urgent with me will find the effects of it to your cost. Think you, the prince who will be my consort will feel himself safe with such as you, who thus dare to thwart and cross your natural Queen?'"

"She turned on her heel and sailed out of the hall of audience, vouchsafing no other word." *

Elizabeth was certainly wiser than the Stuarts, for she preferred her life to her obstinacy, and always kept her head at a safe distance from the block and the axe. But in spite of all her wisdom, she contrived to irritate every class of her subjects, and lived in constant peril of

* Froude, viii. 313-316.

assassination. Mr. Froude has failed to show a single instance in which Elizabeth took the right course in any dangerous crisis except upon compulsion. A ruler may be one who has the actual power and wisdom to command men, a true leader of the people, taking always the initiative, and by the divine right of a superior genius treating statesmen, even of the highest order, as the mere ministers of his royal pleasure. On the other hand, a king may be what we call a constituted sovereign, not leading his people but being led by them; ruled by his ministers, rather than ruling them. Such a king will be spared both the glory and the responsibility of the highest royalty. But Elizabeth belonged to neither of these classes; she could not rule, and she would suffer nobody to rule her; she was continually opposing her most discreet advisers, and yet she would take no responsibility upon herself. There was not a single department of the Government in which she did not "meddle and muddle." She was no doubt economical, but even her economy was both politically and morally mischievous. So beggarly was her parsimony, that when the fugitive Queen of Scots appealed to her princely benevolence for fitting clothing, Elizabeth sent her two torn shifts, two pieces of black velvet, and two pairs of shoes. Even Sir Francis Knollys was obliged for shame to shield his mistress by saying that he thought "her Highness's maid had mistaken, and had sent things necessary for such a maid-servant as she was herself." Mary Stuart in a beggar's rags would have been more fascinating than Elizabeth in her Queen's robes; for, in spite of all her artifices, there was a sort of genuineness about her that could well dispense with the shows and trappings of royalty. The couple of

torn shifts, therefore, were a comparatively harmless meanness, but it was seldom indeed that the Queen of England's parsimony failed to produce the bitterest fruit. After the Northern rebellion she alienated the common people by hanging all the poor misguided rabble of conspirators, and sparing the lives of the far more guilty leaders, whose confiscated lands might help to replenish her treasury. Her ministers never won fortunes in her service; they were permitted only the doubtful honour of wasting them. She sent her viceroys to Ireland, and bade them conquer and civilize the wild savages. But, though she urged them, and even commanded them on their allegiance to undertake the costliest and most perilous work to which they could be appointed, she would give them neither soldiers nor money, nor even genuine thanks for the successes which they had achieved at their own personal risk. Her officers on the Scottish border were utterly distracted by her impracticable caprices; so little did she know her own mind, that for the most part her orders were countermanded even more swiftly than it would have been possible to begin to execute them. The Scotch lords hated her, King's party and Queen's party equally distrusted her. Men like Maitland despised and played with her, and openly threatened that they would make the Queen of England whine like a whipped hound. Her self-willed obstinacy deluged Scotland with blood, and was at the bottom of all the discontent of her own subjects. Indirectly she was the cause even of the infernal massacre on the eve of St. Bartholomew.

After that dreadful carnage the people would have torn the French treaty to shreds, driven the ambassador out of the country, and flung defiance at the whole French

nation; and it was not until the middle of September that even the cautious Queen herself could admit the ambassador to an audience.

"The Court was at Woodstock, on its way from Warwick to Windsor. The whole council was collected. Bedford and Bacon, though both unwell, were particularly sent for. Queen, ministers, attendants, were all in mourning; and when La Mothe Fenelon was introduced, he was received in solemn silence. On such occasions the littleness of Elizabeth's character entirely disappeared, and the imperial majesty of her nobler nature possessed her wholly. If any misgiving crossed her mind on her own past proceedings, she showed no signs of it. She rose with a grave but not unkind expression. She drew La Mothe aside into a window, and asked if the dreadful news she had heard could possibly be true. La Mothe Fenelon, who was by this time perfect in his lesson, produced the story of the admiral's conspiracy, the plot for the surprise of the court, the king's danger, and the necessity for a desperate remedy in a desperate case.

"Elizabeth did not say that she disbelieved him; but if the charge was true, the king, she said, had brought a stain upon his reputation, from which she had hoped he would have been able to clear himself. She had persuaded herself that the miserable scenes in Paris had risen from some extraordinary accident which time would explain; but it appeared now, from what La Mothe had told her, that the king had himself sanctioned an insurrection in which thousands of innocent persons had lost their lives.

"The ambassador explained, protested, equivocated. He expressed a hope, that at least the friendship between the two countries would not be disturbed.

"The Queen replied, coldly, that she feared a king who had abandoned his subjects might desert his allies. She could only hope that for his own sake he would produce evidence of the alleged conspiracy, and would protect such of the Protestants as had no share in it.

"La Mothe, to turn the subject, said that the Queen of France was near her confinement, and he ventured to remind Elizabeth that she had promised to be godmother to the child.

"She told him that she had intended to send to Paris on that occasion the most honourable embassy that had ever left the

shores of England. She felt now that she could trust no one whom she valued in a country where his life would be unsafe.

"With these words she left him."*

"All her littleness," on such occasions, Elizabeth may or may not have "lost;" but most assuredly she was only too far from having arrived at greatness. It was well enough for the court to be in mourning, but the English Queen and nobles should have mourned over English treachery even more than over the fiendish cruelty of France. The fate of Huguenots and Catholics had been so evenly balanced that a mere breath might have turned the scale on either side. So far as Elizabeth could see, the stability of her own throne and the Reformed religion all over Europe depended on the French marriage, or at the least on a French treaty. The Queen-mother was eager for the English alliance, and the aid of England would in all likelihood have secured the liberties of the Protestant subjects both of France and Spain. To the utter despair of her wisest counsellors, in her own mere caprice, in the infatuated stupidity of her own self-will, Elizabeth seized that very moment for treating secretly with Alva, and in a few short days the streets of every large French town ran deep with Huguenot blood.

The massacre of St. Bartholomew was, after all, but a ghastly example of a bigotry and intolerance which, in the time of Elizabeth, were almost universal. The hands neither of French nor English Protestants were unstained with blood. The English seas swarmed with pirates: ships of Spain by hundreds were captured, and their crews flung into the sea; Spanish gentlemen were

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* Froude, x. 418, 419.

publicly sold as slaves in the market-place of Dover. The new Israel, like the old one, was spoiling the Egyptians; and unless he were a British subject, no Catholic's life was safe. Even in Ireland men, women, and children were butchered by thousands, merely that their Saxon rulers might have "some killing." It was impossible that a whole people should unlearn by a single effort the bloody lessons which had been taught them for centuries under the name of the religion of Christ.

Elizabeth's ecclesiastical government was, if possible, more unsatisfactory and irritating than her secular rule. She manifested on all occasions the same headstrong wilfulness, never yielding till the last moment—never yielding with grace. From her suicidal tenderness towards the Catholics, she was being constantly terrified by the discovery of their incurable treachery; but she utterly abhorred the Puritans, and she lost no opportunity of pouring her contempt upon her own bishops. It is by no means clear that she had any strong religious convictions or fixed belief. It is quite plain that she was anxious to make the difference between the old and the Reformed religion as slight as possible, and to retain at least the possibility of a reconciliation to the Roman See. It is, above all, certain that she dearly loved power and the display of power.

Yet, apart from the lessons of history, apart from the fact that even now there are comparatively few who perceive the absurdity, it would have seemed incredible that any human being could expect to control thought and dictate a *religion* to those who are capable of understanding what religion means. Elizabeth would have no two religions in her realms. People might believe

what they chose, but she would determine for them what they should pretend to believe. They might have what they liked in secret, but in public they should only utter what the Queen approved. And this Elizabeth considered to be a true and sufficient toleration! This indeed is, and must be, the necessary condition of the existence of an Established Church; and the consequence has been that every reformation, both of doctrine and life, has either begun or ended outside the Establishment.

When an Oxford Professor is to be heard addressing, amid hearty cheers, the constituents of the "Society for the Liberation of Religion from State Patronage and Control," we need not wonder that an historian should write freely his honest convictions about the ecclesiastical system which we owe to Elizabeth, and the sort of men which that system produces.

"Of all types of human beings," says Mr. Froude, "who were generated by the English Reformation, men like Whitgift are the least interesting. There is something in the constitution of the Establishment which forces them into the administration of it; yet, but for the statesmen to whom they refused to listen, and the Puritans whom they endeavoured to destroy, the old religion would have come back on the country like a returning tide. The Puritans would have furnished new martyrs; the statesmen through good and evil, would have watched over liberty; but the High Church clergy would have slunk back into conformity or have dwindled to their proper insignificance. The country knew its interests, and their high-handed intolerance had to wait till more quiet times; but they came back to power when the chances of a Catholic revolution were buried in the wreck of the Armada, and they remained supreme till they had once more wearied the world with them, and brought a king and an archbishop to the scaffold." *

* Froude, x. 117.

Three "types of human beings" were generated by the English Reformation. To many it brought the relief which the opening of gaols would bring to the criminal classes. Old restraints were removed, and new barriers against crime and immorality were not yet provided. When the ancient landmarks were taken away, and while the true boundaries were still undetermined, it seemed impossible to trespass. Every man had become a law unto himself; while the example of rebellion against all that was most reverend was set by the highest and noblest in the land, and in the most sacred region of life. There poured over England a great flood of immorality and vice; the people became so godless and profane that even the purest of the Reformers, such men, for instance, as Latimer, looked on in horror at the work of their own hands. It seemed to such men (to quote one of Latimer's own quaint figures) as if the devil himself were the only true bishop in England: always at his post—ever working. Yet, in all this, the Reformation brought its own cure. It produced a new code of duty—a new ideal of perfection; its one great lesson was personal, individual responsibility; it brought every human spirit face to face with God. In the reign of Elizabeth the good seed was bearing fruit; and, in spite of cruelty and craft, buccaneering and ruthless slaughtering, the conscience of England was becoming clear, and moral worth was taking the place of ecclesiastical properness.

But while many welcomed the Reformation only because it removed old barriers, there were others who were seeking, with the utmost earnestness, for new and better boundaries. They had as yet no notion that, in matters of divine truth, *every* boundary is but a gua-

rantee for falsehood. The human faculties admit of our receiving even a revelation from God only in many separate pieces and in many different forms. The very life which followed the law is followed itself by the spirit; and there is ever in the future "the Christ that is to be." Every council and every creed is a confession of the fallibility of an earlier council and the insufficiency of an earlier creed. Revolutions of doctrine and ritual within the Church itself have been more numerous and more radical than those which have broken up the Church into rival battling sects. The Puritans fully believed that, instead of an ever-receding horizon, they were advancing to the ultimate limit of all truth concerning God and His relations to man. Nevertheless they were advancing. To *that* limit, and not to Queen Elizabeth's articles, they were making their way. And as to believing one thing and pretending to believe another—as to knowing the truth and holding their peace about it—they "*could not but speak* the things which they had heard and seen." They might become martyrs—nay, alas! hating the false, and despairing of the true, they might too easily have become utterly godless, deeming God Himself, as Maitland deemed Him, a "Bogie of the nursery,"—but neither by threats nor blandishments, bribes nor persecution, could they ever have been transformed into Anglican bishops.

The Establishment itself, as an Establishment, was and is too easily perverted into a direct premium on dishonesty; and in the reign of Elizabeth it demoralized the Church. It *could* contain only the feeble or the dishonest; and it is easy enough to foresee the issue of a battle between wise serpents and harmless doves. The Catholics and Puritans were alike persecutors, but

they both persecuted for God. There was a kind of heroic glory even in their cruelties, and what they inflicted on others they were ready themselves to suffer. But the clergy of the Establishment persecuted for themselves, with the contemptible spitefulness of slinking cowards.

The attempt to introduce the English Church system into Scotland and Ireland was utterly preposterous. The Irish were too savage to resist the injustice, except after the manner of savages. In Scotland the resistance was at once more civilized and more complete. But the mad tyranny of thrusting a new-born religion upon a reluctant people cost thousands of lives, and kindled a burning hatred that has never even yet been quenched.

The Anglican Establishment had not a single claim upon the acceptance of the nation. It was but one single phase of the rapidly changing thought and feeling of the age. It had the recommendation neither of antiquity, nor of complete reconstruction, nor of the general assent of the people. In doctrine and ritual it was neither Henry's nor Edward's; while already the better minds both in Scotland and England had passed far beyond it. If one could bid a liquid island stagnate in the very middle of a rushing stream, that stagnant pool with the living, sparkling waters all around it might be the very emblem of Elizabeth's Church—death in life, an artificial and deceitful fixedness, in the midst of change, a pretended independent perfection refusing to be identified with the past or to grow into a nobler future. A Church which required its ministers not to believe, but only to conform, was sure to attract to its communion the least worthy of mankind. But a far worse result has been the consecration of dishonesty. It has been judged *a virtue not* to think, *not* to prove all

things, not to ask the questions which might provoke inconvenient replies. Even now, though so many breaches have been made through the walls with which Parliament has sought to defend the Church of God,—when articles are signed and oaths sworn with a well-understood reservation, and when ecclesiastical law is either so obsolete or so uncertain that with the most moderate caution a beneficed clergyman may be a law unto himself—even now a minister of the Anglican Establishment can neither enquire with safety, nor abstain from enquiry without dishonour.

Mr. Froude's history is not only derived from original contemporary sources, but he has introduced into his own work numerous and lengthy quotations from the letters and State papers on which his conclusions are based. At the cost of what may seem to some readers occasional tediousness, this very greatly increases the value of the history. The very quaintness of the language is itself an attraction; and the actual words of Elizabeth or Mary, Cecil, or the Bishop of Ross, are far more satisfactory than any mere summary of what might seem to Mr. Froude to be their meaning. Even readers who are in the habit of verifying references are glad to be spared trouble; while, for general readers, notes and appendices might as well remain unwritten. Many of the sources of information of which Mr. Froude has availed himself are moderately familiar and accessible; while others, and especially the Spanish ones, are here employed for the first time. They are exceedingly valuable; often confirming by trustworthy, independent testimony what was hitherto scarcely sufficiently proven, and in some instances revealing new facts.

The matter of chief interest in the new volumes is

Mr. Froude's narrative of the proceedings in the case of the Queen of Scots; his account of the Northern rebellion; of the progress of "religion;" and of that fearful anarchy which must euphemistically be called the English government of Ireland.

We have surely now heard the last of defences of the honour of Mary Stuart. Apart from the ridiculous perverseness of Elizabeth, they would never have been possible. The English Queen was, indeed, cruel, but her reckless unkindness was to her friends, not to her chief foe. Mary she spared; it was men like the Regent Murray—men of rare wisdom, splendid disinterestedness and unsullied honour—whom she left to the chances of war or the dagger of the assassin. No proof of guilt could possibly be clearer than the proof of Mary's share in the murder of Darnley. Elizabeth saw the proofs, and recognized their damning force. But she was always occupied with foolish and dishonest "by practices;" and in spite of the advice of her ministers and her own obligations to the Scottish lords, she would not suffer the evidence to be published, nor a just sentence to be passed.

Hence, and hence only, it became possible for such a book as the Bishop of Ross's "Defence" to be written. Plausible assumptions are of little value in the presence of opposing facts; though Mary's ambassador and faithful friend might well argue that it was incredible so noble and gracious a princess could have had even a *motive* to commit the foul crimes with which she was charged. But what are all hypotheses compared with the Casket letters? As soon as the Bishop of Ross's "Defence" was published, Cecil protested against its one abominable lie—the lie that the English nobility

had doubted the guilt of Mary. There was absolutely no doubt on the matter, no hesitation anywhere, not even in the mind of Norfolk, who shivered with horror as he reflected on what pillow he was scheming to lay his head—not a single misgiving except in the imbecillity of Elizabeth's character. She could and she could not, she would and she would not, she must and she must not; and the friends of Mary's memory have only rewarded her self-willed folly with insult and infamy.

The Northern rebellion convinced her at last on what hidden fires she was treading. In a large part of her dominions there was a universal discontent. Almost the whole nobility were implicated in treasonable conspiracy. Even Leicester, the mean creature whom alone of all mankind Elizabeth seems really to have loved, was false—false to her, and to his country, and to himself. The only faithful friends she had were those who, for their very faithfulness, had been in constant danger of her displeasure. Tottering on the very edge of the precipice, she would suffer them to draw her back from ruin; but the moment she was safe, or thought herself safe, she would go on her old proud, reckless way, even if she hurled *them* into the abyss. She had to be forced, *not* gracefully, to permit the execution of Norfolk; she utterly refused to allow the attainder of Mary. She had her own schemes and expectations. France would help her, or Spain would help her—even the very Pope might help her; at any rate she would not yield. Where *was* this Queen's grace? She scolded her Parliaments, she insulted her Ministers, she cursed her friends, she blessed only her enemies.

Her wretched parsimony was often even more mischievous than her paltry vanity. The "government"

of Ireland was one long shameful injustice. She would neither pay for energetic work, nor submit to the only conditions of genuine conciliation. Not even the Spanish Papists were more fiendishly cruel than the English colonists who were to have conquered Ireland by exterminating the Irish. Their only hope, not merely of reward but of bare subsistence, was not in the liberality of their queen, but in their own cruelty and craft.

Religion owed nothing to Elizabeth, everything to her ministers—the ministers who were always true, and never trusted. She would have yielded to the Catholics, and did yield to them, till she was made to understand that such a policy was nothing else than sharpening an axe for her own neck. The Puritans were no doubt premature and embarrassing; but they were *the* Reformers, the very strongest supports of the Queen's throne; and yet she hated them and thwarted them at every turning. She thought that men who had the moral courage to defy the Pope and cast off the authority of all Christian antiquity, would accept just as much and be content with just as little as a mere girl thought fit to give them. And yet she had enough of shrewdness and knowledge of the world to despise those who were satisfied with her own ecclesiastical system. Others began the great work of Reformation that Elizabeth hindered and which is not even yet complete.

"Yet I doubt not through the ages one increasing purpose runs
And the thoughts of men are widened with the process of the suns."

No earthly power can stay the progress of human thought and freedom; and under the rule of the eternal God even death itself is but the entrance to a fuller and diviner life.

Mr. Froude's history is a new treasure in English literature, pure and vigorous in style, honest and impartial, in sympathy with all that is good and true; not only a noble record of the beginnings and first fruits of the Reformation, but itself the sure token that the whole harvest is well-nigh ready for the reapers.

ON CONVICT MANAGEMENT.*

THE history of "public opinion" is scarcely more than a history of extravagances. There are long intervals during which even on the gravest subjects the "public" have no opinion whatever: they leave everything to the Government, or to those thoughtful and energetic few who do the real work of society. But sometimes, and more frequently of late, under the stimulus of the

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* From the "British Quarterly Review."

(1.) *Report from the Select Committee of the House of Lords appointed to Inquire into the Execution of the Criminal Law, especially respecting Juvenile Offenders and Transportation; together with the Minutes of Evidence taken before the said Committee; and an Appendix.* Session 1847. Ordered, by the House of Commons, to be printed. 31st May, 1847.

(2.) *Report from the Select Committee on Transportation; together with the Proceedings of the Committee, Minutes of Evidence, Appendix and Index.* Ordered, by the House of Commons, to be printed. 28th May, 1861.

(3.) *Fortieth Report of the Inspectors General on the General State of the Prisons of Ireland*, 1861; *with Appendices.* Dublin, 1862.

(4.) *Reports of the Directors of Convict Prisons on the Discipline and Management of Pentonville, Millbank, and Parkhurst Prisons, and of Portland, Portsmouth, Dartmoor, Chatham, and Brixton Prisons; with Fulham Refuge, and the Invalid Prison at Woking.* For the year 1861. London. 1862.

(5.) *Report of the Select Committee of the House of Commons on the* 16 *and* 17 *Vic. cap.* 99. 1856.

British press, the "public" does form an opinion, and does its best to embody that opinion in a permanent institution. Social problems are the most complicated of all problems. It would be very difficult to determine what would be the effect of a given set of circumstances even upon a single individual: it is immeasurably more difficult to determine what will come of the combination of a great number of individuals, each of whom has had a separate and peculiar training. What is best fitted to secure the interests of twenty or thirty millions of people, all of whom are to be allowed the utmost possible liberty, can be decided only by those who have carefully studied the nature of man and the lessons of history. The "public" has unquestionably studied neither the nature of man nor history: it therefore views all social questions from one side only, and mistaking one small part of a problem for the whole of it, its legislation and administration, though often most energetic, can scarcely fail to be extravagant. Nations may be seen passing with the utmost ease from despotism to anarchy; from

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(6.) *Observations on the Treatment of Convicts in Ireland; with some Remarks on the Same in England.* By Four Visiting Justices of the West Riding Prison at Wakefield. London. 1862.

(7.) *Female Life in Prison.* By A Prison Matron. Second Edition, Revised. Two Vols. London. 1862.

(8.) *Irish Convict Reform. The Intermediate Prisons a Mistake.* By An Irish Prison Chaplain in the Convict Service. Dublin. 1863.

(9.) *Some Articles and Letters which appeared in the "Times" and other Papers, on the Subject of the Treatment of Convicts.* Longman.

(10.) *Rules for the Government of the House of Correction at Preston, in the County Palatine of Lancaster.* Preston. 1857.

the most offensive distinctions and divisions of the different classes of society to liberty, equality and fraternity. Despotism grinds down the faces of the poor, crushes true merit, and lifts up the worthless into the high places of honour: therefore let royalty and nobility be at an end, and citizen embrace citizen in holy brotherhood. Alas! even equality and fraternity have their darker side, and seem sometimes only to mean the right of the cruel, and idle, and strong to make a prey of their neighbours; prompting some men to ask, 'Were not even a strong despotism, with only the chance of its being wise and good, immeasurably to be preferred?'

Some considerable time ago, the British public was waked out of its entire indifference to the treatment of criminals, by those good men who had found out that our prisons and prison system were possibly even more wicked and mischievous than the crimes of which their inmates had been guilty. They perceived that such punishment as society was then inflicting on evildoers, was making them far worse than they had ever been before; and they thought, with Socrates in "The Republic," that to make men more unjust can never be the work of justice. They found young and old—the youth who had committed a first offence and the incorrigible ruffian to whom the jail had become a second home, the penitent and the tempter—all crowded together in dens of infamy, where every kind of abomination, physical and moral, attained its most diabolic perfection. They laid the whole dark story before their fellow-countrymen, and in the name of the just and merciful God, who is kind to the unthankful and evil, they bade them remember that even the worst of men

did not cease to be men, and might not be punished by being cast before their time into a hell of malignant devils. They hoped it might be possible so to punish wicked men that they might be made good men. They were quite sure that it was possible to discover some mode of punishment by which they should not be made more wicked.

This was so small a piece of a social problem that the British public could clearly see it, and moreover it was quite necessary that they should see it. It had been enough for them to know that a highwayman or housebreaker was somehow sent out of the way of doing further mischief: they now began to think it necessary to ask what had become of him. Capable of seeing only one thing at a time, they turned away from society, and gave their whole attention to the criminal. Philanthropy became everything, justice nothing. Philanthropy itself also degenerated only too quickly into the *sentimentalism* of philanthropy. The dens of filth, and fever, and vice, were changed into Sir Joshua Jebb's "pen of pet lambs." Prisons were made more comfortable than workhouses and the homes of the labouring and honest poor. The compulsory industry which, at the best, fell far short of the most obvious duty of the workman, was rewarded by gratuities; and the sentences, already too short and too easy, were yet further relaxed. But, at any rate, society felt that the old method had been wrong, and that the new one was its opposite. Moreover, the public became rather tired of considering the subject; and after having been waked up by the philanthropists, questioned, rebuked, teazed, puzzled by them, left the whole matter in their hands, and went to sleep again. Unhappily, the ladies and gentlemen who were accommodated with

private apartments at Millbank and Pentonville, were at liberty to wake up and betake themselves to their old friends and haunts almost exactly at the time when the British public was comfortably settling itself for a fresh period of repose, a repose to be too rudely disturbed. Reformed convicts let loose upon society found it extremely difficult, and not a little disagreeable, to earn their living by hard work. To earn thirty shillings would have required at least six days of persevering and well-directed labour. To knock a man down and take that sum out of his pocket required only five minutes and a life-preserver. This new mode of "self-help" became in consequence remarkably popular, and people were knocked down and robbed in busy thoroughfares, in broad daylight, and almost at their own doors. It was found that the ruffians who perpetrated these outrages, were, in very many cases, convicts who had been released from confinement with "tickets-of-leave." The British public had suddenly to wake up again, all the more irritable and angry because its sleep had been so soon disturbed. People seemed not disinclined to return to the barbarities of which the philanthropists had so righteously made them ashamed; and, indeed, the reaction from the sentimentalism of the last few years is so strong and so general, that there is no small danger of our becoming for a little while merciless and unjust, and after a little while longer more stupidly sentimental than ever. Yet, perhaps, a careful consideration of the folly of sacrificing society to the criminal on the one hand, and the possibility of protecting society without wholly sacrificing the criminals on the other, may assist the formation of a wise and sober judgment equally remote from both the extravagances into which public

opinion is so prone to swing. It may, at any rate, reclaim the question for the calm determination of the thoughtful few, whose decision will not be the result of the vexation of disappointment, or of that idleness which is content to try any new experiment for the sake of rest, but of careful inquiry into the actual working of the system at present adopted, and a comparison of that system and its effects with such methods as have been adopted in time past or in other countries.

Though we may at present be treating our convicts with too much leniency, it must not be supposed that life at Millbank or Pentonville offers so many attractions as to be a præmium for crime. It is surely not desirable that prisons should be dirty and ill-ventilated, or that prisoners who have committed no capital offence should be slowly put to death by prison treatment. The diet of prisoners may require reconsideration, and it may be thought wise to relieve the medical officers of the responsibility of interfering with it except in extreme cases to be accurately defined. But with all the good living, and cleanliness, and light of the Government prisons, it is scarcely possible to conceive of anything more utterly dreary than a prisoner's life. As we rise from the perusal of some of the articles which have lately appeared in the daily papers, we are half inclined to suppose that a convict would rush with eager joy to the happy abode which for seven or eight of the best years of his life is to be his home. Such a mistake would be in a moment corrected by actually seeing the unhappy wretch who has just been caged like a dangerous beast, and left to that worst of all solitudes, the remembrance of evil deeds and the knowledge that they have been all in vain. It is impossible to mistake the misery and disgust with which

his whole soul is filled, the bitter mortification and baffled rage with which he restlessly paces his narrow cell, and gazes upon the bars and doors which shut him out from the wild and jovial liberty which he had been so heartily enjoying. Nor is it easy to determine upon which class of convicts the burden of imprisonment presses most heavily. In these frightful abodes are to be found, only too often, those who had been gentlemen and scholars, accustomed to the refinements and luxuries of good society, taught to hate with too vainglorious a haughtiness everything low-bred and vulgar, except sin and crime. When the door of their cell is locked upon them, they know too well that for weary years they will scarcely be permitted to see a single face that will look kindly on them. They will have for companions the vulgarest and most brutalized of mankind, nor even with these will they be suffered for some time to have any intercourse. They must wear the prison dress and do the prison work, weaving coarse cloth or mats, making shoes or clothes, or work harder still and further removed from all their former training and habits. They will have to pace in silence every day the same dreary exercise-ground, till they know almost every brick in the walls and every pebble under their feet. They will have to sit in school with men who can neither read nor write, and whose very faces are the registers of innumerable villainies and the deepest ignorance. This is not the kind of life, surely, that would attract the men who commit forgeries and plan and execute gigantic frauds. Yet possibly the prison life of the pickpocket or burglar, the Charley Bates or Bill Sykes of real life, may be more gloomy and miserable still. For such people have no mental resources. Imprisonment cuts them off from the

source of the only pleasures they ever knew, the pleasures of a wild and jolly life with companions like themselves; pleasures that perhaps have been made all the keener by the stimulus of danger. In truth, so odious is convict life even in our model prisons, that as the warders and officers testify, it is the one unceasing study of a prisoner how by any chance he may effect his escape.

Yet if prison life be odious, it is unquestionably meant to be so, and ought to be made so. The cells should be light, clean, well ventilated, and sufficiently warm; and they ought to be this, even though the cottages of the honest poor are not. The State cannot condescend to set an example of dirtiness even to criminals, or to imitate the habits and copy the neglects which are among the most fruitful sources of crime. But convicts should be made to work hard, and they should by no means be overfed. It is by no means easy to compel a convict to work hard. It is impossible for the most careful officer to determine how long a man takes to learn a trade, and how many shoes and trousers he can make in a given time. Where convicts are engaged, as at Portland, on what to a free labourer would be hard work, it would be extremely dangerous to insist on more than a moderate amount of labour. For it would be not less easy, and to many convicts more agreeable, to put a spade or pickaxe into the head of a warder, than into rock or soil. If a free bricklayer chooses to be idle, his master can dismiss him, and the man may take holiday as long as he likes, and if he thinks proper, starve himself to death. But if a convict bricklayer chooses to be idle, he can neither be dismissed nor killed; and the longer he is refractory and useless, so much the longer and more heavily does

he burden society. The amount of out-door work that some of the correspondents of the daily press seem to expect from convicts, could be secured at any rate in our existing convict establishments, if at all, only by the constant presence of a strong military guard; and such severe punishments as neither the sentimentalism nor the civilization of this country would endure. Yet it would not seem altogether impracticable to punish the refractory as the idle outside a prison punish themselves. When a free man refuses to work, he simply refuses to earn wages; and his wages are not the money he receives, but those things the money represents, and for which it will be exchanged. His real wages are bread and meat, and potatoes and beer, the use of a house to live in, clothes to wear, and the means of obtaining the society of a wife and providing for his children. If he refuses to earn wages he simply refuses to smoke his pipe, to drink his pot of ale, to inhabit a decent house, to have warm clothes, and in a while to have any food at all. Long before he arrives at that last stage, even the idle man has generally changed his mind about earning wages, and has discovered that though he extremely dislikes work, he dislikes cold and hunger very much more. Cold and hunger are the punishments that idle and dissolute people inflict upon themselves; and there seems no very obvious reason why it should not be the punishment that society might inflict upon idle prisoners.

Of course prisoners whose diet had been reduced would become thin, and suffer as much physical inconvenience as might require in time the interference of a medical officer. But everybody out of work for three or four weeks becomes thin; and the medicine which any

physician would prescribe for such a patient would unquestionably be more nourishing food and plenty of it. The difference between a convict and an honest labourer ought not to be, as unfortunately it is, wholly in favour of the convict. The honest labourer out of work cannot afford a doctor, and knows quite well that even if he could, it would be useless to ask advice which it would be impossible to follow. The average diet of well-conducted convicts can be wisely determined only by medical men after a sufficient number of careful experiments; and the object of these experiments should be to discover the *minimum* of food, both in quantity and quality, which will suffice to keep a convict in ordinary health. When a prisoner is idle and disorderly, there is no obvious reason why that minimum should not be reduced. Of course the man would become ill, but the cure for his illness would be the easiest and cheapest that could be devised, namely, work. Within the walls of a prison there is always work to be had, and the man who will not do it might safely be allowed to punish himself by those very distresses which all other idle vagabonds are compelled to suffer. The actual minimum at Portland (though not a tenth part of the convicts there are kept so low) consists—

"For four days of the week of 12 oz. of bread for breakfast, with a pint of tea; dinner, 6 oz. of cooked meat free from bone, 1 lb. of cooked potatoes, and 6 oz. of bread; supper, one pint of gruel, 16 oz. of bread. On the three remaining days of the week the rations are better still, the breakfast being a pint of cocoa, with milk and sugar, and 12 oz. of bread; dinner, one pint of soup, 5 oz. of cooked meat free from bone, 1 lb. of cooked potatoes, and 10 oz. of suet pudding. On this 'ordinary diet'—which as daily food would be a very extraordinary one to most of our hard-working labourers throughout the kingdom—all the convicts used

formerly to live, till a few years ago, when one of the 'dilettante' prison philanthropists, of whom there are now so many, discovered that convicts, if worked hard on such diet, might lose muscle, and it was accordingly raised to the 'increased scale.' . . . . In addition to this, all the prisoners of every grade or scale of diet have each 3 oz. of treacle to eat with their bread, served to them every week, viz., 1½ oz. on Sunday, and 1½ oz. on Wednesday. For such as are employed out of doors, but who are not at hard labour—who have, in fact, only their appetites sharpened by the fresh sea-breeze—there is what is called a 'light labour diet for the public works.' This consists of a pint of tea or cocoa, with 6 oz. of bread, for breakfast; 6 oz. of bread, 6 oz. of cooked meat free from bone, half a pint of soup, and half a pound of potatoes, for dinner; and 6 oz. of bread, with a pint of gruel, or tea, 'if preferred,' for supper. What the light labour is it is hard to discover, especially as the 'hard' seems to be about the minimum of what will keep the men's hands going at all. Stone-breaking, close under the prison walls, is one of the works that come under this category; and though this work, as we generally see it done, is certainly not light labour, yet the way in which it is performed at Portland amply justifies the prison authorities in classing it under this head. Those who have ever seen the pile of stones which the wretched starving tramp has to break in the stoneyard of a workhouse, in payment for his night's shelter in the casual ward, should come to Portland to see what the convict does for his day's work. The work in the quarries is a mockery of 'hard labour,' and the 'light labour,' as the convicts do it, is positively not labour at all. Even taking the light-labour diet as the standard, no mere hard-working daily labourer in this part of England can command it. None certainly are so well and warmly lodged, or as carefully looked after in health or sickness. Perhaps, however, it is worth while adding that even those prisoners on the ordinary diet, when in their third stage, receive their extra allowance of bread and cheese and beer after dinner on Sundays, and that those in the fourth stage have not only the bread and cheese and beer, but the usual treacle pudding on Thursdays, baked mutton in lieu of beef on Thursdays and Fridays, and baked beef instead of boiled on Sundays and Mondays. But in order to give all diets, we must give one which does not appear in the prison books, which is infirmary diet. When a convict is placed on this by the doctor, he has, of course,

whatever the doctor orders him. When he is placed on infirmary diet, through the exertions or intercessions of powerful friends, he can have almost what he pleases. Sir John Dean Paul and others were placed on this infirmary list through the exertions of their friends, and an exemption was also made in Sir John's case from working at the quarries."*

This account does not differ materially from that given by Sir Joshua Jebb to the Select Committee on Transportation in 1861 (Report, pp. 2, 3), and it may be compared with the dietary tables of other institutions, in which it is equally necessary that human beings should be kept in health, and in some of which their treatment is not intended to be penal. The treatment of paupers, indeed, is so utterly barbarous and disgraceful that no convicts would submit to it; and with them no Government dare venture upon it. In the House of Correction, however, at Preston, the prisoners are extremely well cared for. The new portion of the prison is light, warm, and well ventilated, though the cells are more prison-like than those at Millbank. The prisoners, moreover, are treated with great consideration and real kindness by the governor; who seems to know something of every individual under his charge, and is manifestly anxious that imprisonment should be as far as possible reformatory. The prisoners also are by no means emaciated or sickly, and in fact seem much benefited by their prison fare, beyond what might have been expected from the comparatively short term of their confinement. But they have no treacle, or suet dumplings, no cocoa, or tea, or beer, in fact none of those preposterous indulgences by which criminals who have been guilty of

* *Times*, Dec. 26, 1862.

graver offences are coaxed into something approaching to decent behaviour. The dietary for adults above seventeen years of age is as follows :—

SUNDAY AND WEDNESDAY.

MALES.	Ounces of Bread.	Ounces of Meat.	Ounces of Potatoes.	Ounces of Cheese.	Pints of Gruel.	Pints of Soup.	FEMALES.	Ounces of Bread.	Ounces of Meat.	Ounces of Potatoes.	Ounces of Cheese.	Pints of Gruel.	Pints of Soup.
Breakfast and Supper.	6⅔	...	...	...	2	...	Breakfast and Supper.	6⅔	...	...	...	1	...
Dinner	6⅔	4	16	...	...	...	Dinner	6⅔	4	8	...	...	...

MONDAY AND THURSDAY.

Breakfast and Supper.	6⅔	...	...	...	2	...	Breakfast and Supper.	6⅔	...	...	...	1	...
Dinner	6⅔	...	...	...	...	2	Dinner	6⅔	...	...	...	...	1

TUESDAY AND FRIDAY.

Breakfast and Supper.	6⅔	...	...	...	2	...	Breakfast and Supper.	6⅔	...	...	...	1	...
Dinner	6⅔	...	16	2	...	...	Dinner	6⅔	...	8	2	...	

SATURDAY.

Breakfast and Supper.	6⅔	...	...	...	2	...	Breakfast and Supper.	6⅔	...	...	...	1	...
Dinner	6⅔	4	...	...	...	2	Dinner	6⅔	4	...	...	...	1
Per Week	140	12	64	4	28	6	Per Week	140	12	32	4	14	3

It may well be doubted whether high feeding does not tend directly to produce some of those vices which have so often been proved to abound among convicts, and much of that insubordination which has frequently led to most fatal consequences. At any rate "the line must be drawn" somewhere; and it should be drawn not by the prisoner, nor even by the prison officials, but by society, by those who are every way interested in making punishment a grim reality. The convicts employed in the public works earn, it would seem, about one penny a day more than the cost of their maintenance.

"What portion of those convicts are really earning money for the Government? Some must be invalids, and some must be cooks, and so on.—The 3,722 at Portland, Portsmouth, and Chatham are all earning money. About one-fifth or one-sixth would have to be deducted from that number for those at school, invalids, cooks, &c. The maintenance of each prisoner is about 1s. 9d. a day; and most of those at work earn 1s. 10d. or 2s. a day, or more. All are industrious, and many more highly skilled.

"A man who is really working earns more than the cost of his maintenance?—Generally they do, everything except the building."*

From a penny to twopence a day, then, is what each of these convicts actually employed on hard labour would, if he were free and working at the same rate, have to spend upon rent and the maintenance of his wife and family. What the work these convicts really do is now pretty well known, and has excited very much indignation. It is plain, that so far from deserving gratuities, their very work itself is so bad and unremunerative that the best of it scarcely rises above the desert of punishment. The gratuities themselves are so judiciously distributed, that there was actually due to one of the prisoners who mutinied at Portland and who afterwards mutinied at Chatham, who had been only three years and ten months in prison, and who was returned by the prison authorities themselves as a bad character—to this worthy there was actually due a gratuity of £7 9s. 3d. It is quite impossible to understand upon what principle (if any) these gratuities are given; for out of 850 convicts who were implicated in the mutiny at Chatham, seventy-three are returned as of exemplary conduct, and 640 as of "very good" and "good" conduct. Indeed, if

* Sir Joshua Jebb, Evidence, Transportation Report, 1861, p. 14.

we would get the faintest notion of what these testimonials are worth, we must remember that prison life is altogether artificial; determined by laws and motives that either do not exist at all outside the prison, or are modified in ordinary life by so many important considerations that they scarcely deserve to be taken separately into account. A great number of crimes are never committed because the vigilance of prison discipline renders it impossible to commit them. The standard of good conduct is necessarily exceedingly low; virtue, in fact, consisting in freedom from impossible vices. Moreover, there is scarcely a single official connected with any of the Government prisons who is not urged by the strongest motives to make the very best of the system which he has to take part in administering.

In the case of warders, this is plain from the evidence given by Sir J. Jebb himself to the Select Committee on Transportation :—

"Quest. 62. *Mr. Roebuck.*—I should like to understand what is the course of proceeding. You say that you commonly judge of a convict's character from the books which are kept; but who keeps the books?—Some of the books are kept by the governor, but every officer in charge of prisoners has his book, and notes down daily the industry and the conduct of the men. That is summed up weekly, monthly, and quarterly, and introduced into the proper books.

"63.—So that the judge in the last resort of a prisoner's conduct, may be the lowest turnkey?—No; the lowest warder has, say twenty men under him. He has a book, which is ruled in a certain form, and he makes his note every day of a man's industry; because the gratuities to be awarded to him daily depend on his report of the man's industry and conduct. That is examined by the principal warder, again by the chief warder and deputy governor, and it then comes to the governor.

"64.—But does that not amount to what I say—that the

person who really decides upon the conduct of the prisoner is the warder who sets all that down?—No; he does not decide upon the case, he brings it forward.

"65.—But the decision depends on what he has set down?—In a great measure it may do so.

"66.—Then I want to know what precautions are taken with regard to these warders. Their character is of course a matter of very great importance: do you inquire into that?—We always inquire into their characters. Most of them have been sergeants in the Guards or the Line, the Engineers or Marines. They come before me with their testimonials, which enables me in a measure to judge of their character and general qualifications. They are then put upon the list of candidates, and recommended to the Secretary of State by me as vacancies occur. They are, however, only appointed on probation. The governor is fully authorized to report, that the appointment should not be confirmed.

"67.—*Mr. Bright.*—The warder having the superintendence of the convicts has gratuities, has he not, which are regulated according to the good behaviour of those who are placed under him?—Yes; gratuities of 2s. 6d. to 4s., and the principal warder 5s. a week. These gratuities are to compensate them for their exposure in the open air, the vigilance which they are obliged to exercise in preventing escapes, having men working at a distance from the prison, to stimulate them to exertion, and to give them generally an interest in the work of the men.

"68.—Is not the warder's receipt of that gratuity dependent upon his giving a favourable turn to his report of the conduct of the men under him?—Not altogether; it depends a good deal upon the observation of those who are over him. If he sends in a report that his men have been all industrious, and the principal warder, or chief warder, sees that they have not been so, the warder would be reported, and his gratuities forfeited."

More powerful motives even than the hope of gratuities must be ever inclining the warders to return the most favourable possible reports of their prisoners. The "lambs" that these shepherds have to watch are, after all, only "wolves in sheep's clothing." Their

passions are very violent; and if they are at all frequently reported as guilty of misconduct, they begin to feel that they have nothing to lose. They not seldom rid themselves of the man whom they regard as their enemy, by a ferocious attack upon him; and an over-scrupulous warder would walk about among his prisoners in constant peril of his life. Of course such insubordination would be punished; but the Parliamentary return, which cast so much light on the character of the Chatham mutineers, warns us not to expect too much from that mild chastisement.

The superior prison officials are naturally interested in "the system" they administer; they are conscious of their own honest and persevering efforts to make it "work" satisfactorily; they actually do secure a good amount of order; and at any cost of gratuities, coaxing, high feeding, and the like, it seems to them the one thing needful to keep their charge quiet and good tempered. Order *in* the prison is what *they* have to secure; and if that were all that society requires, it might with very slight difficulty be obtained. It would be obtained, however, most quickly and most surely by changing punishment into indulgence, by defeating the very purpose for which punishment and prisons exist. We should never forget that the prison treatment which is most beneficial to *society* is precisely that which gives most trouble to prison officials.

The testimony, however, as to the efficiency of our present method of dealing with convicts, which is at once best and worst, truest and falsest, safest and most dangerous, is the testimony of prison chaplains. They are among the most honourable and self-denying men in the country. They have to deal with a class of society

which is the most hopeless of all classes. They have, very properly, the utmost confidence in the power of the Gospel to restore even the worst of men, and make them fit and willing to discharge all the duties of life. But they seem continually to forget that in a prison the temptations to hypocrisy are increased, and the opportunities of detecting it are diminished, to the utmost possible extent. Any one who is at all in the habit of studying the faces of human beings, may quite easily perceive, on visiting any jail—the Preston House of Correction, for instance, of which the late Mr. Clay was chaplain—that the men who have a little Bible lying open on their table are unquestionably the greatest scoundrels in the prison. They have that unmistakeably sneaking appearance which every chaplain should learn to recognize as the physical sign of demoniacal possession. But the plain fact is, that even if it were not easy to snivel and read the Bible, and if the temptations of life, which discover the real character of men, abounded in jail (which they do not), the chaplain's reports ought to have no effect whatever upon the sentences and treatment of prisoners. This is necessary even for the real benefit of the prisoners: it is much more necessary for the sake of society. What lies beyond the prison in this world or in the next world, is the region over which the hopes of good men may wander in peace and faith. But within the limits of the jail, and during the term of imprisonment, the goodness which the chaplains should offer for the acceptance of prisoners must be sought for its own sake, stripped absolutely bare of those temporal advantages with which in ordinary cases it is associated. The thief, the forger, the murderer, the man who has shrunk from no depths of falsehood or

excesses of cruelty, that he might get money or gratify some ungoverned passion, would scarcely hesitate to affect repentance for the sake of an earlier liberty and a quicker return to all his old courses. In fact, those who have been guilty of the worst crimes are often in prison extremely quiet and orderly, though very often far indeed from being penitent. In the case of women, at any rate, the testimony of a "Prison Matron" on this point is decisive. One of the most orderly and "hopeful" of convicts was a woman who had murdered her child because it "made such a row" in screaming. Murder is not, indeed, regarded as one of the fine arts by these amiable culprits; but it is by no means regarded with horror, as one of the worst crimes that a human being can commit. And, at any rate, society has said that for its own sake, during a certain period, the evil-doer shall *suffer;* if for his own good as well as for that of society, so much the better, but anyhow for the good of society. Repentance does not undo the effects of crime, and it does scarcely anything towards preventing the recurrence of it. Society, therefore, cannot accept repentance as an expiation, nor trust in it as a method of self-defence. The work of punishment is primarily for the benefit of society, secondarily for the benefit of the prisoner: the work of the chaplain is primarily for the benefit of the prisoner, secondarily for the benefit of society. These two works, therefore, not only differ, but without the utmost care might come to be opposed; and it should be remembered that prisons exist for the sake of society, and not for the sake of the prisoners; that the work of the chaplain is altogether subordinate, and would have to be dispensed with altogether if it interfered with the sterner work of the prison. It is, indeed, a terrible

necessity when it arises; but for the body politic, as for the natural body, "it is better that one of the members should perish than that the whole body should be cast into hell."

It is, however, on the reports of those who can scarcely help taking that view of a prisoner's conduct which society, in self-defence, has sternly refused to take, that gratuities are awarded and sentences commuted. A criminal is turned loose upon society before his time simply because he has conformed, while in prison, to a set of rules which in real life outside have no existence and would serve no purpose. When he is released he finds himself necessarily regarded with the utmost suspicion. His temptations are very numerous and very strong. He is very insufficiently watched. It is his easiest, and, perhaps, may seem to himself his only course, to seek out his old companions and haunts; and the next time society hears of him he is charged with some new offence, and sent back again to be once more a quiet, orderly prisoner, earning gratuities, as of old, "of exemplary conduct" in every respect.

It is now pretty generally admitted, that our English system of dealing with convicts is a failure: it does not protect society, and it does not reform the criminals. And if we would know both why that system has failed, and upon what conditions alone any system can succeed, we must carefully consider the very nature of punishment itself, and what good it is intended to effect. We may, indeed, be surprised, not at the number of criminals and the greatness of their crimes, but at the fewness of criminals, and the reluctance which even the most cruel and profligate men manifest to commit those crimes which are justly considered the most serious. The restraints to which any human being is subject in any

civilized country, and especially in our own, begin with his very earliest days, and never for a single moment cease. At home he is taught from the very first, and in all manner of ways, that he cannot and shall not do what he likes. At every turning he finds that somebody else's interests are as real and as much to be regarded as his own. He has to submit to the authority of his parents, and to deal fairly with his brothers and sisters: at school, or during the term of his apprenticeship, he finds himself placed under a discipline more rigorous still; and with every new relationship, every fresh desire, every development of character and capacity, he finds his restraints multiplied. He can, in fact, by no means whatever overtake them, or pass into any region of life in which he shall be able to escape their presence and power. He begins by degrees to perceive that he is a member of a body; that the restraints to which he is subjected are highly beneficial; that to be released from them would be the form only, and not the reality of freedom. He comes to perceive that they who are most truly free, are sure to be the most orderly; and he learns to seek for that liberty which is the only real liberty which any *human* being can enjoy, the liberty of being in harmony with the spirit of law. To desire and to obtain that liberty is the result of a very complicated and long continued education, a result, moreover, which in many cases is never obtained at all. There are many people who, all their lives long, fret against the restraints of life, and are held back from crime not by the love of goodness, but by the fear of pain. But inasmuch as there is in every human being a brute nature, in respect of which he is on the level only of the beasts which perish; inasmuch as there are in men the wants and

desires, the passions, the rage, the ferocity, the cunning, which are to be found also in tigers and foxes, and all manner of carnivorous animals, so it is of the utmost importance that this brute part of a man should be thoroughly and for ever tamed, that lordship should be given to the human and the spiritual, and not the animal. How to do this, and especially how to do it for those who seem equally unable and unwilling to do it for themselves, is the most difficult of all the problems which philanthropy has to solve. To tame the beast and to ennoble the man in every human being, is the end for which so many schools have been called into existence, for which so many improvements have been made in the dwellings of the poor and their sanitary condition, for which also the law of God, and the Gospel of His grace, have been given to men, and are continually being declared to them by the ministers of religion. There is no living man in whom the human has been entirely destroyed; nor is there any living man in whom the animal ought to be *destroyed*, for that is needed to do the work of the spirit.

But, unfortunately, there are very many human beings who are by no means tamed, and these constitute the criminal class. In so far as they are criminals, they are allowing the brute that is in them to conquer the man, and they must be treated accordingly. If a criminal were a *mere* brute, he would, of course, be treated like any other savage animal; he would be starved, whipped, tethered, muzzled, or even killed, if he could not be cured of biting; and after all, a treatment by no means very dissimilar must be adopted for the breaking in of wild and dangerous men, who set society at defiance, and never scruple to indulge their own vicious pro-

pensities, however much harm they may do to their neighbours. The fact which it is especially necessary to remember is, that society really cannot wait to reform its criminal classes: it must make them as speedily as possible *unable* to do mischief, whether it can make them unwilling or not. The man whose house has been robbed, or who has been garotted and left senseless in front of his own door by some lawless ruffian, has surely a very ready and complete answer to any sentimental philanthropist who would persuade him that his first duty is not to punish the criminal but to reform him. "And this place," says the imprisoned Alvar, in Coleridge's "Remorse,"—

> "my forefathers made for man!
> This is the process of our love and wisdom
> To each poor brother who offends against us—
> Most innocent, perhaps—and what if guilty?
> Is this the only cure? Merciful God!
> Each pore and natural outlet shriveled up
> By ignorance and parching poverty,
> His energies roll back upon his heart
> And stagnate and corrupt, till, changed to poison,
> They break out on him, like a loathsome plague-spot!
> Then we call in our pampered mountebanks;—
> And this is their best cure! uncomforted
> And friendless solitude, groaning and tears,
> And savage faces at the clanking hour
> Seen through the steam and vapours of his dungeon
> By the lamp's dismal twilight! So he lies
> Circled with evil, till his very soul
> Unmoulds its essence, hopelessly deformed
> By sights of evermore deformity!
> With other ministrations thou, O Nature,
> Healest thy wandering and distempered child:
> Thou pourest on him thy soft influences,
> Thy sunny hues, fair forms, and breathing sweets,
> Thy melodies of woods, and winds, and waters!
> Till he relent, and can no more endure

To be a jarring and a dissonant thing
Amid this general dance and minstrelsy;
But bursting into tears, wins back his way,
His angry spirit healed and harmonized
By the benignant touch of love and beauty."

No one will deny that this is very charming poetry. If we were to regard it as a part of the philosophy of education, we might admit that it is both beautiful and true. But if we regard it as the philosophy of *criminal law*, it is so extremely imperfect and one-sided as to be all but ridiculous; while, unhappily, it is precisely the philosophy on which sentimental philanthropists build their practice. A respectable shopkeeper in Sloane Street has been garotted in front of his own door, and a hideous-looking ruffian, aged forty, is brought to him, and immediately identified as the culprit. The Sloane Street shopkeeper is mildly requested to submit this wayward and distempered child of nature to the soothing ministrations of his mother, to the melodies of woods, and winds, and waters. In plain English, we may say, he is requested to send him for a few weeks to Brighton, or Tunbridge Wells, to buy a season ticket for the Crystal Palace, to take a box for him at the opera, or anything else of the kind, by which "the benignant touch of love and beauty" may fall upon him. The Sloane Street shopkeeper knows a great deal better. He replies, "This ruffian who sprang upon my throat last night, has enjoyed forty years of tender ministrations. Thousands of times the sun has risen upon him, calling him to honest labour and innocent enjoyments. As often the quiet night has wooed him to repose, and renewed his powers for fresh toil, and his capacity for new gladness. Through all those days he has been surrounded by living examples of virtue and self-

restraint; and when these have been absent he has been startled by the terrible sufferings by which evil-doers are tormented. Through all those years his weakest moments have been strengthened by the supports of law, and the dread of punishment, and the common morality of mankind. Through all those years religion has been uttering to him more or less of her sublime promises and encouragements. His first misdeeds have been forgiven and forgotten. And out of all these ministrations he has come a hardened reprobate; and there is not the smallest reason to suppose that what could not keep him good will make him better when he has become bad. Meanwhile, I, unsentimental shopkeeper that I am, have an incurable aversion to being suffocated; and I must insist that this wayward and distempered child of nature shall be somewhere safely shut up, and receive the benefit of other ministrations than those which have hitherto proved so unsuccessful."

If this man be shut up, it is plain that his confinement in a prison should be made extremely unpleasant to him. His imprisonment will at the longest be far too short to give any reasonable hopes of a radical reformation. The humanity of those whom he has defied and injured will do what may still seem possible for the criminal himself; but the chief work of society upon him will be to tame the brute part of him. He must be taught that by lawless violence he will lose incomparably more than he can hope to gain. He must be made to understand that assault and robbery are quite as painful and quite as dangerous as it would be to thrust his hands into a hot fire. He must be made to suffer so keenly that no temptation will ever again be able to overcome his horror of punishment. If this be accom-

plished, the man himself will be in some slight degree benefited; for it is better to abstain from crime from the fear of punishment, than not to abstain at all. But at any rate the benefit to society will be very considerable, even though the criminal be very imperfectly reformed. During the whole term of his imprisonment it will be safe from his violence, and for some considerable time afterwards he will hesitate to commit offences that bring after them so heavy a penalty. Moreover, those who were very dull scholars in the school of nature may learn their lessons much more rapidly in the school of criminal law. The man who has been really and severely punished will not fail to let his comrades know what is in store for them if they should be so unfortunate as to be arrested. He will make them clearly understand, that every one of their privations and miseries will be increased when once they are safely locked up within the walls of a prison.

Let it be clearly understood that the *primary* end of punishment — imprisonment, transportation, and the like—is the good of society, and not the good of the criminal. Society, in fact, has no right to promote the good of individuals by any such rough means. Very many people who have committed no offence against the laws of their country would nevertheless be greatly the better for a few months' solitary confinement; but no Government dare do them that service against their will. So, on the other hand, there are very many who dislike regular instruction more than thieves dislike a treadmill; but for all that, they are compelled to submit to it, and they do not consider themselves punished or disgraced. But though a school is often as disagreeable as a prison, and a prison would be to many as useful as a school, the two are never confounded excepting in the theories and

hobbies of sentimental philanthropists. The distinction between them is this: the prison is for the good of society, the school is for the good of the individual: the prison is a punishment, however comfortable or useful: the school is a privilege, however disagreeable or neglected: that which is primary in the one is secondary in the other, that which is secondary in the one is primary in the other.

What, then, are we to do with our criminals when they have been detected, tried, convicted? There is one class of evil-doers whose punishment indicates in the clearest possible way what is the real end of all the punishment which *the State* has the right to inflict. Those who have committed murder, or been guilty of one or two other crimes which are considered in an especial degree subversive of society, are put to death. This is unquestionably the most effective of all punishments: it renders impossible any repetition of crime by the particular criminal so punished, and it produces a terror of imitating his crime, which is in the highest degree wholesome. Of course when a murderer is hanged nobody pretends that the punishment is reformatory; and it is exactly that fact, the fact that the good of the criminal himself is wholly disregarded, that makes this mode of punishment, especially among sentimental philanthropists, extremely unpopular. Our forefathers, with their rough and ready justice, were content to protect society and leave the criminal to God; and even prison chaplains, of a race happily extinct, could look with marvellous unconcern upon what might come afterwards, when a man was hanged up by his neck till he was dead. "Within what time," asked a judge of a chaplain, "may we reasonably hope for contrition in a

condemned criminal?" "You mean," said the chaplain, with a cheerful confidence in his own powers of persuasion, "what time is sufficient to prepare him to die? I would undertake, my lord, to prepare any man for death in three weeks." * The British public echoes with a very marked emphasis the "Indeed" with which the judge replied: but at any rate, prepared or unprepared, there are many criminals who must die and take their chance; and if murderers ought not to be hanged, *a fortiori* quiet citizens ought not to be murdered. Still, there are many crimes for which the punishment of death would be altogether and monstrously inappropriate. It is not impossible that capital punishment may be abolished altogether, and we shall be constrained to look to some other mode of dealing with those who have declared by their own deeds that their liberty is incompatible with the safety of society.

Next to death, transportation would seem at first sight to be the most effective mode of dealing with criminals; and at the present crisis it has again and again been recommended, in spite of very numerous failures in times past, and the utmost difficulty even now of availing ourselves of this mode of relief. The advantages of transportation, supposing it to be complete and permanent, supposing that the convicts never return from the countries to which they have been banished, and supposing, moreover, that they are quite unwilling to go, and supposing, moreover, that the people to whom they are sent are very anxious to receive them—the advantages are great and obvious. It would be to the convict a punishment, and to society a com-

* "Chapters on Prisons and Prisoners." Kingsmill, third edition, p. 333.

plete protection. It is surely, however, very plain that these conditions of the advantage of that mode of punishment are now scarcely ever to be found. Transportation is not a punishment. We cannot very easily prevent the return of transported convicts, and there is scarcely one of our colonies that would be willing to receive them. A voyage to the antipodes is not now that terror and mystery that it used to be. To be taken over to Australia, for instance, is what thousands of honest labourers desire. Cheap land, abundance of work, and especially the gold-fields, have made emigration exceedingly attractive. Moreover, there is scarcely a single colony which would now be willing to receive our dangerous classes. We could make use of transportation now to relieve ourselves only of the best, and not of the worst of our criminals; the penitents who might well be recommended to mercy, and not the incurable reprobates who richly deserve to be hanged. Transportation, which is not punishment, has no power whatever to deter men from crime; while even to our own country the opportunity of hiding our criminals out of sight may as often be a mischief as an advantage. Moreover, whether it is so now or not, it very soon will be impossible to find any place whatever to which we can transport our convicts; and the difficulty which will then arise may as well be met and overcome at once. There are considerations, however, more important than any of mere expediency, which should not be forgotten in any return to our old system of transportation. We send our criminals away exactly because we do not know what to do with them, because they are dangerous both to our security and morality. They are idle and will not work; they are dishonest and cannot be trusted.

By what right, then, do we pour out upon any one of our colonies this flood of vice and crime? The relation of a colony to the mother-country is by no means regarded now as it was in the time of the American war of independence. The obedience of Australia or Canada to the imperial Government is rapidly tending towards, though it has not yet reached, that amount of unreality which in ordinary society is indicated by the expression "your obedient servant." The government of a colony should indeed be a strictly paternal government; that is to say, it should be strictly for the benefit of the child, and should pass from rigid law to wise advice and good example as the child advances to maturity. It is no longer possible for us, and would no longer be tolerated by the public opinion of the country, to say, "Such and such a place belongs to us. It is a long way off. We will send thither all the scum and filth of our own population. If the colonists there don't like it, it's a great pity, but it can't be helped." The time for such treatment of our dependencies is for ever gone; and, indeed, no return to it has been contemplated, even by those who are looking upon transportation as our only source of relief in dealing with convicts. But though Western Australia has positively asked for convicts, and is really in need of labourers, it distinctly refuses to receive any but the very best and most hopeful; those, in fact, who in our own country might be safely trusted with freedom, especially under a system which should secure the fulfilment of the conditions on which tickets-of-leave are granted. But to supply the labour of a new country from the half-reformed vice and idleness of our own, is surely to lay a very rotten foundation for the future greatness of the State. With all its energy and

high spirit, there is still a certain coarseness and vulgarity about colonial life which is extremely offensive. Even the honest pursuit of wealth, though highly beneficial to all classes of society, needs to be subordinated to pursuits which are in themselves far higher, and without which the pursuit of wealth soon ceases to be beneficial and even to be honest. Many people have become exceedingly rich who were not even clever, but only lucky. And even the cleverness which is necessary for commercial success is extremely narrow, when compared with the vast capacities of the human mind and the almost boundless regions which lie open to the thought and affections of men. Rich men actually engaged in business are often, in our own country, scholars, men of the utmost refinement, exceedingly generous and patriotic, reverent and godly; and they are this because in our own country scholarship, literature, art, religion, have through many generations held the highest place in public estimation. Taking our whole history, the aristocracy of wealth is a novelty. It is a new thing that a man's influence, social and political, should depend simply and nakedly upon the balance at his banker's. In fact, this is felt to be so disgraceful a social revolution, that there are many who regard wealth itself with a foolish and irrational suspicion, and who seem to imagine that commercial success involves of necessity the absence of those subtile and nameless graces which characterise the gentleman. At any rate, against the aristocracy of mere wealth there are in this country almost numberless protests, and bulwarks high and strong, which can be removed, if at all, only by very slow degrees. The court of an hereditary sovereign, the lords spiritual and temporal, the church, the universities,

the etiquette of the bar and of the medical profession, the mere sense of antiquity even—these things, and a thousand others, forbid that for some time to come the almighty dollar should be the only god of our idolatry. Not, indeed, that we are wholly without warning of tendencies towards that most debasing of all religions, the worship of mammon, which may make even the bravest cautious, if not afraid. In the colonies, however, the commercial element is almost everything. The personal influence of the court and of the aristocracy is reduced to a minimum; even religion itself seems wholly eclipsed by its energetic and not too scrupulous rival; and it seems still to be considered necessary that the piety of the mother-country should be taxed to provide both clergymen and endowments for the religious edification of some of the most flourishing of colonial communities. The only thing that can preserve the commerce of the colonies from degenerating into selfishness and cunning, vulgarity and avarice, is a very high moral tone, a chivalrous uprightness, and a law of honour that shall penetrate through every part of society. Is it very likely that this will either be produced or even suffered to remain possible where a large proportion of the population consists of half-reformed convicts? A noble ancestry is the source of far more good than people often suppose; and to have good reason to be ashamed of his father is a curse and blight upon any man; and no colony can hope to be very noble or high-spirited whose fathers have been provided for it from Millbank or Portland.

The colonies, then, if any such there be, who really wish to receive our convicts, must be extremely short-sighted; and it is very doubtful whether the mother-

country, with her far larger experience, could honourably bestow upon them so dangerous and even so fatal a gift; and, as has been already said, even transportation to Western Australia would do nothing whatever towards solving that problem which is just now puzzling the wisest among us. The convicts that Western Australia wants to receive are precisely those which we need have little difficulty in disposing of; and those whom we can see no way of disposing of, constitute precisely that class with which Western Australia will have nothing to do. Moreover, to find plenty of work for a liberated convict, and an easy road to prosperity, is not a punishment, but a reward. The men whom this fate awaits are not "liable," but as Sir Joshua Jebb says, "eligible" for transportation. Of transportation, then, we may perhaps venture to say, that at the best it is extremely inadequate to meet our present if not our future necessities. As a punishment it would in many cases be entirely useless, and it is tending to become after no long time in every case impossible.

There remains, then, for our criminal classes, imprisonment in our own country; and it is not difficult to perceive some, at least, of those conditions which may be expected to render imprisonment effective, primarily for the protection of society, and secondarily, wherever it may be possible, for the reformation of the criminal. In the case of imprisonment for life, society is completely protected from the prisoner himself, and the conditions of such an imprisonment will be determined by two considerations: first, how to benefit society by deterring from actual crime all that unhappily large class of imperfectly tamed human beings who are always standing on the edge of it; and then, how to improve

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the criminal himself. Such imprisonment, therefore, must be made unmistakeably penal and painful. Though it is to end only with the life of the prisoner, it must be from first to last a discipline of sorrow. There must be no single moment in its whole duration in which an honest man sorely tempted to take the wages of sin shall have the slightest excuse for desiring it. Its maximum of comfort must be, if possible, a little below the minimum of comfort which the poorest honest man may reasonably expect. And inasmuch as however turbulent a prisoner may become he will never be set at liberty excepting to be carried to his grave, the faintest trace of rebellion, the slightest outburst of insubordination, should be visited with immediate and severe punishment, by solitude, darkness, temporary starvation, or flogging. This may no doubt sound extremely brutal to anybody who fails to consider that it is precisely the brute part of a man that imprisonment and its accompaniments are intended to tame ; or who does not remember that society is greater than the individual, and must be preserved, even though every criminal should be destroyed. A prisoner confined for life should be made clearly to understand that for him the jail is henceforth his world, that no good behaviour will ever in this world advance him out of it, and that excepting the narrow strip of experience that lies between the maximum and minimum of prison comfort, he must regard the rewards of amendment and the fruits of reformation as purely spiritual and personal, consisting in the delights of a good conscience, a sense of reconciliation to God, and in Him to all good men, and the hope of that better world where the discipline of suffering shall be no longer needed. To such a one a prison chaplain may devote his tenderest

care, and present without hesitation or doubt the noblest promises of Christ's religion; and such a one, finding even in this life and his own bitter experience that mercy and truth have met together, may come to regard even his imprisonment as the cross that Christ bids him take up, and as that death which is in fact only the being born into a true life.

But only a minority of criminals can be imprisoned for life. After a certain number of years the majority will be set at liberty, and their imprisonment should be of a kind to teach them such lessons as they will never afterwards forget. The chances of their reformation it is extremely difficult to estimate; for while on the one hand those whose terms of imprisonment are short may be presumed to be the less criminal and therefore the more improveable class, yet on the other hand their short term of imprisonment means also a short term of discipline and instruction. But in this case, as in all others, the good of society must be first considered. Perhaps it might be possible to devise some expedient by which, while the disgrace of a first and short imprisonment was lessened, its pain should be rendered exceedingly acute.

It is almost wholly on the reformatory and secondary side of punishment that we need examine the value of rewards, gratuities, commutation of sentence, and so on. Gratuities should in every case be strictly earned. A free labourer can earn enough to keep not himself only, but also his wife and family. A prisoner ought to be compelled, if possible, to earn at least as much as will keep himself and pay the rent of his cell. When he does more than this, it might then as a matter of favour be determined that, if his conduct were other-

wise satisfactory, a portion of his surplus earnings should be reserved for his own use when he is discharged, or devoted to the use of those, if there be any, who by his misconduct and imprisonment have been left to poverty or the parish. The earnings of a prisoner should be strictly calculated, and he should be credited according to what he really does, and not according to what an average workman might be fairly expected to do.

It should be clearly understood that whatever privileges or relaxations may be thought necessary, a man's imprisonment should last during the whole time specified in the sentence of the judge. A convict released with a ticket-of-leave should be made clearly to understand that he is still a prisoner though he wears no distinguishing badges, and that every policeman he meets is one of his jailers. There might be many modifications of police-supervision by which its effectiveness might be increased and its vexatiousness diminished; but nothing can excuse the scandalous negligence which has turned loose on the metropolis and the great towns of the kingdom a swarm of dangerous ruffians who might quite easily have been watched and put back into prison long before they had committed any serious new mischief. Even the existing laws, if thoroughly executed, furnish far better safeguards than any which society for some time past has been suffered to enjoy. Anyhow—Sir Joshua Jebb or Sir Walter Crofton, English system or Irish system, transportation or hard labour at home—let it be fairly understood that the good are in all cases to be preferred to the bad, peaceful citizens to thieves and cut-throats, and genuine beneficial results to theoretic perfection and the completeness of "a system."

MODEL SERMONS.*

PREACHERS seem very slow to avail themselves of the advice which has lately been lavished upon them by the "secular" press. Religion and daily life are perpetually coming into contact, in spite of solemn warnings and endeavours more or less honourable to keep them completely separate. Such journals as *The Times* and the *Saturday Review*, though they very frequently pass their judgments upon the Church, and sometimes even upon theological dogmas, do so always under protest, and as if graciously condescending to the weaknesses of common mortals. There are many people in a Christian country who, for some reason or other, spend a good deal of their time in reading the Bible and in the worship of God.

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* From the *Journal of Sacred Literature, July*, 1864.

Sermons on Our Lord Jesus Christ, and on His Blessed Mother. By his Eminence Cardinal Wiseman. Dublin: James Duffy. 1864.

Sermons on the Manifestation of the Son of God; with a Preface, addressed to Laymen on the present position of the Clergy of the Church of England, and an Appendix, on the Testimony of Scripture and the Church as to the possibility of pardon in the Future State. By the Rev. J. Llewellyn Davies, M.A. London and Cambridge: Macmillan and Co. 1864.

The Divine Treatment of Sin. By James Baldwin Brown, B.A. London: Jackson, Walford, and Hodder. 1864.

Sermons preached in Manchester. By Alexander Maclaren. London and Cambridge: Macmillan. 1863.

Moreover, it has somehow come to pass that the Church, represented by certain lords spiritual, is an Estate of the Realm. It has its place in Parliament, vast possessions, and a *status* perhaps higher than any other, excepting that of the Sovereign. Indeed, not a few of the Queen's prerogatives belong to her as Head of the Church; while in fact the law refuses to separate the Church from the nation. And so the leading journals are compelled to humour those little weaknesses which are able to express themselves so strongly. The dis-establishment of religion would require a change, root and branch, of all English law and administration. Whether for good or for evil, it would unquestionably alter the royal prerogative, the constitution of Parliament, and the general feeling of Englishmen about religion. Englishmen might be better or worse for the change, but they would certainly be different. Religion, therefore, must needs be discussed in the leading journals; not indeed on the Divine side, as the mystic bond which unites the spirits of men with Him who made them in His own image, but on the commercial side, as a thing the nation pays for with hard cash. The priest and the policeman are equally needed, bought, paid for, tolerated, dismissed, at the nation's will; and for that reason they both alike are subjected to the criticism of that noble institution the British press.

But in the superabundance of its benevolence the British press has sometimes condescended to give such advice to the ministers of religion as might prevent their being ignominiously dismissed by the people who pay them their wages. "You are a poor stupid set," says the echo, if not the voice, of public opinion; "but really if you would not mind acknowledging it, and remaining

true to what you must know is your character, we don't mind trying to put up with your silliness. The fact is, we don't care a straw about anything you say to us; but Sunday is an extremely slow day, and we shouldn't in the least know what to do with it unless we went to church. But we never dream of going to church to be made to think, to be teased and worried and argued with; much less do we go to church to be told how to manage our daily business, and upon what principles to buy and sell and get gain. A silly sermon is of course entirely uninteresting, but it doesn't irritate us; we can sit quietly for twenty minutes till it's over, and be thankful that once a week at least we are relieved from the anxiety of consulting price lists and telegrams, and required only with moderate decorum to listen dreamily to subjects which may be either true or false without our losing a single penny."

"On the whole, therefore," say some of our leading journals, "it is decidedly *better* that sermons should be silly and stupid; people go to church to rest, to be comforted, to be, as it were, gently patted on the back and sent home again in peace. If a man has spent thousands of pounds in advertising lies in every newspaper in the British empire, he must no doubt have suffered considerable anxiety; and how extremely cruel it would be in any minister of religion, when what the poor victim mainly requires is consolation and repose, to torture him by the ungenerous insinuation that advertising lies is only one of the many ways in which men break the commandment, 'Thou shalt not steal.' And the fiery bigot, who all through the week has been persuading himself that the perfection of religion consists in hating all those persons who differ from himself in

their opinions about innumerable difficult and abstract propositions, does not go to God's house to be reminded that 'God is love, and whosoever loveth is born of God;' on the contrary, he expects to be reminded that 'the zeal of God's house is eating him up,' and that to hate the prodigal son is the quickest road to the affections of his Father. And the timid believer who is so entirely uncertain about the foundations of his own faith that he dares not on any consideration ask what they are, expects to be told that all is safe and calm, and that every rash enquiry and unholy denial has been long since hushed to silence. Why don't the ministers of religion humour these little weaknesses, and let pious people have their own way? They are not paid for troubling Israel, why not let people be at peace?" That is the question which the secular journals have asked so often.

The four books whose titles are at the head of this essay are a clear proof that, whatever the secular press may think, the ministers of religion believe that they have something more to do in this world than to receive wages; that in fact their work would remain exactly what it is, though it would be harder for themselves to do it, if they received no wages at all. One is by a Cardinal; another by an Anglican Rector; another by a Congregationalist; another by a Baptist; and all these preachers are men of note, among the leaders of the several sections of the Church to which they belong. It would indeed be ridiculous to assert that these volumes contain fair samples of the preaching which may be heard every Sunday in church or chapel. They are very far indeed above the average. Nothing can exceed the imbecility of the sentimental twaddle which is unfortunately to be heard in nearly every Roman Catholic

pulpit in this country. Even in the English Church there are many country parishes in which the wearied listener can scarcely fail to be lulled to sleep by the dull monotony and empty verbiage of his appointed instructor. And there are conventicles where sermons are preached, of which it is the very highest merit that no human memory can retain them. And in all sections of the Church there are only too often extravagances of fanaticism, outrages upon taste and decorum and reverence, which are immeasurably more mischievous than the utmost barrenness of clerical imbecility. But none of the sermons in the volumes before us are feeble or common-place. Widely as they differ from each other, and widely as their authors differ from each other, there is an unmistakeable earnestness and ability; a knowledge of much truth and anxiety to communicate it; a conviction that godliness is the foundation of human blessedness, and that there is a blessedness which we may build upon that foundation; a belief that God and man, separated as they seem to be by an infinite distance, are yet divinely united—there is this, and much more than this, in which they all agree. And it must not be forgotten that if sermons such as these are rare and exceptional, an average sermon is as near to the best as it is to the worst, and that there are as many sermons above the average as there are below it. Nothing is gained by pretending that preachers are better and wiser than they really are; and less still, if possible, is gained by refusing to acknowledge the merits they really possess.

The sermons of Cardinal Wiseman are, unfortunately, not likely to be read by many Protestants; even the very title of them, *Sermons on our Lord Jesus Christ, and on His Blessed Mother*, would be sufficient to repel

almost every Protestant reader. For this exaltation of the Virgin Mary is precisely *the* feature of Romanism for which an ordinary Protestant in our own day has least toleration. The political mischiefs of Popery, the foreign supremacy which it implies, and its everlasting meddling with the internal and private affairs of every nation in which it is dominant—these things, which chiefly roused the indignation of our forefathers, and which they were determined at any cost to be rid of, have been for us so completely destroyed that we have almost forgotten that they ever existed. Moreover, the *cultus* of St. Mary is one of those differences, one of those marked characteristics of Romanism, which not even the most superficial observer can fail to perceive. In the Oxford Declaration, and in the unrighteous decisions of the University in the case of Professor Jowett, there is precisely that assumption of infallibility, and that determination to put down opposition, not by force of reason, but by some form, more or less refined, of physical force, out of which every Romanist error could, and out of which, if left alone, the worst of Romanist errors unquestionably would, arise; and yet neither the Oxford Declaration nor the mean and shabby injustice of the University to the Regius Professor of Greek, would have been possible without the energetic and enthusiastic co-operation of the evangelical party. But every evangelical clergyman, by virtue simply of having two eyes in his head, can see an image of the Virgin and Child if he goes into a Roman Catholic chapel; and as he looks upon what he cannot but regard as impiety and idolatry, it is not impossible that the same evil spirit may visit him which possessed the cruellest of the inquisitors, when they tortured and burned the bodies of men for the good of their souls.

Yet, surely, it is worth while to reflect that all power is of God; and that everything which lives, lives by virtue of what is good in it, not by virtue of what is evil. A naked, unsophisticated lie is almost as rare as perfect truth; nay, it is probably more rare. Even superstition must have some foundation of reverence for that which *ought* to be above us. It is not the object of this essay, and it is wholly unnecessary, to repeat those arguments against the Romanist *cultus* of St. Mary, which have long ago satisfied every intelligent Protestant. But many arguments offered by Protestants who are not intelligent are very far indeed from being satisfactory, and are completely demolished in Cardinal Wiseman's sermons. Surely in this even the narrowest bigot should find cause for thankfulness and rejoicing. We ought to be devoutly thankful when we discover that even those of our fellow-Christians whom we believe to be in error, are not so much in error as we supposed they were. It may seem to us dangerous and profane, and even idolatrous, to reverence the Virgin as the Roman Catholic Church reverences her; but it should be some consolation for us to discover that the Roman Church does by no means reverence her as it reverences Almighty God. If we have sometimes thought that not only in pictures and images, but even in the thoughts and affections of Roman Catholic Christians, the Virgin is greater and more beautiful than the Child, we ought to be thankful to be assured that her greatness, and beauty, and love are regarded as the effect and continual revelation of the love and glory of Jesus Christ. If, out of reverence to the Bible, we often wonder how Christian people can believe what seems to us incredible, and fail to perceive what seems to us obvious, we ought to be glad to learn

that their beliefs and disbeliefs are not the rejection of Holy Scripture, but only interpretations of it which differ from ours. If we sometimes think that they too confidently attribute infallibility to the traditions and councils of the Church, and to the successor of St. Peter, we should candidly acknowledge that they regard such infallibility as the illumination of that Spirit whom Jesus Christ promised that He might lead the Church into the whole truth. And if we reject as unauthoritative the explanations of Cardinal Wiseman, we should, at any rate, be candid enough to hold him no longer responsible for those errors which in plain language *he* repudiates.

The *cultus* of the saints, though it has unhappily degenerated into superstition, yet rests like so many other superstitions on genuine reverence and love. It is the Church's testimony to the fact that Christ has abolished death, and that in Him heaven and earth, the seen and the unseen, are united. It is the Church's testimony that the nearer God's children come to Him the more perfectly they love one another; and do God's commandments, hearkening unto the voice of His Word.

"Your mother, the Church, will tell you," says Cardinal Wiseman, "as you read the names in the *Catholic Calendar*, 'These are my children; this is the birthday to life, to true and eternal life, of a brother of yours, a child of mine, nursed in the same bosom that bore you, fed with the same milk which has given vigour to you, taught by the same mouth from which you have learned; this was a child of mine, to whom his Lord and Father gave five talents, and sent away to a distant region from Himself, or rather He withdrew Himself from him, and those talents by his trading he has doubled in the sight of his Lord; he has been a merchant, and has laid up for himself treasures in heaven, where the moth consumes not, and the rust destroyeth not. It is a St. Francis, who gave up all for Christ, that he might the more completely win and embrace Christ; it is a St. Vincent of Paul,

who, whatever were the riches which the great ones of the world poured into his open arms, lavished them again with no less open hands on the poor of Christ, and, for all that he cast away, laid up ten times the amount in heaven: this is the child far away from us, whose birthday we commemorate. And the other, this was Lawrence or Stephen, a child full of ardour, and zeal, and the love of God, who went forth to fight His battles; who fought, who conquered and triumphed, and he now reigns glorious in heaven, and his name is a very benediction in the mouths of all.' And you come and tell me that it is folly to think more of them, that they are dead, and for ever gone, whose bones are crumbled to dust, whose souls have forgotten men. And I ask in return, Is it your opinion that heaven is a place in which, whatever is honourable to man, whatever is most precious to his soul, whatever is most beautiful in his nature, after the corruption of sin has defiled it, that love, in short, which is the very nature of God, is a thing not only unknown there, but banished thence, and never to be admitted? Tell me, then, that you consider heaven to be a place in which the soul is to be employed for eternity, in looking or diving into the unfathomable abyss of love which God is, and seeing that that love is a love not merely sleeping and inactive, but exercising itself in ten thousand ways, with all the resources of infinite power, and yet believe that in that ocean you must not love what God loves.

"Tell me that you believe heaven to be a looking into the face of Christ, and there wondering for ever at the infinite love, and tenderness, and mercy, and compassion, and affection beaming from it, and those wounds received that men might be redeemed at such a price.—Tell me, that it consists in the happiness of loving your Saviour for what He has done for man, and endeavouring as much as possible to be like to Him, and that yet you must contrive not to love that which is the very spring of all which you admire in Him, and endeavour not to be like Him in that in which He is most amiable to us. For there He is interesting Himself for men, showing His wounds, and pleading still by them with His heavenly Father, and are we to understand that we must not join in such an office, and must not take delight therein? —Tell me how you understand heaven to be the association of holy souls, united by a bond of the strictest mutual love forming their very life, and yet when one who has been dear to you on earth comes into that same happy region in which you enjoy bliss, it is

to be understood that you will receive him as a stranger, you will know nothing of him, and it will be a glory to you that your heart is unfettered by the ties of duty, gratitude, or love?—Tell me, have you accepted heaven from God on these conditions? Have you insisted that when your soul has been called forth from this earth, and you are to ascend to heaven, that instant—that moment, it is your intention—for if it is God's will it ought to be—to forget child, and wife, and parent, and to care no more for them? Oh, if the precept of renouncing father and mother and whatever we love on earth for Christ's sake, be not truly the price for which we obtain a hundredfold enjoyment hereafter, hard, indeed, would be the condition, were it thus made the terms, not for obtaining more, but for losing even that for ever!" *

There is a truth in this extract which neither Romanist nor Protestant can afford to lose, and which the narrower forms of Protestantism are in great danger of losing. If heaven be a state of inactivity and forgetfulness, it is unquestionably a misfortune for any earnest and loving man to go there. There is a great abundance of reasons why our reverence for those holy men and women who have passed out of this world—nay, why even our belief that they love and are eager to help those who are still struggling with the difficulties, and often losing their way in the mist and darkness of the world—should take a very different form of expression from that which we find in the Roman Church. But it would be far better even to ask the intercession of departed saints on our behalf, as we continually do ask the prayers of those holy men and women who are still living in our midst, than that we should believe that death has power to rob God's children of their love, and zeal, and work. In fact, we attach far too great import-

* Pp. 296—299.

ance to death, as the controversy now so earnest about the future state of the wicked only too clearly demonstrates; we are in great danger of regarding it as a vast gulf, which not only the love of man, but the love of God Himself, is unable to cross. There are not a few divines who seem to believe that it changes not only the circumstances and accidents of human beings, but even the very essence of human nature; so that after death, suffering can bring no regret, punishment no improvement, the knowledge of what sin really is no repentance, the love of God no hope, the redemption that is in Christ no salvation.

There is a large part of Cardinal Wiseman's teaching which seems to us to rest upon a very slender foundation, either of Scripture or reason; indeed, it is to him no valid ground of objection to any doctrine whatever, that it is wholly irrational and unintelligible. But even for the wildest doctrinal follies, he must have *some* foundation; and it may astonish many Protestants to learn, that a foundation which, in any case, is to him completely satisfactory, is the Bible. Not, indeed, the Bible interpreted according to the whims and fancies of ignorance or prejudice, for that would not be the Bible at all; but the Bible interpreted by the wise and learned, and by the tradition not of yesterday, not of new sects, come newly up, which our fathers knew not, not of some one nation or race, but by that which covers the whole earth and reaches back to the beginnings of Christendom. And surely this is only a more emphatic and more consistent form of the same teaching which is common among ourselves, which is implied in the work of the ministry and the vocation of the preacher.*

* The extract that follows in the text must be taken, not as the authoritative teaching of the Roman Catholic Church, but only at

"For all troubles of the mind and spirit," says Cardinal Wiseman, "there is refreshment in Jesus. Come unto Him, when now entered upon His heavenly mission, He teaches the multitudes, or opens to His apostles the mysteries of faith. And how are ye to come to Him? By deep and earnest study of His holy Word, wherein, as it were, His whole image is reflected, read in humility, docility, and disinterested readiness to obey His calls, rendered fruitful by fervent and persevering prayer; by listening to His Word, as expounded to you by His ministers, gladly receiving such lights as may serve to guide you towards the settling of your doubts, seriously weighing such evidence as may

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the most as Cardinal Wiseman's opinion of what his Church does not forbid him to teach. But no Cardinal can overrule the decrees of the Council of Trent, which has long ago determined the use that the faithful may make of the Holy Scriptures: "Præterea ad coercenda petulantia ingenia decernit, ut nemo, suæ prudentiæ innixus, in rebus fidei et morum ad ædificationem doctrinæ Christianæ pertinentium, sacram Scripturam ad suos sensus contorquens, contra eum sensum, quem tenuit et tenet sancta mater ecclesia, cujus est judicare de vero sensu et interpretatione Scripturarum sanctarum, aut etiam contra unanimem consensum Patrum ipsam Scripturam sacram interpretari audeat, etiamsi hujusmodi interpretationes nullo unquam tempore in lucem edendæ forent. Qui contravenerint per ordinarios declarentur, et pœnis a jure statutis puniantur"—*(Sessio iv. Decret. de editione et usu Sacrorum Librorum).* The following is the English translation of one of the Rules of the Congregation of the Index, as published in 1564 in pursuance of the decision of the Council of Trent.

"Inasmuch as it is manifest from experience, that if the Holy Bible translated into the vulgar tongue be indiscriminately allowed to every one, the temerity of men will cause more evil than good to arise from it; it is, on this point, referred to the judgment of the bishops or inquisitors, who may, by the advice of the priest or confessor, permit the reading of the Bible translated into the vulgar tongue by Catholic authors, to those persons whose faith or piety they apprehend will be augmented, and not injured by it; and *this permission they must have in writing.* But, if any one shall have the presumption to read or possess it without such written permission, he shall not receive absolution

be laid before you in candour and charity, however opposed to your former opinions, thankfully accepting such explanations and representations as may correct the prepossessions instilled by ignorant or mistaken teachers. For thus we learn that, even in His lifetime, they who wished to come unto Jesus with advantage were not content to stand aloof, following Him in the crowd, nor yet ventured to approach directly, and of themselves, before Him; but rather 'came unto Philip, who was of Bethsaida of Galilee,

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until he have first delivered up such Bible to the ordinary. Booksellers, however, who shall sell, or otherwise dispose of Bibles in the vulgar tongue, to any person not having such permission, shall forfeit the value of the books, to be applied by the bishop to some pious use, and be subjected to such other penalties as the bishop shall judge proper, according to the quality of the offence. But regulars shall neither read nor purchase such Bibles without a special licence from their superiors." At the same time, it ought not to be denied that there is a certain flexibility about the *practice* of the Roman Catholic Church, especially in Protestant countries, which is a real benefit, however inconsistent it may seem with many of the Romanist pretensions. Infallibility and science, infallibility and intellectual liberty and culture, are wholly incompatible; and the fate of the *Home and Foreign Review* must surely have done something towards convincing English Catholics of that fact. But a Bible without note or comment, is, on the one hand, impossible, because every *translation* in itself implies a commentary; and on the other hand, it is undesirable, because the most ignorant people require to be taught not to repeat, parrot-like, mere words of Scripture, but to get at the real meaning of those words. It is impossible for any Englishman to begin the study of the Holy Scriptures without a bias in one direction or another; and, besides that, the Bible, though above all other books "it is not for an age, but for all time," was actually produced at a remote period, and in places far distant from those we live in, and in the midst of social and political surroundings wholly unlike those with which we are familiar. The study of the Bible, therefore, must necessarily be far more fruitful under judicious guidance. If we teach men that it is one of their most solemn duties to read the Bible from one end to the other, we ought to provide them with such assistance as shall make the understanding of the Bible possible and easy.

and desired him, saying: Sir, we would see Jesus' (John xii. 21). And thus, likewise, will the ministry of His servants, however unworthy, often procure a speedier and happier acquaintance with Him, and readier access to the peace and refreshment of His knowledge, than your own direct and unaided efforts."*

Many of the sermons published in the volume before us were preached by Cardinal Wiseman in Rome, by command of the Pope, Leo XII, on the Sundays from Advent to Easter. "The course of sermons annually prescribed went over a limited portion of the year, comprising always the same Sundays, the same feasts, and the same ecclesiastical seasons. As has been intimated above, it commenced with Advent and ended with Lent. Hence the same Gospels, those read during a few months only, had to suggest topics for the sermons. Hence the only great mysteries of our Lord which the ecclesiastical calendar brought under the contemplation of the faithful, were those of the infancy and the passion." †

And these are precisely the mysteries which require the firmest and most delicate handling. The denial of Christ's humanity is, in fact, the denial of Christianity; while, on the other hand, it is possible so to present to men the earthly life of Jesus Christ, that they shall be constrained to know Him only in that way in which St. Paul affirms that we should no longer know Him—that is, "after the flesh." It is possible to present the incarnation to the intellect and imagination of men in such a manner as virtually to deny that it was expedient for the disciples that Christ should go away. Not to mention, for the present, the exceedingly coarse form in which

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* Pp. 128, 129. † Preface, p. v.

Cardinal Wiseman presents to us the doctrine of Christ's propitiation, his whole account of the earthly life of Jesus is far too sensuous. It seems often to degrade, not God only, but even humanity. His account of Christ's passion resembles more than anything else those ghastly images of the crucified Saviour which shock and disgust us in almost every Roman Catholic church. It is by no means certain that the physical sufferings of Christ were greater than those of many of His disciples, and the mental sufferings of our Lord are, I think, as will appear further on, entirely misunderstood and misrepresented by Cardinal Wiseman. Moreover, exactly in proportion as our attention is directed to the fact that Christ was a real man, precisely in the same proportion are we reminded that His body must have been subject to those laws to which all human bodies are subject. However severely wounded a human being may be, he cannot possibly lose more blood than his body contains; and the physical agonies, and especially the loss of blood, upon which Cardinal Wiseman dwells with repulsive minuteness in his description of the Saviour's passion, would have been possible only if the body of Jesus Christ had been wholly different from the ordinary bodies of men. Not only is Cardinal Wiseman's account repulsive and incredible, but it is widely different from the New Testament narrative. We read in a not undisputed passage in St. Luke,* "His sweat was, *as it were*, great drops of blood falling to the ground." But, accepting this verse (which I have, at

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* Luke xxii. 44. Wanting in A, B; but the passage is found in the *Codex Sinaiticus*, and Lachmann retains it in the text (1843). "Nec sane ignorandum a nobis est et in Græcis et in

any rate, no doctrinal reason for hesitating to accept), how widely it differs from the following :—

"Look at the agony of your Saviour, and see how, in it, His sweat is blood! Yea, and blood so profusely shed, without wound or stroke, as to flow upon the ground!

"There are plants in the luxurious East, my dearly beloved brethren, which men gash and cut, that from them may distil the precious balsams they contain; but that is ever the most sought and valued which, issuing forth of its own accord pure and unmixed, trickles down like tears upon the parent tree. And so it seems to me, we may, without disparagement, speak of the precious stream of our dear Redeemer's blood, when, forced from His side in abundant flow, it came mixed with another mysterious fluid. When shed by the cruel inflictions of His enemies, by their nails, their thorns and scourges, there is a painful association with the brutal instruments that drew it, as though, in some way, their defilement could attaint it. But here we have the first yield of that saving and life-giving heart, gushing forth spontaneously, pure and untouched by the unclean hand of man, dropping as dew upon the ground. It is the first juice of the precious vine, before the wine-press hath bruised its grapes, richer and sweeter to the loving and sympathizing soul than what is afterwards pressed out. It is, every drop of it, ours; and, alas! how painfully so! For here no lash, no impious palm, no pricking thorn hath called it forth; but our sins, yes, our sins, the executioners, not of the flesh, but of the heart of Jesus, have driven it all out, thence to water that garden of sorrows! Oh, is it not dear to us? Is it not gathered up by our affections with far more reverence and love than by virgins of old was the blood of martyrs, to be placed for ever in the very sanctuary, yea, within the very altar, of our hearts?" *

Latinis codicibus complurimis vel de adveniente angelo vel de sudore sanguinis nil scriptum reperiri." A bloody sweat is not physically impossible; though every red-coloured fluid is not blood, even if it be *ὡσεὶ θρόμβοι αἵματος*. Bengel says: "Vis particulæ, *ὡσεὶ*, cadit super *θρόμβοι*, non super *αἵματος*, ut patet ex epitheto ejusque plurali. *καταβαίνοντες*." But in the *Sinaitic Codex* the participle is in the genitive singular.

* Pp. 209, 210.

This gorgeous rhetoric would, perhaps, not be altogether unpleasing if it were employed upon a subject less wonderful and divine; but it presents to us the sufferings of Christ in such a way as to degrade Him, and, scarcely less, to degrade ourselves. The same objection may be urged against the Cardinal's *Pastorals on Devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus Christ*, published in an appendix to his volume of sermons; and against every one of those ceremonies in the Romish Church of which *Devotion to the Sacred Heart* is a type. But it is not simply profane, it is in every way ridiculous, to attribute the love of Jesus Christ to His heart rather than to any of the other vital organs of His body. It is all very well to speak of the love of Christ's heart in a metaphor, but everybody knows that the heart has no more to do with the affections than the lungs have; that whenever our foot slips from metaphor, in matters of this sort, we fall down instantly into absurdity. A picture of Jesus Christ with the actual, physical heart exposed to view, is simply disgusting; and I cannot help regarding the word-pictures of Cardinal Wiseman as even more disgusting. Are we really to turn away from the loving Jesus Himself to a clot of gore, and try to persuade ourselves that *that* does somehow partake of Christ's divineness; and would deserve, if we could discover it, to be treasured up by us, or worshipped as the holiest of relics? When we are asked in this coarse way to know Christ after the flesh, we must not be afraid of irreverence if we straightway reply that, as mere blood, the blood of Christ is no diviner than that which we may find described in any book on human physiology; that which any chemist could analyse; that which ought, with utmost celerity, to be buried out of sight. Such

teaching as Cardinal Wiseman's on matters of this sort, produces, in those who believe it, a very mischievous sentimentalism; and in some who disbelieve it, a very dangerous loathing and contempt for sacred things.

His description of Christ's scourging, and the actual crucifixion, is even more disgusting than that of the agony in the garden of Gethsemane :—

"There seems to be no mercy, no pity, for Jesus, either on earth or in heaven. He is abandoned to the anger of God and the fury of man; the executioners surround Him with savage delight, and shower on Him their cruel blows till He is covered with blood, and gashed and swollen over all His sacred body!

"See, now, how the brutal executioners proceed to the task of inflicting cruel torment upon your dear Redeemer. Having bound Him to the pillar, they deal their furious blows upon His sacred shoulders, back, chest, and arms. First, His tender flesh swells and inflames, then the skin is gradually torn, and the blood oozes through; gashes begin to be formed, and wider streams pour down in profusion. At length every part is covered by one continuous bruise; gash has run into gash; wide rents meet in every direction, and flesh is torn in flakes from the bones. One wretch succeeds another in the cruel work till they are tired, and their patience, though not that of their victim, is exhausted. . . But another scene of extraordinary barbarity yet awaits us. The soldiers have exhausted the power which the law put into their hands; but their fierce desires are not exhausted. They know that Jesus is charged with declaring Himself King of the Jews, and they proceed to make this just claim the ground of a strange mockery. They prepare for Him a new unheard-of diadem, woven of hard, sharp thorns, and place it upon His sacred head. Then they press it down on every side, till its points pierce the skin and penetrate His flesh. Now, behold your Saviour still further disfigured and dishonoured. Before, His body had been torn, but even the scourge had respected His venerable head; but now this is assailed by this invention of ingenious cruelty, which, under the repeated strokes of the reed given Him for a sceptre, and taken from His hand, changes its position, and inflicts at every blow a new or a deeper wound; His hair is all entangled in the knotty wreath, and clotted with His sacred

blood; His fair temples and noble forehead are strained and pressed down by it, while it shoots its points into them, and opens so many fountains of life, waters of salvation, springing warm from His affectionate heart. See how they trickle down, first slowly, then in faster and thicker streams, till His sacred face and neck are streaked with blood, which running down over His body, mingles with that flowing from the gashes of the scourge. . .

"Consider, now, the cruel torments which our dear Jesus must have endured during His three hours' remaining on the cross. . . From head to foot He is one wound; His head, if it press against the cross, is gored by the points of the thorns, which are thus driven deep into it. Truly now are verified, in their truest and saddest sense, His plaintive words, 'The Son of Man hath not where to rest his head.' His shoulders and back, which are pressed necessarily against it, are flayed and torn with the inhuman stripes which have been inflicted upon Him. Against these open wounds does this cruel bed press, so that any change of posture, so far from relieving Him, only increases His sufferings, by grating upon and rending wider the blisters and gashes with which He is covered. But let us not lose sight of those four terrible, but most precious wounds whereby He is fastened on the cross. Each of His hands, each of His feet, is transfixed by a long black nail driven into it with violence, and every moment, by the natural gravitation of His body, tearing wider and wider the rent it has made. Oh! what a smarting, torturing pain—what an unceasing suffering during three hours of crucifixion! Who, dear Jesus, shall be able to recount all that Thou sufferedst for me in that short space?"*

Such teaching as this is, however, the consistent and natural result of Cardinal Wiseman's doctrine of the atonement; so far, at least, as we are able to determine what that doctrine is from this volume of sermons.

"Hitherto, my brethren," he says in his sermon on the "Character and Sufferings of Christ in His Passion," "we have viewed in the person of our suffering Saviour the 'High Priest, holy,

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* From the sermon, "Meditation on the Passion," pp. 205—232.

innocent, undefiled, separated from sinners, and made higher than the heavens' (Heb. vii. 26); we have now to consider Him in the very opposite character, as the victim charged with the iniquity of the whole people. We have heard His appeal that none could convict Him of sin; we have seen that appeal more than justified in His passion, by the conduct of His adversaries and the perfection of His own character; we have now to behold Him, in spite of this personal innocence, doomed to die by the decree of His own Eternal Father, as overcharged with a debt for sin. The sentence of men was, indeed, unjust, which condemned Him as a criminal; that of the Father just, as all must be which He commands: and so strong is the contrast between these two simultaneous sentences upon earth and in heaven, that it appears as if even the small particles of equity which lingered here below after the first fall, were now withdrawn from earth in order that the whole powers of this attribute might be concentrated with greater force in the Almighty arm. It fell from heaven, undivided, upon the head of this devoted victim. . . When, at length, the fulness of time had come, this voluntary victim, who was to expiate the sins of all, Jesus Christ, the Son of God, stands ready to receive the fatal doom. Two things were necessary to accomplish His great purpose; that He should take upon Him the offences which He has to atone, and that He should present an equivalent for the debt due to Divine justice for them.

"In the Garden of Olives the first condition begins to be fulfilled. As the fatal moment prescribed for the commencement of His sufferings arrives, His character and feelings undergo the dreadful change. He is no longer regarded by His Father as that beloved Son in whom He expressed Himself well pleased, from the cloud of Mount Tabor; or whom He had a few days before glorified by a voice from heaven. Instead of this, He sees before Him a culprit, upon whose head lie all the iniquities of men; all the foul idolatries, and the horrible abominations of the pagan world; all the rebellions and treasons of His favourite people; and what is still more grievous, the black ingratitude of those who should taste the fruits of His redemption. Each of the ingredients, every particle of this mass of turpitude, excites His abhorrence in an inconceivable degree; they are now, for the first time, accumulated upon one subject, and bury from His sight the high dignity of Him whom they oppress. Hence all those feelings which they must excite in Him are no less con-

centrated against this representative of crime; the indignation which sent a flaming sword to chase our first parents from Paradise, the wrath which drowned in one deluge the entire race of man, the detestation which rained fire and sulphur upon seven cities, these have all at length found one common channel into which they can pour their burning stream, and so satisfy a craving justice, till now only partially allayed.

"Oh! what a corresponding change does this cause in the soul of our dear Redeemer! . . . He sees His pure soul, incapable in itself of the slightest defilement, now hideously disfigured by millions of abominable crimes, more odious to Him than death. Abashed and degraded, He sinks upon the earth. His mental sorrow is necessarily connected with another dreadful suffering, the simultaneous anticipation of every torment inflicted upon Him through His passion. For, as He has to bear the iniquities of the entire race, so must He bear those of His persecutors; and, in reviewing them all, He necessarily suffers the pangs, by inflicting which they are to be committed. He feels Himself charged with the treason of Judas, and with the apostasy of Peter. Every blasphemous word to be uttered against Himself is a stain which now defiles His soul. Thus does He rehearse in His mind every part of the bloody tragedy which has immediately to commence, bearing at once its sufferings and its guilt. Each blow upon His sacred head, not only drives deeper the wreath of thorns which encircles it, but inflicts a far more racking wound in the guilt of sacrilegious profanation which it lays upon Him. Every stroke of the guilty hammer, which forces the nail into His tender palm, not only rends its quivering fibres, and convulses His sensitive frame, but transfixes His soul with a keener anguish, by the impiety against God's anointed which it adds to His burden of sin. He considers Himself a fallen and a rejected creature; and this deep sense of degradation generates an anxious timidity hitherto unknown in His conduct. Oh, how is He changed from what we have always hitherto beheld Him! He has left all His disciples, except three, whom He selects to be the companions of His agony. 'Stay you here and watch with me.' He dreads the eyes of even these three favourite disciples, whom He has selected to be His companions, and He retires from them in order to pray alone. Three times He returns to receive some consolation from them, and to derive some support from their uniting with Him in prayer. Alas! He used to be their consolation and

support, He used to exclaim to them, 'Ye of little faith, why do ye fear?' Yet now He must recur *to them* for like encouragement, and even in this is doomed to disappointment. How different His prayer from that poured forth in the days of His joy! 'O my Father, if it is possible, let this chalice pass from me; nevertheless, not as I will, but as thou willest.' What, then! Is Thy will no longer to do that of Him who sent Thee, that Thou shouldst distinguish between them? Where is now that confidence with which Thou wert wont to exclaim, 'Father, I know that thou hearest me always'? (John xi. 42). Why this conditional, this diffident, this so frequently repeated prayer?

"Because He feels Himself changed into another man; He calls out as an unworthy sinner, and as such He is unheard. Even an angel from heaven is necessary to support Him in His excess of agony. Oh, what a change again is here! The heavenly spirits did indeed announce His conception, and sing hymns of joy and glory at His birth; they came and ministered to Him after His rigorous fast. But that they should have to descend upon such an errand as this, to console their Master, and support Him in His sufferings, this surely is a service never anticipated by these faithful ministers of His will. O Lord, what wonder, that with this complicated agony, Thy limbs should fail, Thy pores should break open, and Thy agitated, bursting heart should impel its streams with unnatural violence through Thy trembling limbs and body, till its precious drops gush through the skin, and bathe Thee prostrate on the ground, in a sweat of blood! 'Surely He hath borne our infirmities, and carried our sorrows. . . . . and the Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all.' (Isaiah liii. 4—6.)"

This is precisely the heathen doctrine of sacrifice. It represents God as requiring to be propitiated; exacting from man, or from his representative and surety, the uttermost farthing. It is indeed impossible for any Christian completely to forget that God is love; and therefore, with the additional aid of the doctrine of the Trinity, even the grossest and most heathen form of the doctrine of propitiation may be made to appear Christian. If the Father exacts the penalty, the Son pays it, and

the Father and the Son are one ; and thus the righteousness of the Father is reflected upon the Son, and the love of the Son upon the Father. But this can only be accomplished at the cost of a triple heresy. The doctrine of sacrifice that requires this kind of explanation and support is itself heathenish, however carefully its heathenism may be disguised. The separation of the Father from the Son, which is required by the one exacting, and the other paying, the penalty of man's sin, is really a "dividing of the substance" of God; while on the other hand, the attempt to demonstrate that both the exaction and the payment of the penalty are by one and the same Divine Being, does truly "confound the persons." The great creed of Christendom is the Nicene Creed, a creed included in the liturgies of all Christian churches that have liturgies. This is the creed recognized by the Council of Trent, as the one sure foundation against which the gates of hell should never prevail.* If, indeed, the creed is little more than an expansion of the baptismal formula, "In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost," it does most unmistakeably declare that the Son is "of" the Father, and not the Father "of" the Son. The glory of Christ's sacrifice consists in this, that it is the life of a perfect Son of God ; always with perfect knowledge, and love, and trust, doing the Father's will. According to the Scriptures, at least according to the teaching of St. Paul and St. John, Jesus Christ is the very man, the head of every man, of whom all men participate, in whom they were chosen before the foundation of the world, and created to all good works. He

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* *Sessio Tertia, Decretum de Symbolo Fidei.*

is moreover represented to us, not only as a living soul, but as a life-giving Spirit. Hence, as comprehending all humanity in Himself, He is represented as offering to God that perfect oblation which alone could satisfy Him, the oblation of the whole human race, perfectly good, and obedient, and loving. Even that oblation would be surely insufficient, would be scarcely better than fictitious, if He who offered it had no power to impart life, and to make men *actually become* what they ought to be. His life on earth is in fact represented as the first-fruits of the harvest of humanity; "Christ the first-fruits, and then those of Christ, at His appearing," the members of His body, the separate individuals of the race which is what it is by reason of its relation to Him. Hence the sacrifice of Christ is the very model and pattern of all human nobleness; it blesses us by being repeated in us; by our "knowing the *fellowship* of Christ's *sufferings*, and being made *conformable to his death*."

This is beautifully expressed by Mr. Davies in his sermon, entitled, "The Shadow of the Passion on the Life of Jesus."

"The glory of patience, and self-oblation, which Jesus claimed as Divine, was not to be appropriated by Him exclusively. He would go first, but His sheep who knew Him and heard His voice were to follow Him. It was, therefore, a matter of earnest and affectionate concern to the heart of Jesus that His disciples should see Him, without dismay, walking upon this road, and should prepare joyfully to follow Him. The passage I have read for our text reminds us that, immediately after the declaration of the sufferings which He was about to meet in fulfilment of His Divine mission, Jesus delivered the solemn warning, 'If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross and follow me.' There was a special truth in these words for the disciples to whom they were spoken, and to them they were primarily addressed. No one could become a faithful follower of

Jesus without being prepared to renounce everything, without carrying his life itself in his hand. And the first desire of Jesus in speaking those words was, undoubtedly, to make Peter and the rest of his companions understand clearly the absolute degree of the self-sacrifice which they must make in spirit, if they would be thoroughly associated with the Leader in whom they believed. He was going before them bearing His cross, submitting beforehand to the ignominy and pain which were to be openly realized; He was thus submitting, not in spite of His Divine nature, but *because* He was the perfect Son of the righteous and loving Father. If His disciples would cherish the high ambition of being His friends and followers, if they would look forward to the joy and the crown by which true sacrifice was to be rewarded, they also must tread in the steps of the Master, they must be content to serve and submit, they must gird themselves to the unreserved offering of *themselves* to God."—pp. 250, 251.

Very different indeed is the doctrine of the sacrifice and atonement of Christ preached by Cardinal Wiseman. It removes the sacrifice of the Son of God to an infinite remoteness from the duties and blessedness of those whom He came to save. It is a cup of which they *cannot* drink, a baptism with which they *cannot* be baptized. Nay, it was offered for this very purpose, that they might not be required themselves to offer it. It is the payment of a debt: the endurance of suffering equivalent to that which otherwise the wicked must have themselves endured. If the suffering had failed to be equivalent, some portion of our sins must have been unforgiven: some part of their penalty must, by ourselves, have been endured. With such a theory, every buffet, every lash, every thrill of agony, every nail, every thorn, every drop of blood becomes of vital importance. We cannot estimate the quality of Christ's sufferings; it seems far more possible to determine and to rejoice in their quantity.

It is extremely easy to excite the feelings of an audience by laboured and minute descriptions of the physical pain which Jesus endured; but precisely the same feelings are excited by a similar description of any acute pain. It is by no means necessary for this purpose that the pain should be endured by the innocent. The agonies of the impenitent thief must have been far too horrible for their minute verbal description to be tolerable. Even by the mere rules of the art of poetry or rhetoric such horrors are excluded.

> "Ne pueros coram populo Medea trucidet,
> Aut humana palam coquat exta nefarius Atreus,
> Aut in avem Procne vertatur, Cadmus in anguem.
> Quodcunque ostendis mihi sic incredulus odi." *

The picture language of Cardinal Wiseman is evidently intended to supply the place or deepen the effect of paintings, and images, and scenic representations. All these appeals to the mere bodily senses prevent, so far as they are successful, our perception of the moral and spiritual significance of the sufferings of our Lord. And what is there in this side of Christ's sacrifice, taken alone, either of life or light? It is to us neither example nor power. We are not required to submit to the scourge and be nailed to the cross. It is not the physical torment of Jesus which illumines and quickens us, but His filial spirit and the perfection of His brotherly love.

And what vestige of authority is there in Scripture or reason for asserting that in any sense whatever, and for a single moment of time, the Father was angry with the Son? In the unfathomable mystery of the incarnation,

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* Horace, *Ars Poetica*, 185—188.

the Eternal Word condescended to be made in all things like unto His brethren: like them in all things which do not contradict and destroy the divine family. "Being found in fashion as a man," He does not shrink from the lowest depths of human grief. He shares the experience and conquers the temptations of those "who walk in darkness and have no light." He knows that utter loneliness of soul which even the holiest saints have often felt, and which they regarded as the inexplicable hiding of God's face. "Take thy plague away from me, I am even consumed by means of thy heavy hand." "My way is hid from the Lord, my judgment is passed over from my God." "My God, my God, look upon me; why hast thou forsaken me, and art so far from my health, and from the words of my complaint?" Therefore must Jesus Christ also be exceeding sorrowful, even unto death; praying with strong crying and tears, "Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me;" exclaiming in His agony, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" But we may surely affirm, that if there was a moment when the Father loved the Son better than at any other time, it was when He was dying on the cross. "Therefore," said Christ, "doth my Father love me, because I lay down my life." And notwithstanding His desolation of soul, He cried, "Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit; and when he had said this he gave up the ghost." To men, indeed, He might seem even as a root out of a dry ground, without form or comeliness; and they might esteem Him stricken, smitten of God, and afflicted. But all that Christ was suffering was but the doing of God's will; and if the Father were angry at that, then vice and virtue, piety and blasphemy, may

as well change places for ever. Never for one single moment was Jesus Christ regarded by God as a sinner, or punished as a sinner, or suffering as a sinner, or anything in any sense whatever as a sinner. Between Christ and sin there was an infinite distance; and the one Being in the universe who was farthest removed of all from the possibility of forgetting that, was God the Father. If these imputations of what is personal and untransferable were possible, then every pain that Jesus Christ suffered might easily have been spared; and to inflict any pain upon Him would have been the cruel caprice of reckless tyranny. If a thing can be made what it is not by simply choosing to regard it as what it is not, the whole human race might have been redeemed by a Divine hypothesis.

But in truth, neither in Scripture nor in reason is there any room whatever for such unrealities as these. If a man be a bad man, no mere hypothesis, either human or Divine, can possibly make him a good one. If a man be a good man he will not cease to be a good one, in any sense whatever, simply because he is treated as a bad one. And such coarse theories of the propitiation and atonement of Christ as Cardinal Wise man's divert our minds from the real significance of Christ's sufferings, and prevent our perceiving what that really is which pleases and satisfies the Almighty. He is not satisfied by the sufferings of His prodigal children, but by their return home and the renewal of their obedience and love. "As I live, saith the Lord, I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked;" and if the death of Christ had been but the death *in another form* of the wicked, we may well believe that God would have had no pleasure in that. What Christ offered to

the Father was not the death of the wicked, but the life of the righteous; and the pain, in which alone that oblation could be offered, was the agony of love and goodness in the midst of sin and hatred, and assuredly not the torture inflicted by an inexorable Deity. "Without the assumption of an imputation of our guilt, and in perfect harmony with the unbroken consciousness of personal separation from our sins, the Son of God, bearing us and our sins on His heart before the Father, must needs respond to the Father's judgment on our sins with that confession of their evil and of the righteousness of the wrath of God against them, and holy sorrow because of them, which were due—due in the truth of things, due on our behalf though we could not render it, due from Him as in our nature and our true brother—what he must needs feel in Himself because of the holiness and love which were in Him—what He must needs utter to the Father in expiation of our sins when He would make intercession for us." *

It must not be supposed, however, that either Cardinal Wiseman, or those who accept the same theories of atonement and propitiation as his, are in the least degree willing to accept all the logical consequences which follow from those theories. I have not the smallest doubt that the passage quoted a few paragraphs back from Cardinal Wiseman's sermon, "On the Character and Sufferings of Christ in His Passion," is both unscriptural and blasphemous; but I am very far indeed from thinking that Cardinal Wiseman is a blasphemer. He does not really mean what he says, though he thinks that he does; he does not think, though he

* Campbell, "On the Nature of the Atonement."—pp. 137, 138.

says so, that Jesus Christ was *in any sense* guilty of the denial of Peter, or the treachery of Judas, or the cruelty of those who nailed Him to the cross. He does not really believe that moral qualities are transferable; for, indeed, the greatest part of his practical teaching is founded upon the fact of personal responsibility, and that God will judge every man according to his works. He is quite as much in earnest when he speaks of the boundless grace of God, and the perfect and unalterable sympathy between the Father and the Son, as he is when he says that God "sees before Him in Jesus Christ a culprit upon whose head lie all the iniquities of men;" and that "each of the ingredients, every particle of this mass of turpitude, excites God's abhorrence in an inconceivable degree." We cannot believe, at the same time, in God's perfect satisfaction with the Son and His abhorrence of Him, in the spotless holiness and immeasurable turpitude of Jesus; and, when these two contradictions are put together in the same sentence, or in the same paragraph, we may indeed read the words, but they convey to us *no meaning whatever*. That, in fact, is precisely what is meant when we are told that these contradictions are *a mystery* which the human intellect is not permitted to meddle with. That truth which is present most constantly to the mind of Cardinal Wiseman, as it is to the mind of every Christian teacher, is the love of God, His readiness to forgive sinners, His perpetual operation in nature and in the human spirit for the regeneration of the evil, His union with the Son, His infinite satisfaction with Jesus Christ, and His revelation in Him of His own righteousness and love. Everything that is opposed to this truth Cardinal Wiseman holds in abeyance, utters in language incon-

sistent and unintelligible, or even self-contradictory, and only sometimes half believes.

But while the critic is bound to separate the man from his doctrines, it is his plain duty, and in fact one of the most important parts of his work, to expose, and, if possible, correct all errors of doctrine, whoever may hold them. To represent the Father as, in any sense, angry with the Son; to represent Christ as in any sense whatever a sinner; to teach that virtue and vice, sin and righteousness, are transferable qualities; this seems to me utterly unwarranted by Scripture, wholly irrational, and extremely dangerous. No religion ever has been built upon such doctrine; and the only religion which could be built upon it would fill both heaven and earth with confusion and anarchy.

There is very much, therefore, in Cardinal Wiseman's sermons that I neither believe nor admire; but on the other hand, their style, though far too gorgeous, is often exceedingly beautiful after its kind. He has lived far too long in England, and occupied far too conspicuous a position among us, to be unaffected by that spirit of Protestantism which is dominant in our country. Again and again he solemnly warns his hearers that they should distrust their own reason, and remember that the mysteries of God are far too vast for human comprehension. But notwithstanding these warnings, he himself condescends to explain, to argue, to offer proof, to answer objections. He must do his best even to commend infallibility to our reason; and he has learned that human spirits must be won and persuaded, and that the submission which is not of the will is worthless. Moreover, it cannot be denied that there is *this* manliness in his sermons. He is perfectly well aware that, in the judg-

ment of Protestants, many Catholic dogmas are so extremely ridiculous as not even to be worthy of refutation. The majority of English people are no more likely to trouble themselves with transubstantiation and the immaculate conception of the Virgin, than with witchcraft or alchemy, or the old systems of astronomy. Insane people occasionally wander about the country, even in our own days, who imagine that they are able to demonstrate that the earth is a flat surface and the centre of the whole universe; but nobody notices them; their arguments remain unanswered, not because they are unanswerable, but because they are contemptible. Cardinal Wiseman knows perfectly well that the most prominent dogmas of his own Church are treated in exactly the same way. But he, in effect, says to his hearers, it is at once dishonest and useless to hold the doctrines of your Church in a cowardly, half-hearted way; the glories of St. Mary, the divine mystery of the holy Eucharist, the infallibility of the Church, are to be affirmed all the more emphatically where men disbelieve and deride them. Be true to your professions and beliefs; if you are true to them, if you live and work as good Catholics should, your own consciences will be more clear, your persecutors will be abashed and confounded; the true wisdom will be justified of her children; and men will begin to perceive that God has built His Church upon a rock, against which the gates of hell shall not prevail. This is very good advice for anybody; for real life is that sure test by which every form of falsehood must in the end be detected.

It is very instructive to compare the sermons of Cardinal Wiseman with sermons on the same or kindred subjects in the other volumes whose titles are at the

head of this essay, especially those of the Rev. Llewelyn Davies. It is very instructive, for instance, to compare Cardinal Wiseman's sermon on "The Incarnation and Birth of Jesus Christ," with Mr. Davies's on "The Power of the Divine Infancy;" the sermon on "Our Saviour in the Temple," with that entitled "Jesus in the midst of the Doctors;" "The Two Great Mysteries of Love," with "Christ the Bread of Life;" the Cardinal's sermons (viii. and xi.), On the Passion, with Mr. Davies's (xvi.); the sermon on the Kingdom of Christ, with those of Mr. Davies (ii., iii., iv.) on the same subject. Good as Cardinal Wiseman's sermons are, Mr. Davies's are, both in matter and style, immeasurably better. In them, also, we find the distinction between faith and reason; but the two are never separated, never opposed, as if contrary the one to the other. It is impossible, indeed, minutely to examine either of the three volumes by Mr. Davies, Mr. Brown, and Mr. Maclaren. Each of them deserves a separate notice, and will repay a careful and devout perusal. They have their place, however, in this essay, as furnishing, by actual illustration, such hints of the best modes of preaching, and the vocation of the preacher, as may surely be neither without interest nor without use. It is not the critic, but only good preachers, who can teach other people to preach; it is too often the far more unpleasant and invidious office of the critic simply to indicate when the preacher's work has been ill done; and he represents, in some manner, *the law* by which is *the knowledge of sin*, while he is wholly unable to impart that genius from whose operations all the laws and canons of criticism must be deduced. Even the critic himself can understand no author for whom he is utterly without

reverence, and he is under immeasurably deeper obligation to any work of genius than it can possibly be to him. The remarks, then, that follow must be regarded as an attempt to indicate what the best models have determined to be the noblest forms and the true aim of preaching. Probably many tons' weight of sermons are published every week and thickly scattered over the country, and a minute examination of a few hundred numbers of the various Penny Pulpits would scarcely fail to be very instructive. We should then understand better than we do now whence arise those dense fogs of ignorance in which unquestionably so many good people are miserably groping about. We should be introduced into the secret of the inaccurate and intolerant dogmatism which is at one moment so defiant, and at the next so panic-stricken, so ambitious and so grovelling, so superstitious and so profane. We should understand how it is that religion is doing more to disturb the peace of English society than almost all other causes put together. We should learn how it comes to pass that so many hundreds, nay, thousands of people, are incapable of perceiving any kind of godliness apart from the continual use of conventional phrases; or any foundation of piety, excepting a written book, which, for thousands of years after man was created, had no existence. It is quite unnecessary to deny that these sermons have done, or are doing, in their preached or printed shape, some sort of good; but they are doing the good indirectly, and at the cost of enormous mischief. They are strengthening men's belief of one set of truths which, taken alone, are robbed of by far the largest portion of their significance and value; but they are strengthening that belief too often at the cost of rendering men

utterly incapable of the noblest intellectual and spiritual achievements. They urge men to build their faith upon the foundation of the Scriptures as an infallible and authoritative declaration of God's will; but they seem to teach that it is unnecessary, and even unlawful, to ask for any authority for accepting the Scriptures themselves. In order that men's souls may be saved, they seem willing to sacrifice so much of man's nature, and faculty, and development, that men have scarcely anything left worth saving. And if a critic be complained of, or even abused, for passing so unfavourable, and what may seem so bitter, a judgment on that vast mass of teaching which is filling every week a larger and larger place in the periodical literature of England, he may fairly answer—"It is not I who condemn this preaching; it is not I who refuse to admit that twaddle and ignorance, bad jokes, and coarse invective, and bullying intolerance, and worn-out platitudes, are necessary to the salvation of souls. I should not know what good sermons are unless I had heard or read them. It is not I who complain of bad sermons; it is the good sermons that complain of them. I can only compare the one with the other; I can only say, these contain their own evidence of being what sermons should be; and they, and not the critic, condemn all sermons that radically and essentially differ from themselves."

Therefore it is, that in the remarks that follow I shall in no way presume to treat the sermons of such preachers as Mr. Davies, Mr. Brown, and Mr. Maclaren, as if they were schoolboys' exercises, and I the pedagogue competent to correct them. With the utmost respect and gratitude I am only too thankful to have such models before me for the guidance of my judgment. I may

remark, to begin with, the entire absence from all these sermons of that affectation of being something or other, one scarcely knows what, which is indicated by the very constant use, by inferior preachers, of *we*, instead of *I*. No doubt this is generally an unmeaning habit or a silly conventionalism; but the first man who rebelled against it must have had some good reason for departing from a custom which is deemed by many essential to the modesty of the pulpit. If a Roman Catholic were to say *we* in his sermons instead of *I*, he might be supposed to mean something of this sort—"I am, to you who listen to me, not a weak, erring mortal like yourselves; I do not tell you what merely seems true to me, which you are at liberty to dispute and to deny; I stand before you as the representative of the Infallible Church, in which the Holy Ghost is dwelling evermore; it is not I speaking to you, but I tell you what seems good to the Holy Ghost and to the holy Catholic Church." Such a use as this of *we*, instead of *I*, would be, at least, intelligible. So again, when a preacher announces his text, and directs the attention of his congregation to what he believes to be its meaning, there ought to be such communion of thought and reflection, preacher and hearers both at the same time earnestly seeking for truth, with the firm belief that truth is the common heritage of all mankind, that the plural, *we*, may often be required. But nobody can read those wondrous three-headed compositions called sermons, which the Penny Pulpit distributes by tons at a time over the whole country, without perceiving that the *we* is generally a silly affectation of clerical dignity.

During that long and deepening darkness which began to be dissipated at the Reformation, preaching became

more and more neglected. The sacraments of the Church were degraded into magical incantations. A few drops of water, a few crumbs of bread, a few smears of oil, were the potent instruments by which human spirits were regenerated, and nourished, and introduced into heavenly blessedness. Men had almost forgotten, when they came together into God's house, whose house it was, and why they had come thither. The clergy, who had been in better days the leaders of human progress and the depositories of learning, began to find their learning useless; and that to guide reluctant and ignorant followers was a painful and profitless business. So by degrees priests and people acting and reacting on each other, both were alike enveloped in a deep gloom of ignorance and idleness, in which nothing good or beautiful could live. When, therefore, the English nation began to grow weary of a tyranny which could not even justify itself by a superior ability to govern; when, in a wondrous awakening of intellectual life, they began to despise the teachers who had nothing to teach, and who tried to steal the key of knowledge from all who wished to learn; it was discovered that mummery and magic had so entirely usurped the place of truth and life, that priests could be found by scores who did not even know the meaning of the words they were accustomed to mutter in their solemn religious ceremonies. All was jargon and confusion together; the blind leading the blind. And then, once for all, it was swiftly determined that this darkness and disgrace should come to an end. Men demanded to be taught, to know the meaning of what they did. How could the authorized leaders respond to such a call? How could they teach what they did not know? So there arose a new race of instructors;

and statesmen and preachers accomplished the Reformation.

Again and again, since the Reformation, the Church has relapsed, not into Popery but formalism; preferring the letter that killeth to the spirit that giveth life. Sacred ceremonies have been emptied of their meaning, have become a dull profitless routine; and, again and again, preachers, like the old prophets, have risen up to call men back from the form to the substance, from baptism to regeneration, from the Eucharist to the living bread that came down from heaven—in order that having regained the thing signified, the signs might be no longer a curse to them, but become a blessing. And now, in our own day, when the area of knowledge has increased, so that almost every Englishman may find a place within it; when the example of America—mighty for good, and scarcely less mighty for evil—has almost changed liberty into anarchy, and elevated the foolish many above the few wise; when we seem almost entering upon that period of our history which is already written for us in the brilliance, the commerce, the refinement, the corruption, the liberty, the anarchy, the despotism, the ruin of the Athenian democracy; when the power of speech is becoming next to money the greatest power among us, and even money itself can be obtained almost as easily by impudent self-assertion and mendacious puffery as by hard and steady work:—in these days the preacher may have a power that no other age could have given him, and must wrestle with temptations to forget his true vocation and his real message that no other age could know. He will be tempted to be plausible rather than true, to seek for popularity instead of bearing the burden of the Lord, to have ever present to him the

consciousness that every well-liked sermon will gain votes in his favour, and that every ill-liked sermon will lose them. He will be sorely tempted to subject even truth and religion to the test of the ballot-box.

Therefore, every faithful preacher must avail himself of every means, how simple soever they may seem, of impressing upon his hearers the fact that there are certain actual realities and unalterable laws to which all mankind are subject, whatever they may choose or vote. He will, in effect, say to his hearers: "You come to God's house, not to listen to me, but to worship your Father who is in heaven. The prayers we offer are common prayers—prayers for all of us, as members of the divine family. The lessons I read to you are taken from the Holy Scriptures. The sacraments are the signs of that divine life which there is for all of us in God the Father, and in Jesus Christ whom God has sent. During our worship, I shall try to explain to you some part of God's Word, that the lessons of Scripture may come to you not in word only but in power. But I have no infallible teaching for you—which is at once to settle all your doubts, and relieve you from the responsibility of thought and judgment. I cannot even pretend that, for what I say, I have the authority of the whole Church of God. You may be sure that I would not teach you what I do not believe to be true, but what I say to you you must receive with caution and with freedom; and the best result that I can hope for from my teaching is this, that it may lead you to that 'true Light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world,' to that Holy Ghost who has promised to 'lead us all into the whole truth.'"

Again, the sermons of Mr. Davies, and Mr. Brown,

and Mr. Maclaren are entirely free from all those oddities which not even the most brilliant wit can redeem from profanity. There are no sermons in these volumes from the text, "Who's dat knocking at de door?"—the text selected by a popular minister in Manchester, wherewith to edify as many thousands of human beings as the Free Trade Hall in that city could hold. "French Plays," says the author of *The Sentimental Journey*, "are *absolutely* fine; and whenever I have a more brilliant affair upon my hands than common, as they suit a preacher just as well as a hero, I generally make my sermon out of 'em, and for the text, 'Cappadocia, Pontus and Asia, Phrygia and Pamphylia,' is as good as any one in the Bible." This, indeed, seems to be the principle upon which a very large number of preachers have selected their texts; and it is an old complaint against them, that they do not expound the Bible but play with it. There is a very amusing little book to be picked up occasionally at old book-stalls, "The Ground and Occasions of the Contempt of the Clergy and Religion enquired into; in a Letter written to R. L. London: printed by W. Godbid, for N. Brooke, at the Angel, in Cornhill, 1670." The book is every way worth reading, and is attributed to a writer of considerable eminence. He gives many examples of the absurd, not to say profane use, that the preachers of his time used to make of the Holy Scriptures; and, in fact, the book is as droll a little book as a book can be, with much more fun in it than *Punch*, and *Fun*, and *The Owl*, and *The Porcupine* all put together.

"For a short text," he says, "that certainly was the greatest *break* that ever was, which was occasioned from those words of St. Luke, xxiii. 28, 'Weep not for me, weep for yourselves.' It is a plain case, Sir, here's but eight words; and the business was so

cunningly ordered, that there sprang out eight parts. 'Here are,' says the Doctor, 'eight words, and eight parts. 1. Weep not; 2. But weep; 3. Weep not, but weep; 4. Weep for me; 5. For yourselves; 6. For me for yourselves; 7. Weep not for me; 8. But weep for yourselves.' That is to say; north, north and by east, north north-east, north-east and by north, north-east, north-east and by east, east north-east, east and by north, east. Now it seems not very easie to determine, which has obliged the world most, he that found out the *compass*, or he that divided the forementioned text; but I suppose the cracks will go generally upon the Doctor's side; by reason what he did was done by undoubted art, and absolute industry; but as for the other, the common report is, that it was found out by mere foolish fortune. Well, let it go how it will, questionless they will be both famous in their way, and honourably mentioned to posterity." "But it is high time, Sir," he says, after giving many ludicrous examples of preposterous misuse of Scripture, to "make an end of this preaching, lest you be as much tired with the repetition of it, as the people were little benefited when they heard it. I shall only remind you, Sir, of one thing more, and that is the ridiculous, senseless, and unintended use, which many of them make of concordances. I shall give you but one instance of it, although I could furnish you with an hundred printed ones. The text, Sir, is this, Gal. vi. 15, 'For in Christ Jesus neither circumcision nor uncircumcision availeth anything, but a new creature.' Now all the world know the meaning of this to be, that let a man be of what nation he will, Jew or Gentile, if he amends his life and walks according to the Gospel, he shall be accepted with God. But this is not the way that pleases them. They must bring into the sermon, to no purpose at all, a vast heap of places of Scripture (which the concordance will furnish them with) where the word *new* is mentioned. And the new observation must be, that God is for new things; God is for a new creature, St. John, xix. 41; 'Now in the place where he was crucified, there was a garden, and in the garden a new sepulchre, wherein was never man yet laid; there laid they Jesus.' And again, St. Mark, xvi. 17, Christ tells His disciples, they that are true believers shall cast out devils, and speak with new tongues; and likewise the prophet teaches us, Isaiah xlii. 10, 'Sing unto the Lord a new song, and his praise unto the end of the earth.' Whence it is plain that Christ is not for old things; He is not for an old sepulchre; He

is not for old tongues; He is not for an old song; He is not for the old creature; Christ is for the new creature, circumcision and uncircumcision availeth nothing, but the new creature. And what do we read concerning Samson, Judges xv. 15; is it not that he slew a thousand of the Philistines with one new jaw-bone? An old one might have killed its tens, its twenties, its hundreds; but it must be a new jaw-bone that is able to kill a thousand. God is for the new creature.

"But may not some say, Is God altogether for new things? How comes it about, then, that the prophet says, Isaiah i. 13, 14; 'Bring no more vain oblations, etc. Your new moons, and your appointed feasts, my soul hateth?' And again, what means that, Deut. xxxii. 17—19; 'They sacrificed unto devils, and to new gods, whom they knew not; to new gods that came newly up; and when the Lord saw it, he abhorred them'? To which I answer, that God indeed is not for new moons, nor for new gods; but excepting moons and gods, He is for new things. God is for the new creature.

"It is possible, Sir, that somebody besides yourself may be so vain as to read this letter, and they may perhaps tell you, that there be no such silly and useless people as I have described; and if there be, not above two or three in a county; or should there be more, it is no such complaining matter, seeing that the same happens in other professions, in law and physick; in both which there be many a contemptible creature. Such, therefore, as these may be pleased to know, that if there had been need I could have told them either the book, and very page, almost of all that has been spoken about preaching, or else the *when* and *where*, and the person that preached it."

This last is a very judicious remark. If anybody chooses to offer an unfavourable criticism of either preaching or practices with which he is perfectly familiar; if he speaks out of the mere honesty of his soul, and his earnest desire that such evils as he may have noticed in word or deed may be corrected; there is always somebody who knows nothing whatever about him, who is not one jot or tittle more honest or better informed than himself, who forthwith replies to all his suggestions and

expostulations that he is a malignant liar, a disappointed man, a man of soured and bitter temper. I will venture, nevertheless, to affirm that the Penny Pulpit, and much more, the pulpit that is not worth offering for sale at the price of one penny, would still furnish examples of grotesque absurdity as astonishing as those which are found in the little book from which the above extracts were taken. No one will deny the cleverness, for instance, of the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon; everybody who knows him asserts that he is a witty, jovial man, thoroughly generous and unconventional, with a very becoming scorn of humbug, even though it should be mistaken for religion. And yet very few will deny that many of his earlier sermons were utterly indecent, and that his jokes and oddities could scarcely, by any well-regulated mind, be distinguished from profanity. The sermons, again, of the Rev. A. Mursell, of Manchester, may possibly have saved a few souls; but only at the enormous risk of turning the church into a theatre and the Gospel into a farce. It is really not desirable to admit Harlequin and Pantaloon, and Columbine and Clown, to holy orders; and is it, after all, the truth or the joke that fastens itself most securely on the thought and memory of the hearer? "'It is damned hot:' these are the words that I heard as I was entering the sanctuary this morning. Let me assure you, my profane hearer, that you will find hell a great deal hotter!" After this fashion, it is reported, a popular London minister began his sermon one Sunday morning. This anecdote, probably, like almost all anecdotes, is a lie; but it is a symbolical lie,—a coarse, vulgar, exaggerated description of what is very often said in the sermons of "Punch in the Pulpit." Is it really necessary to adopt

this style of exhortation? If it attracts attention, it is still necessary to enquire to what the attention is attracted. I have no hesitation in saying that the attention is attracted to the joke, and not to the religious truth introduced by it; and this pious buffoonery is a very ignorant insult to the working classes. A Sunday spent in the parks or on the London-fields would very soon convince anybody, who has ears to hear, that there are teachers busily at work among the working classes who are in grim earnest, and who consider all these pulpit witticisms beneath contempt. There are many divines who seem very little aware that their arguments have been long ago anticipated and answered, not to say demolished, by reasoners in fustian jackets, and often with deplorably dirty faces and linen,—Jews, Catholics, Atheists, Secularists, people of all beliefs and of no belief at all, who really do want to know what religious teachers *mean*, and how they can *prove* the propositions which they so confidently affirm. That public discussions should interrupt the worship of a Christian congregation is entirely insufferable, and would be an unmitigated evil; but no clergyman should ever permit himself to be entrenched within the safe enclosure of the "sacred desk," without having first, in his own mind, most carefully discussed and opposed his own theories and propositions. It is impossible, as it would be unwise, for a preacher to exhibit in every discourse all the reasons that have combined to lead him to the conclusions at which he has arrived; but he ought never to make a single assertion which he does not know that he is thoroughly prepared to verify. Jokes that waver between the Bible and the beer-shop are by no means the spiritual aliment which the intelligent poor are

willing to live upon. They cannot speak their mind in church or chapel; but everybody who mixes with them where they *can* speak their mind understands that what they utterly loathe and despise is every sort of jargon, big words, mere pompous shibboleths, of which they do not know the meaning. The large congregations that crowd the tabernacles and halls of "Reverend" jesters are made up of a very large proportion of lazy people, who have a notion that the chief duty of a Christian man is to be tickled, or "fed," or "comforted," or anything, in short, except working for the good of his fellow-creatures and the glory of God. If what people say about the providence of God be not hypocritical nonsense from beginning to end, we may surely believe that the providence of God puts a man in some particular district in order that, for some time at least, he should stop there. To put this matter in the coarsest form, he gets his living there. Suppose he is a shop-keeper in Bethnal-green: the locality is, undoubtedly, far from aristocratic; the parish authorities have the reputation of being, in matters of common humanity, somewhat below the level of half-naked savages. But still the Bethnal-green people are the customers who patronise his shop, and without whose patronage he could not live at all. Surely, if he is wiser than they are, he is, as St. Paul would say, "their debtor." Undoubtedly, a fight with the ignorance and brutality, the disease and poverty, of Bethnal-green is not a cheerful occupation, but manifestly that battle must be fought by somebody or other; and the man who is making his money out of Bethnal-green, and who leaves the cure of its evils and the multiplication of its comforts to perfect strangers, is a very mean and shabby person. If Bethnal-green is in

want of churches and chapels, priests and preachers and schoolmasters, the people who are bound, in the sight of God, to furnish these things are the inhabitants of Bethnal-green itself, and especially those who are rich and prosperous. Any arrangement which should remove the rich and prosperous from all genuine human contact with their more unfortunate and unsuccessful neighbours would be a very wicked and ungodly arrangement.

And this leads me to notice a class of apologies, frequently offered, for some of the most ominous pulpit eccentricities which, during the last few years, have been thrusting themselves into prominence. A godly man is astonished and appalled by the laziness and indifference and heartlessness of some Christian congregation; thereupon, in a way, perhaps, justifiably irregular, he does his best to wake them out of that sleep which may so easily become death. Hymns, prayers, fiery exhortations, personal appeals, vehement gesticulations, "penitent forms," all manner of revival appliances, are possibly, to begin with, not a worse evil than spiritual deadness. A great effect is produced; the sleeping congregation is roused into activity, and he who woke them out of their indifference and sloth becomes notorious as a revivalist. If there be any work at all, which I very much doubt, for a *professional* revivalist to do, it can surely be no other than this:—to awake those who too long and too heavily are sleeping; it can, surely, never be the work of any one who is not insane to irritate those who are awake already into an inflammatory and feverish excitement. A revivalist is, if we may so speak, a tonic, or a stimulant, or a counter-irritant; but most unquestionably he is not food and rest. His very existence implies disease. If he can cure his patients, so much the better; and the

sooner he can cure them the better. And then, with a joyous regret, let us courteously bid him good-bye, and treat him as we do apothecaries and medicine bottles. But this is far from the method that is often recommended by the religious world. Build, they say, for our revivalist a huge hall or tabernacle that shall hold thousands of human beings; let no part of our spiritual person be ever free from the most irritating of blisters. Let us, in our most devout and reverent moods, when we are most conscious of doing our best to obey God and help one another, be appealed to as wretched sinners, slothful and unprofitable servants, and teased and worried, and warned and threatened, as if the grace of God had done nothing for us, and there were no such thing in the world as regeneration and holiness. The revivalist, we are told, will suit a certain class; let him have a huge edifice in which to preach, and let him have this certain class to preach to. To which I answer, it is in every respect undesirable, a total mistake, an unmitigated evil, that the different classes of religious people should be separated from one another. If all the zealous Christians in the world were to be put together, there would be a vast development of zeal without discretion, that would reduce all Christian order to chaos. If all the discreet Christians in the world were put together, there would be so many examinations and re-examinations, resolutions and amendments, committees and sub-committees, reports and adjournments, and then, for safety's sake, the whole long business done over again, that, in fact, nothing would ever be thoroughly done at all. Who would care to join a Church, every member of which was nothing but a clever logician; or a Church of which every member was an impassioned enthusiast?

The major premises of the logician must be gathered from actual experience and life. The emotions have as real and important a place in human nature as the intellect or conscience. The better part of valour is not always discretion, nor is mere rashness courage. Enthusiastic people are benefited by the cautious, and the cautious by the eager—an arrangement by which Christian people could be classed together according to their prominent characteristics would simply produce monsters.

The sermons in the volumes whose titles are at the head of this essay are a complete and most admirable protest against this tendency; which, in truth, is becoming exceedingly dangerous among us. The sermons of Mr. Davies, for instance, would unquestionably give great pleasure to a congregation of intelligent, well-educated Christian people; but they are perfectly free from jargon, perfectly intelligible to every sensible Englishman, even if he had never been to school in his life; and this is the sure proof, or one of the sure proofs, that they are not out of harmony with the Gospel of the common salvation. For the Gospel is not meant for poor people only, nor for rich people only, but for all sorts and conditions of men; it will humble the pride of the haughty, and teach the mean-spirited and despondING a noble self-respect.

The sermons of Cardinal Wiseman are too much of the nature of a continual appeal to the feelings, and we are very often told that the preaching that has this for its object is the most effective of all preaching. I entirely disbelieve it. The emotions which are not the result of knowledge and thought are scarcely better than the wrigglings of a wounded worm. It is the inalienable

distinction of a human being that it is possible for him to know *why* he acts, speaks, or feels; and a very large part of human education has for its chief object to enable us to control our emotions.

We all owe our sincerest thanks to such preachers as teach us, not by cold critical descriptions but by their own preaching, what the vocation of the preacher really is. Mr. Davies, Mr. Brown, and Mr. Maclaren expound Scripture instead of playing with it. They come to the Bible as learners, not as patrons. They condescend to no mean devices for entrapping the attention of reluctant hearers. They are quite sure that he who persuades them to pander to bad taste and ignorance, to think more of popularity than truth, more of reputation and power than of the mysteries of God's love, is not God, but the evil spirit who offered to Jesus all the kingdoms of the world and all their glory—"if thou wilt bow down and worship me."

ON RITUALISM.*

VERY few people will now deny that a great change, amounting almost to a revolution, has, during the last quarter of a century, been passing over the Established Church. I do not mean that the first symptoms, much less the causes of this revolution, are of no older date; but at any rate for five and twenty years, the attention, first of the thinking few, and at last of the unthinking many, has been directed to this fact—that there is a large and increasing party in the Established Church, wishing and trying, and at last to a very dangerous extent succeeding in the attempt, to undo the Reformation. The most conspicuous symptom of the existence and success of this party is to be found in an unmistakeable alteration in the rites and ceremonies of the Church of England. Very young men can remember the time when it was almost dangerous for any clergyman, outside a cathedral, to preach a sermon in a surplice. Now, there are very many churches, not only in large cities but even in quiet country parishes, in which an ordinary Protestant would find it impossible to

* "The Journal of Sacred Literature," April, 1867.

determine from the services themselves, whether he had found his way into a Roman or an Anglican church. The Holy Roman tongue is indeed still forbidden, and an English clergyman is still compelled to make use of the English language in those Common Prayers which are meant for English men and women.* But a priest who is forbidden to make use of an unknown tongue in divine service, may so effectually render himself inarticulate, that it becomes absolutely of no importance whatever what language he may be speaking. In what are called "high" churches no stranger, no educated Englishman, who was not already perfectly familiar with the Book of Common Prayer, would be able so much as to guess what words the clergymen were using.

Moreover these "high" churches are for the most part crowded with worshippers. Not only do idle young women, who may naturally enough be attracted by gay dresses, even though worn only by female men, waste their leisure in foolish superstitions; but grown-up men, heads of families, and heads of houses of business, clerks in offices, lawyers, volunteers, all kinds of people, gather together in great crowds to take their part in the new idolatry which some three hundred years ago was cast away as obsolete. The Anglo-Catholics are not afraid even to direct special attention to the fact, that their converts are drawn almost equally from both sexes. Following apparently in this matter, as in many others, the Rubric of the first of the prayer-books of King Edward VI., they require communicants—and indeed the whole congregation is expected to "assist" at the Communion—"to tarry, the men on the one side, and

* The *private* prayers at the Anglican "Mass" are in Latin.

the women on the other side." It must be confessed—and it is no mean praise—that these Anglo-Catholics have brought hundreds and thousands of young men and women to care for what they believe to be the worship of Almighty God, who but for them would probably have cared for nothing but flirtation and pipes. Altar cloths and vestments, incense and vases of flowers, are far enough from religion; but they are at any rate less dangerous and less disgusting than slander or spittoons.

The change, however, that has come over the English Church is of the very gravest importance—indeed, it is quite impossible to over-estimate its importance. It really amounts to something like this,—an affirmative reply to the question soberly asked, not in mockery but with the expectation of a sensible answer,—Is England to become like Spain? Is the State to become subordinate to the Church? Are priests to have more power over married women than their own husbands, and over children than their own parents? Is healthy British morality to be changed for the casuistry of the Confessional? Is that liberty "to know, to utter, and to argue freely," which has for something like three centuries been the foundation of everything great in England, to be thrown away; and instead of it are we to take time and eternity, hell and heaven, devil and God, just as the priest thinks fit to give them to us?

It surely must be worth while to enquire into the causes of this great revolution, this return to the beggarly elements, the Christianized paganism of the unreformed Church of England. It is obvious enough, of course, that there is a certain class of people—not very numerous, and on the other hand very frivolous—

who prefer ceremonies for their own sake. They care nothing about symbolism, because they rest in the sign and never go beyond it. There are young curates, fresh from the mystic fingers of the ordaining bishop, who would find some unaccountable enjoyment in dressing themselves up in all the ecclesiastical finery, and "celebrating" the Eucharist even in their own bedrooms. The education of the clergy in this country can scarcely fail to make them either heretics or "women" —old women or young women, as the case may be. Vicars and rectors, when they are not actively or *passively* heretics, are old women; and many "Catholic" curates are young women. They think just as much as any other silly girls do, about a sweet thing in satins or lace; and male girls dress up for mass, just as female girls dress up for a ball. The chancel of a large church is often much more spacious, considering the performances that are necessary, than the stage of a small theatre; and priests and deacons, epistolers and gospelers, surpliced men and boys, banners and crosses, and flowers, and the half-transparent mist of fragrant incense —all these may be grouped together so artistically that they may almost rival the transformation scene at a pantomime. Very many, even in the Puritan sects, prefer a gown because "it looks nice," and in like manner a certain portion of our modern Ritualists—just big enough and heavy enough to increase the *momentum* of the whole moving mass—are Ritualists, because the vestments merely, and the decorations, and the incense, and the whole affair are uncommonly pretty.

Of course these frivolous empty-headed nobodies are of exceedingly small importance. They are the genuine *causes* of no true movement, and they never can be

depended upon. They are the sort of people of whom it would scarcely be using too bold a metaphor to say, that they never can be saved excepting by being damned. Their religion is relatively if not absolutely worse than their irreligion. They are just as insincere at church as they are in a drawing-room; only in a church they are mocking God, and in a drawing-room they are only mocking Mrs. Grundy. They never will know what they are until they are stripped stark naked of every pious conventionalism, and brought face to face with the roughest realities of common conscience. The vagaries of these people may happen to strengthen for a while any cause whatever—like the votes of Irish Americans —but they are the true citizens of no state.

There is, however, another cause of that revolution in the English Church which is now attracting so much attention, which though unquestionably of far more importance than the love of finery, ecclesiastical or otherwise, is nevertheless rather negative than positive. I mean the fact that a large proportion, if not a majority of the clergy, have no special claim whatever upon the respect of the laity, excepting their official claim. In other words, they obtain the special respect they receive as clergymen, but not as men. They are not immoral, for it may quite safely be taken for granted that in this respect a clergyman is above suspicion. Doubtless many clergymen still hunt, and so far may be called "hunting parsons;" but the extreme puritanism that can object to a hunt is nearly dead, and Christianity is perhaps none the worse for being muscular. Even among Dissenters, what used to be called worldliness is now judged as St. Paul would have us judge all such matters; and so long as a man has a clear conscience

and a good intention—"let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind."

I am very far from meaning that the clergy are regarded with a positive disrespect. When they are gentlemen, and have had a good university education, and can hold their own in any society in which they may happen to be placed, they are no doubt respected, but they are respected as gentlemen and not merely as clergymen. So far as the duties of a clergyman consist in reading prayers, the great wonder is that so very few can be found capable of discharging them. It is quite as easy to read the Liturgy as to read *The Times* newspaper; and any decently educated charity boy can do that. But what I mean by saying that the majority of the clergy have no claim to respect except their official claim, is this; as ordinary, unpretending gentlemen among gentlemen they would no doubt be more than tolerated, but by virtue of their position as clergymen they are expected to be *the leaders* and *guides* not of the most ignorant and worst educated of a parish, but of the least ignorant and best educated. They are to be able *ex officio*, to answer any questions, to solve difficulties, to give advice, and generally speaking to tell other people what to believe and what to do, or at any rate what not to believe and what not to do. Is the average curate as a mere man—as the Rev. Verdant Green for instance—in the least degree able to do this? It is perfectly notorious that there are many, not only undergraduates but ordained priests, who know absolutely nothing about those great questions which are rapidly becoming *the* questions for all earnest educated Englishmen. They are, therefore, to be judged, not according to what they *are*, but according to what their office *imputes* to them.

There always has been, and until "we all come into the unity of the faith and of the knowledge of the Son of God" there always will be, a sort of rivalry between the prophet and the priest. The work of the prophet is upon men, and the work of the priest is upon God. Certain ceremonies have been regarded as necessary to salvation, and those ceremonies the priest only could perform. No doubt the ceremonies were supposed to have a meaning; but the rites themselves were considered essential, whether they had a meaning or not. It has, in fact, very frequently been considered an advantage that the meaning should be concealed, regarded as a divine mystery, and protected from profanation by solemn secrecy. No doubt when religion has been more than mischievous superstition, whenever it has made any appeal to the intellect or conscience of men, the work of the priest has been greatly modified. He has been compelled more or less to explain and justify his own position as interposing between God and man. If he could not show the intrinsic worth of those services, which it was his business to perform, he was, at any rate, forced to appeal to some divine authority, some distinct command from heaven, requiring them and appointing him. Even then a merely external religion is so exceedingly mischievous, so sure to demoralize mankind, and to be made the occasion of all sorts of tyranny, that no thinking man will ever believe in the existence of a divine authority for a set of meaningless or unexplained ceremonies. Hence, even among the Jews, whose ritual was regarded as the special gift of God, the priests were in almost every great crisis of the nation's history on the wrong side. They were always ready to sanctify by their mystic ceremonies almost

every form of evil. Moreover, their whole life being devoted to the performance of rites which in themselves were mere mummery, they were always ready to multiply ceremonies, and to introduce into the national religion whatever foreign ritual might be so gorgeous and so complicated as to enhance their own importance.

The one safeguard of the Jewish people, that which preserved their very religion from becoming an abomination and a curse, was the wisdom and fidelity of *the prophets.* These men also had a divine call; and they spoke with authority and power, because they believed that they were uttering the very truth of God. Their great nobleness and inestimable value are almost concealed from us, because we have too often fixed our attention exclusively upon the smallest part of their teaching and work—their prediction of the events of a distant future. That God is able to bestow upon any man a miraculous foresight will scarcely be denied by any one who believes that God is a Person, a free living Being; but as a matter of interpretation and Biblical criticism, it may safely be affirmed that the amount of prediction—the foretelling in detail of future events—is in the Old Testament extremely small. At any rate, the prophets lived and worked for *their own* present, not chiefly for ours; it was their *in*sight, far more than their *fore*sight, which made them what they were. They were the reformers both of their Church and State, rebuking at once the tyranny of the kings and the godlessness of the priests. Apart from the symbolism of the Jewish ritual, whenever its *meaning* was hidden or denied, the ritual itself was a mockery; it was not only what God did *not* require, but it stood in the way of what God *did* require. Both negatively and positively

it was a curse. At the best the sacrifices of the old law were always bordering on fatal delusion, were always in danger of actually inverting the truth concerning God. Nothing was easier than to regard them as the cause, instead of the effect, of the divine charity; as the substitutes, rather than the signs, of the true repentance and responsive love of God's people. To the prophets, therefore, the ritual itself, notwithstanding its divine origin, was an object of suspicion; it was like the brazen serpent, luring men to a most dangerous, because a most subtile, idolatry. We hesitate to set up in the temple of Jehovah an image that our own hands have made; but we quite easily persuade ourselves that we may laudably worship what God Himself gave us to use.

Hence the burning words of the prophets are directed against the *ritual itself,* and not only against the abuses of ritual. Abuses are very often incurable, such as never can be removed. They penetrate the very substance of an institution, till they actually take the place of the institution, displacing it as a heavier gas displaces a lighter; and their separate existence is no longer a present fact, but a curious revelation of obscure history. It is doubtful whether *any part whatever* of the original "Communion" was to be found in the Sacrifice of the Mass at the time of the Reformation; and often the Jewish prophets perceived that the ancient sacrifices were actually denying what they had been appointed to affirm.

Thus one of the psalmists, speaking in the name of the Lord, *refuses,* and almost *forbids,* the sacrifices which God himself had required. "Hear, O my people, and I will speak; O Israel, and I will testify against thee: I am God, even thy God. I will not

reprove thee for thy sacrifices or thy burnt-offerings, to have been continually before me. I will take no bullock out of thy house, nor he goats out of thy folds. For every beast of the forest is mine, and the cattle upon a thousand hills. I know all the fowls of the mountains: and the wild beasts of the field are mine. If I were hungry, I would not tell thee: for the world is mine, and the fulness thereof. Will I eat the flesh of bulls, or drink the blood of goats? Offer unto God thanksgiving; and pay thy vows unto the most High: And call upon me in the day of trouble: I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me. . . . Whoso offereth praise glorifieth me: and to him that ordereth his conversation aright will I shew the salvation of God." (Ps. l. 7—15, 23.)

Isaiah is even more bold. "Hear the word of the Lord, ye rulers of Sodom; give ear unto the law of our God, ye people of Gomorrah. To what purpose is the multitude of your sacrifices unto me? saith the Lord: I am full of the burnt offerings of rams, and the fat of fed beasts; and I delight not in the blood of bullocks, or of lambs, or of he goats. When ye come to appear before me, who hath required this at your hand, to tread my courts? Bring no more vain oblations; incense is an abomination unto me; the new moons and sabbaths, the calling of assemblies, I cannot away with; it is iniquity, even the solemn meeting. Your new moons and your appointed feasts my soul hateth: they are a trouble unto me; I am weary to bear them. And when ye spread forth your hands, I will hide mine eyes from you: yea, when ye make many prayers, I will not hear: your hands are full of blood." (Isaiah i. 10—15.)

In a great calamity it is not sacrifices to which Joel

calls the people, but true repentance and simple trust in the boundless mercy of God; while Micah gives a solemn warning that the costliest offerings, without goodness, are nothing worth. "Wherewith shall I come before the Lord, and bow myself before the high God? Shall I come before him with burnt offerings, with calves of a year old? Will the Lord be pleased with thousands of rams, or with ten thousands of rivers of oil? Shall I give my firstborn for my transgression, the fruit of my body for the sin of my soul? He hath shewed thee, O man, what is good; and what doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?" (Micah vi. 6—8.)

It is a peculiar benefit of the Christian religion, its special security against corruption, that it has no priesthood, and no sacrifice. It is founded upon the fact that a perfect revelation of God has been, once for all, given to men in the Incarnate Son; and that a perfect sacrifice has been, once for all, in the Incarnate Son, offered to God. The need of propitiating God is, therefore, for ever at an end; and the occupation of the priest is gone. What propitiation there is in Christ is, doubtless, much disputed; and even *His* sacrifice has, over and over again, been paganized. But, at any rate, "it is *finished*." Whatever God wanted Christ gave; whatever man wants Christ lives to bestow. What remains, therefore, to Christianity is *the prophet*—the teacher—to expound the meaning of the old signs, to bring out of the treasury of the Lord things new and old. No longer even Moses with face veiled; but "we all, with open face, beholding, as in a glass, the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image."

Unhappily, in returning to Judaism—or rather to

heathenism itself—Christianity has made the most fatal of all mistakes. It has not only restored the priest, but it has united priesthood and prophecy *in the same office*. But for the separation, not to say opposition, of these two, Judaism, notwithstanding its divine origin, would have become a debasing superstition; and Christianity *has* become a debasing superstition, through centuries of time, and among hundreds of millions of people, by means of their union. For when the two are united the priest will always overmaster the prophet. How can it possibly be otherwise? The prophetic office needs courage, insight, effort—it has oftener been rewarded with sorrow than with worldly honour—its crown, for the most part, like the Master's, a crown of thorns. The priest's office needs absolutely nothing but human nature, and can be content with very corrupt human nature too. It needs explain nothing; it can dispense with all wisdom and insight. And when its only corrective is *itself*, the hope of amendment is obviously at its minimum. Moreover principles which, at the best, can only be applied to bare ceremonies, become applied to teaching and exposition. The priest tells us to do something, without any reason why; and the priest-prophet tells us that it is right, and wise, and reasonable, and necessary to do something—*because it is*.

Now dumb prophets will always be sorely tempted to become prophet-priests. A genuine prophet has God's mark upon him. "Is not the Lord's word like a fire, and like a hammer that breaketh the rock in pieces?" A mere priest may have man's mark upon him—a shaven crown, for instance, or a long coat—but he might as well be appointed by lot, or by tossing a penny, as by the hands of a bishop. The majority of the English clergy

are most unmistakeably *not* prophets; they cannot teach; therefore they become prophet-priests. That is what I mean by saying that some of them take to "ritualism," because the only superiority they can pretend to possess is a *merely official* superiority. They are esteemed in their high place only as clergymen, not as men; they have no *personal* superiority.*

And yet it must be acknowledged that the Book of Common Prayer itself is most imperfectly reformed. There are some grand phrases in the Prayer Book that might easily enough lead a young man, newly ordained, to imagine himself invested with superhuman powers. Scarcely anything can be more misleading than the "Form and Manner of Ordering of Priests." When the bishop says, "Receive the Holy Ghost for the office and work of a priest in the Church of God now committed unto thee by the imposition of our hands. Whose sins thou dost forgive, they are forgiven; and whose sins thou dost retain, they are retained"—it is not unnatural that the newly-ordained priest should imagine himself the recipient of mystic powers which raise him far above the level of ordinary Christians. He will find this view of what has been done to him strengthened by the fact, that he will now be permitted to perform those solemn services which had been forbidden him even as a deacon. He will be permitted to consecrate the bread and wine for the Holy Communion, and to pronounce the absolution of the penitent. And perhaps the reverence with which

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* If anybody doubts the fact of the inefficiency as teachers, preachers, prophets, of the Anglican clergy, let him read the reports of Church Congresses, etc., or such books as Mr. Gee's *Our Sermons*, or *the advertisements of MS. sermons for sale.*

a newly-ordained minister will regard his own priesthood may often be considered as a sign of that devout earnestness which, for the work of the ministry, can surely never be in excess.

Indeed, no one will deny that public service, especially in small country churches, was often performed with the most disreputable slovenliness; and that the revival of Ritualism has done very much to lessen, if not to remove, this scandal. It must, however, not be forgotten that this is not the direct, but only an indirect effect of recent innovations. "While," says the Bishop of St. David's,* "I would readily admit that which is often urged in defence of the Ritualistic movement, that in many of our churches there is large room for improvement in the prevailing practice of our public worship, I cannot find in this fact anything to justify, or indeed to account for, the recent innovations. In the first place, the resources of the Prayer Book were very far from exhausted. Experience, as far as it went, tended to show that a closer observance of its directions, and a fuller use of the means it places at our disposal, without the smallest excess over that which is perfectly legitimate and unquestionably authorized, would commonly suffice to relieve our services from that monotony which has been the subject of complaint . . . . As to ourselves . . . . choral associations have been lately formed in three of our archdeaconries, whose example will no doubt ere long be followed by the fourth. We have thus ground to hope that the voice of melody will be more frequently heard in our churches to inspirit the strains of praise and thanksgiving, and that the 'psalms

* Charge, at his ninth visitation, October, 1866, page 86.

and hymns and spiritual songs,' which were meant to be the expression of pious feelings, will not always be made to serve merely as additional lessons."

Thus far then in the mere improvement of the mode of conducting public service, the reforming clergy might have been content to learn a lesson even from the Nonconformists. What was needed to make the public worship in a parish church reverent and inspiriting, was godly earnestness and common sense. If the zeal of Primitive Methodists was sometimes wanting in discretion, if their earnestness was often noisy and disorderly, the Prayer Book itself was certain to counteract the extravagances of holy fervour. But even the most riotous sincerity of earnest Christian men is perhaps more like genuine worship than the outward posture and most probably the inward frame "of persons listening, respectfully or otherwise, to some devotional utterances which pass between the minister and the clerk."*

But the unmistakeable object of recent innovations was to restore not a more *profitable*, but a more *catholic* usage. The ordinary services in what are called the "high" churches are, to many people, even as a matter of taste, exceedingly unpleasant. The Gregorian chants are, to most ears, insufferably dreary; and the miserable sing-song in which the priests intone the prayers is, to most ordinary worshippers, quite apart from doctrinal considerations, excessively disagreeable. Probably no human being in his senses *sings* his prayers at his own bedside; and apart from some acoustic necessity the singing of prayers in the church seems on the face of it

* Bishop of St. David's *Charge*, p. 85.

ridiculous. But the object of the Ritualists seems to be to separate everything sacerdotal from common life; and to return almost to that superstition in which words are not to be used as conveying a meaning, but muttered, half articulately, as magic incantations.

The Ritualist movement is, again, so obviously a reaction against "scepticism" that even the "evangelical" clergy, though unquestionably Protestant, are sorely perplexed how to deal with that large body who, whatever else they may be, are uncompromising opponents of every form of "rationalism." It is this feeling that keeps men like the Bishop of Gloucester oscillating with hopeless indecision between opposing dangers; forgetting, meanwhile, that in the present state of the Church indecision may be even worse than error—can indeed scarcely fail to be error *on both sides*.

It is becoming more and more obvious that we are drawing near to that issue which, to most thoughtful persons, has long seemed the only issue—Is our religion to be founded on, or at any rate to be arrived at, by reason or by authority? For a long time Churchmen have been halting between two opinions; and the result was the sort of nescience which Dr. Newman has visited with withering scorn. Even while still in the Anglican Church, hating "liberalism" as he hated the very devil, he reserved his loathing and contempt for the mass of empty verbiage or suicidal contradictions which, for the majority of the members of the Established Church, took the place of orthodoxy. "In the present day, I said,* mistiness is the mother of wisdom. A man who can set down half a dozen general propositions, which escape

* *Apologia*, pp. 193, 194.

from destroying one another only by being diluted into truisms; who can hold the balance between opposites so skilfully as to do without fulcrum or beam; who never enunciates a truth without guarding himself against being supposed to exclude the contradictory; who holds that Scripture is the only authority, yet that the Church is to be deferred to; that faith only justifies, yet that it does not justify without works; that grace does not depend on the sacraments, yet is not given without them; that bishops are a divine ordinance, yet those who have them not are in the same religious condition as those who have;—this is your safe man, and the hope of the Church;—this is what the Church is said to want, not party men, but sensible, temperate, sober, well-judging persons, to guide it through the channel of no-meaning, between the Scylla and Charybdis of Aye and No.

"This state of things, however, I said could not last, if men were to read and think. They will not keep standing in that very attitude which you call sound Church of Englandism or orthodox Protestantism. They cannot go on for ever standing on one leg, or sitting without a chair, or walking with their feet tied, or grazing like Tityrus's stags in the air. They will take one view or another, but it will be a consistent view. It may be Liberalism, or Erastianism, or Popery, or Catholicity; but it will be real."

So again,* "As to Liberalism, we think the formularies of the Church will ever, with the aid of a good Providence, keep it from making any serious inroads upon the clergy. Besides, it is too cold a principle to

* *Apologia*, p. 192.

prevail with the multitude. But as regarded what was called Evangelical Religion or Puritanism, there was more to cause alarm. I observed upon its organization; but, on the other hand, it had no intellectual basis, no internal idea, no principle of unity, no theology. 'Its adherents,' I said, 'are already separating from each other; they will melt away like a snow-drift. It has no straightforward view on any one point on which it professes to teach; and to hide its poverty it has dressed itself out in a maze of words. We have no dread of it at all; we only fear what it may lead to. It does not stand on intrenched ground, or make any pretence to a position; it does but occupy the space between contending powers—Catholic Truth and Rationalism. Then, indeed, will be the stern encounter, when two real and living principles, simple, entire, and consistent—one in the Church, the other out of it—at length rush upon each other, contending not for names and words, or half-views, but for elementary notions and distinctive moral characters.'"

The Ritualist party in the English Church have not yet come to see, what Dr. Newman discovered long ago, that their position is almost as inconsistent, and therefore as unsafe, as that of the Evangelicals themselves. Indeed the Evangelicals have a very considerable advantage over the Ritualists in this circumstance, that their inconsistencies are not fatal to evangelical doctrine, whereas even the very slightest inconsistency is instantly and completely fatal to the Anglo-Catholic system. No doubt the Evangelicals have a theory—though none of them can tell us what it is—of inspiration; and, at any rate, derive, or believe that they derive, every article of their faith from Holy Scripture. But so long as they

can keep their doctrines, they are perfectly willing, for strategical purposes, to reserve or hold in abeyance the consideration of the authority upon which they are founded. Besides which, they may be very formidable opponents, even if they have no principles whatever of any sort. A man may surely pull down a wall without being an architect, or even so much as a common bricklayer. And when any party in the Church, or any party out of the Church, ask the Ritualists for the authority of their new book of Leviticus, they have no answer whatever to give. The liturgy of the so-called Irvingites is in many respects far nearer to the ancient English use, and to the Prayer Book of 1549, than the Book of Common Prayer itself; it has in its Eucharistic office a distinct commemoration of the Virgin and saints and all the faithful departed, a very conspicuous doctrine of real presence, and a prayer invoking the descent of the Holy Ghost upon the bread and wine, in order that they may become the body and blood of Jesus Christ. Moreover, these so-called Irvingites are as careful as the Anglo-Catholics themselves about symbolical colours and vestments and the observance of the canonical hours. But none of these Anglican priests would admit for a moment that the "Irvingites" have *authority* for their usages. The Ritualists refer, indeed, to canons and rubrics of the *un*reformed Church; but who gives them the power to take what they like, and leave what they do not like? In plain English, however much, or however little, the Church of England differs from the Church of Rome, the *whole* of the *difference* is based upon Rationalism.

Nevertheless, the Ritualists do not see this, and are therefore protesting for the principle of authority; and

the Evangelicals do not see it, and are themselves still hostile to Rationalism. The crisis has not quite come yet, but it is getting near. The battle between authority and reason must be fought out; and those who try, during that conflict, to walk along the *via media*, will be cut to pieces by the shot of *both* the opposing hosts. But it is a mean return that the Anglo-Catholics make to the Evangelicals. If it had not been for *them* the Tractarians would long ago have been destroyed.

The great cause of the Ritualist innovations is the change in *the doctrines* of the clergy of the Established Church. These doctrines, of which rites and ceremonies are merely the expressions and symbols, may or may not have been in the Prayer Book and Homilies for three hundred years; but they certainly were not in the sermons or beliefs of English Establishment clergymen before the late revival. The dogma of apostolical succession, of the dignity of the priesthood, and of the real presence of the body and blood of Christ in the Holy Communion, had become so completely unrealized, that when they were restored they were regarded as sheer novelties. All these dogmas, jointly and severally, are involved in the Ritualist revival. I will consider first and chiefly the last—the dogma of the real presence.

Any doctrine whatever of the real presence of Christ *in the consecrated bread and wine* confounds a person with a thing, spirit with not-spirit. The attributes of a living spirit and of baked flour are mutually exclusive, and no mummeries or incantations can combine them. The chemical character and nutritive properties, the weight, the smell, the colour of baked flour, may indeed be referred to the supreme Will—and so may everything else. But even as an expression of the divine will a bit

of bread can reveal God only within the limits of its own expressiveness. If the whole divinity, the complete God, is in a bit of bread, then it could scarcely be doubted that the complete God is infinitely inferior to the meanest living man. At the time of the Reformation it is not wonderful that the only true and rational doctrine of the Eucharist was rejected; because that Reformation was only the beginning of the end, and was determined as much by expediency as by principle, by the wrath of men as by the righteousness of God. But the Anglican doctrine of the Sacraments has every evil of the Tridentine doctrine, and none of its consistency.

Not, indeed, that *much* of what is to be found in the Anglican formularies can be compelled to give evidence in favour of the Ritualists by any process short of torture. At the back of the title-page of the *Directorium Anglicanum* we read: "Let this sacrament be in such wise done and ministered . . . as the good fathers in the primitive Church frequented it." (*Homil.*, b. ii.) Now this advice is by no means unsound, because the primitive Church is very far from being the mediæval Church. There is a kind of critical simplicity about the Ritualists that can scarcely be distinguished from guile. They are, or affect to be, ignorant of the fact that ecclesiastical literature swarms with forgeries; and that there is no more reason to suppose that any one of the apostles composed a liturgy than that Julius Cæsar composed Macaulay's *History of England*. When they talk about the "Liturgy of St. James," they are simply talking nonsense; and it is very difficult to believe that they are not perfectly aware that they are talking nonsense. But, at any rate, it is quite certain that they know perfectly well what is to be found in the *Homilies;* and to

put the extract that I have just quoted at the head of the *Directorium Anglicanum* is, to say the least, most culpably unfair. Even the omitted portion of the one sentence is fatal to the use which is made of the quotation. "But before all other things, this we must be sure of especially, that this supper be in such wise done and ministered *as our Lord and Saviour did and commanded to be done, as His holy apostles used it,* and the good fathers in the primitive Church frequented it." * There are many things doubtful in the world, and few things certain; but among those few things, unquestionably this is one—that the supper that Jesus Christ and the apostles frequented was in no such wise done and ministered as the *Directorium Anglicanum* requires. But the unfairness and irrelevance of the garbled quotation to which I am referring is still more apparent when we consider the rest of what this homily contains. "Our loving Saviour hath ordained and established the remembrance of His great mercy expressed in His passion in the institution of His heavenly supper, where every one of us must be guests, and *not gazers;* eaters, and *not lookers; feeding ourselves,* and not hiring others to feed for us; that we may live by our own meat, and not perish for hunger, while others devour all." † "Neither can he be devout that otherwise doth presume than it was given by the author. We must, then, take heed, lest of the memory *it be made a sacrifice;* lest of a communion it be made a *private eating;* lest of two parts we have but one; lest, *applying it for the dead,* we lose the fruit that be alive." ‡ "Ought not we, then, by the monition of the

* *Homilies,* (Oxford, 1840), p. 396. † Ibid., p. 396.
‡ Ibid., p. 396.

wise man, by the wisdom of God, by the fearful example of the Corinthians, to take advised heed that we thrust not ourselves to this table with rude and unreverent ignorance, *the smart whereof Christ's church hath rued and lamented these many days and years?* For what hath been the cause of the ruin of God's religion but the ignorance hereof? What hath been the cause of this *gross idolatry* but the ignorance hereof? What hath been the cause of this *mummish massing* but the ignorance hereof? Yea, what hath been, and what is at this day, the cause of this want of love and charity but the ignorance hereof? Let us, therefore, so travail to understand the Lord's Supper that we be no cause of the decay of God's worship, *of no idolatry, of no dumb massing,* of no hate and malice; so that we may the boldlier have access thither to our comfort." * "Now it followeth to have with this knowledge a sure and constant faith, not only that the death of Christ is available for the redemption of all the world, for the remission of sins, and reconciliation with God the Father; but also that He hath made upon His cross a full and sufficient sacrifice for thee, a perfect cleansing of thy sins, so that thou acknowledgest no other Saviour, Redeemer, Mediator, Advocate, Intercessor, but Christ only; and that thou mayest say with the apostle, that *He loved thee, and gave Himself for thee.* For this is to stick fast to Christ's promise made in His institution, to make Christ thine own, and to apply His merits unto thyself. *Herein thou needest no other man's help,* no other sacrifice or oblation, *no sacrificing priest, no mass,* no means established by man's invention." † "And

* *Homilies,* pp. 397, 398. † Ibid., p. 399.

truly as the bodily meat cannot feed the outward man, unless it be let into a stomach and digested which is healthful and sound, no more can the inward man be fed, except his meat be received into his soul and heart, sound and whole in faith. Therefore, said Cyprian, when we do these things, we need not to whet our teeth, but with sincere faith we break and divide that whole bread. It is well known that the meat we seek for in this supper is spiritual food, the nourishment of our soul, a heavenly refection, and not earthly; an invisible meat, and not bodily; a ghostly substance, and not carnal; so that to think that without faith we may enjoy the eating and drinking thereof, or that that is the fruition of it, is but to dream of gross carnal feeding, basely subjecting and binding ourselves to the elements and creatures. Whereas, by the advice of the Council of Nice, we ought to lift up our minds by faith, and leaving these inferior and earthly things, there seek it where the Sun of righteousness ever shineth. Take, then, this lesson, O thou that art desirous of this table, of Emissenus, a godly father, that when thou goest up to the reverend communion to be satisfied with spiritual meats, thou look up with faith upon the holy body and blood of thy God, thou marvel with reverence, thou touch it *with the mind*, thou receive it with the *hand of thy heart*, and thou take it fully *with thy inward man*." *

This, positively this, is the homily which, by implication, we are required to regard as justifying the *Directorium Anglicanum*. There has scarcely ever been written a more utterly loathsome book; and it would be a comfort if every one of the foundations upon which it

* *Homilies*, pp. 399, 400.

rests were as completely rotten as this appeal to the *Homilies*. But, unfortunately, though there can be no doubt whatever about the general intention of the Reformers, yet many terms, especially technical terms, were allowed to remain in the Anglican formularies, through which almost every Popish superstition might easily make its way. Nay, even the Reformers themselves were by no means completely set free from the bondage of old formularies. They had a firm grasp of the genuine substance; but they still called it, with more or less inconsistency, by names that were wholly unsuitable. They had come to understand what the Lord's Supper really was, but they were still vainly endeavouring to express the newly-discovered truth by the words which had long been appropriated to the mysteries of the mass. When Jesus Christ took bread and brake it—when, in fact, he instituted the Lord's Supper—it was at a social meal. The apostles who were present were dressed like ordinary Jews. Jesus Christ was to them a genuine friend, a true prophet of God; nay, indeed, such a revealer of the Father, that it seemed to them almost as if they had never known God before. In His miracles He had shown them not simply the power of God—which they had never doubted, and which had stifled them like a nightmare—but the *gentleness* of the power of the Almighty, its orderliness and its perfect love. In His parables He had made them understand how everything about them was a portion of the divine order; how the common facts of life and the processes of nature were revelations of the kingdom of heaven; how even Solomon himself, with all his glory, was not arrayed like one of the lilies of the field. "Heaven was about them;" they felt that they were

living in heaven, that everything was full of God, that He was looking out upon His human children through every form of beauty, and teaching them in all sweet sounds to join in the great chorus with which all His works were praising Him. For many months the disciples had been spiritually living upon Christ. They knew perfectly well that their life would have been dwarfed and poor without Him; it was not their bodies that Christ had fed; on the contrary, *they* had fed *His* body. But, on the other hand, it was not the bodily life that was the highest. Who knows what these apostles were physically? Or, in defiance of all tradition, imagination might picture them with all kinds of physical defects. One or other of them might have been blind, or dumb, or deaf, or lame, with all manner of "thorns in the flesh;" nevertheless, Jesus Christ had been to one and all of them, saving Judas Iscariot, "the bread of life." So now at this Last Supper they could not be surprised when Jesus Christ uttered the words, "This is my body, this cup is the new covenant in my blood." Could they possibly dream that He meant they were to eat *Him?* That with their actual teeth they were to chew and grind His flesh, having carefully abstained even from first washing their teeth, lest pure water should have entered into their stomachs before the Incarnate God? Is it possible that they could so far have forgotten what Christ Himself had said about that which goeth into the mouth? They were met together to commemorate a great deliverance—the deliverance of the children of Israel out of the house of bondage. They were not members of the same family, not kinsmen according to the flesh; but they were brought together by a common spiritual purpose, and the reason why *they* were brought

together was simply this, that they had been bound together by Christ.

If the words of the Saviour may be paraphrased into the elaborate rubrics of the *Directorium Anglicanum*, it may surely not be irreverent for *any one* to try to expand the meaning which those few words imply. "Whenever you meet together to eat bread, remember Him who used to bless it for you; who made you understand that it was a gift of your Heavenly Father's love, a symbol and a promise of the better bread which nourishes the soul. You know what the life eternal is. 'This is life eternal, to know the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom God has sent.' That which feeds your spirit, which keeps alive and strengthens in you this eternal life, is myself. I am that true bread which comes down from heaven, and you would never have known how near God is to you, and how much He cares about you, if I had not come down to the world to live with you. It is through becoming like you, by means of that very body which can become hungry and thirsty and tired, and tortured with pain, that I helped you to know what God really is, and so nourished in you the eternal life. And you will know Him better still, and the life of your spirits will be stronger than ever, when I have poured out even my blood that you and all men may be set free from the bondage of sin. Whenever, then, you meet together, as you are met together now, thank God for the bread which strengtheneth man's heart, and the wine that makes his heart glad; and remember that you have no need to be afraid even of them that kill the body, and after that have no more they can do. If you can get no food to eat, you must not forget 'that man doth not live by bread only, but by every word that proceedeth out of

the mouth of God.' I am the Word of God, and I have come down to you, and taken this body and this blood, in order that you may be nourished by God's Word. It is much better for you that I should go away, or else, perhaps, you might begin to think that the flesh and blood I have taken, for the sake of being better able to teach you what God is, were themselves God. You might begin to think that when you could not see me, or speak to me, or hear me speak to you, you were quite out of God's sight, and could have no fellowship with Him. Therefore I shall go away from you; and when I am gone you will know me much better than you do now; you will have that very same spirit given to you which has enabled me always to trust in my Father, and always to do His will. When that spirit comes upon you, you will know that 'the Father is in me, and I in him, and you all one in us.' But you must never forget that I really did come to you, and live with you; that I used to eat bread and drink wine with you; that I had a real body and blood, such as yours. You must, therefore, keep your bodies holy and pure; and you must remember that what I made you understand about God by coming and living with you will be always true for you, and for all men. Meet together, therefore, as we are met together now, and break bread, and say, 'This is the body of Christ.' Drink wine, and say, 'This is the new covenant in Christ's blood.' When you say these words you will remember me, and you will remember your Father in heaven, and you will remember what sort of covenant of grace and mercy it is that God has made with you and with all men."

Something like this I believe to have been the meaning of Christ's words at the Last Supper; and it must

not be forgotten that the narrative of the evangelists, taken alone, contains only the slightest hint that the service was ever to be repeated. St. Matthew and St. Mark say nothing at all that would imply such a repetition. St. Luke says only concerning the breaking of bread, "This do in remembrance of me." A very steadfast and probable tradition, however, identifies the author of the third Gospel with the friend and companion of St. Paul; and in that case, St. Luke's account of the Last Supper may have been modified by the teaching of the apostle himself. The fullest account that we have of what Christ did, "the same night in which he was betrayed," is to be found in the Epistle to the Corinthians (1 Cor. xi. 23—26). "For I have received of the Lord that which also I delivered unto you, that the Lord Jesus, the same night in which he was betrayed, took bread. And when he had given thanks, he brake it, and said, Take, eat, this is my body which is broken for you; this do in remembrance of me. After the same manner also he took the cup, when he had supped, saying, This cup is the new testament in my blood: this do ye, as oft as ye drink it, in remembrance of me. For as often as ye eat this bread, and drink this cup, ye do show the Lord's death till he come."

It is by no means easy to explain the words, "*I have received of the Lord;*" though nothing is easier than to suggest a number of pure hypotheses, any one of which would, *if true*, furnish a sufficient explanation. Bengel, for instance, cuts the knot of the difficulty by the single word "*immediate.*" So Olshausen affirms, without so much even as attempting to prove, that "Exegetically the *ἀπὸ τοῦ Κυρίου* cannot be otherwise received than with the antithesis *οὐκ ἀπ' ἀνθρώπων*, as expressly

stated by Paul in Gal. i. 12. Accordingly we have here an authentic declaration of the risen Saviour Himself concerning His sacrament." There can be no doubt whatever that St. Paul claims to have received the Gospel, not of man, but by the revelation of Jesus Christ. But there is not the least reason to suppose that Jesus Christ could reveal truth only by Himself appearing in a bodily form; in that case, indeed, it is difficult to perceive how the resurrection and ascension of the Saviour can be otherwise regarded than as a most serious loss. In fact, this was the very mistake into which St. Paul's enemies were continually falling; they disputed his apostleship for that very reason that he had not known Christ after the flesh. Dean Alford simply asserts, dogmatically, "Received from the Lord by special revelation,"—with reference to Gal. i. 12. Dean Stanley, on the other hand, who is much more unfettered in his treatment of the Pauline epistles, says, "The use of the words *παρέλαβον* and *παρέδωκα*, as in xv. 3, is against his derivation of the fact from immediate revelation. But the introduction of the phrase 'from the Lord' may perhaps mean that he had confirmed to him by revelation what he already knew as a fact." But whatever the meaning of this disputed phrase may be, St. Paul's account of the institution of the Lord's Supper, where it differs from the narrative of the evangelists, renders that narrative more simple and intelligible. The words, *This is my body*, if taken alone, might possibly be tortured into the expression of a profound mystery, partly theological, partly philosophical, and chiefly carnal. But the words, *Do this in remembrance of me*, show us exactly what the mystery is; and it may safely be affirmed that if the apostles had

known that Jesus Christ meant anything like what the mediæval doctors supposed Him to mean, the disorders of the Corinthian Church would have been impossible. But anybody who can get the mass out of the first Epistle to the Corinthians is past argument.

I believe, then, that in the *bread and wine* employed in the Eucharist there is actually no presence of Jesus Christ whatever of any sort. After consecration the elements remain exactly what they were before consecration. The whole and the only effect of the consecration is upon the minds of men, and not upon the matter of the sacrament, much less upon Almighty God. If this be not accepted as the true state of the case, it matters next to nothing what theory of the real presence in the bread and wine may be adopted. It is the great defect of the Book of Common Prayer and of the other formularies of the Established Church that, while distinctly excluding the dogma of transubstantiation, they have left room for, and have actually encouraged, a great number of theories, not one of which is a bit more reasonable or a bit less superstitious than transubstantiation itself. When the author of the *Christian Year* publishes a treatise upon *Eucharistical Adoration*, and when the members of the Church of England are taught that when they swallow the consecrated wafer they take not only the flesh and blood of Jesus, but the whole Godhead *into their bodies*, does anybody in his senses care one jot or tittle by what particular theory these monstrous absurdities may be justified?

Transubstantiation itself belongs rather to philosophy than to theology. It involves a certain belief about substance and attributes which, whether true or false, can by no means be confined to the substance and

attributes of bread and wine. Modern philosophy, the philosophy that derives all its information from the senses, refuses to acknowledge the existence of substance at all. Bread, this philosophy teaches us, is but the name we give to a number of co-existing sensations in ourselves. But, supposing there be some actual substance which differs from other substances, and which is manifested to us by those differences, if we recognize its presence by a certain chemical composition, colour, scent, taste, density, then, in the absence of all these marks and characteristics, the substance itself would cease to attract our attention, or would become identified with some other substance. In like manner, the presence of a totally different set of marks and characteristics would indicate to us the presence of an altogether different substance. In other words, we recognize the presence of a substance simply by its attributes, and no otherwise. The attributes of bread, and the attributes of flesh and blood, are perfectly well known; and these attributes are not only different from each other, but they are mutually exclusive of each other. Of course this would be acknowledged even by the Roman divines themselves; but, in order to explain the real presence of the body and blood of Christ in the consecrated bread and wine of the Eucharist, they not only distinguish, but they attempt even to separate, the substance from its accidents. It is, of course, conceivable that two towers might have been built upon separate foundations. One tower, for instance, might be at Dover, and the other at Calais. It is just conceivable that the towers themselves, remaining exactly as they were, their foundations should be exchanged, so that the Dover tower might have the Calais foundation, and the Calais tower the

Dover foundation. Somewhat in the same way the Roman divines imagined that they could deal with the accidents of the Eucharistic bread and wine and the body and blood of Christ. It was perfectly obvious that, in respect to the accidents, the body and blood of Christ did not come into the sacrament of the Lord's Supper. If not only the substance but the accidents of Christ's body had been produced by the words of consecration, there would have appeared upon the altar—nay, upon every altar in Christendom—nay, more, even in the mouth of every communicant—a grown-up living man, between five and six feet high, with hair and eyes and teeth, and literal flesh and bones, such as all grown-up men have. As such a miracle as this was unquestionably never wrought by any words of consecration, the Catholic divines tell us the miracle is wrought, not upon the accidents, but upon the substance of the bread and wine. The accidents of bread and wine are certainly still discernible by the senses ; while on the contrary, the accidents of the body and blood of Christ certainly are not. But in fact, we are assured, there is on the altar after consecration a living, adult man, and the infinite God Himself, with the weight, the chemical composition, the scent, the colour, and the density of a little round piece of bread.

If this explanation satisfies anybody, well and good ; and if it had been thought profane that the change of substance should have been made immediately, and by a single leap, it would have been quite possible to assume that there were millions of intermediate transubstantiations. Why not, for instance, affirm (because nobody could disprove it) that at the moment of uttering the words, "*This is my body*," the substance of Christ stands first of all under the accidents of an angel, then

under those of a man, then, one after another, under those of the nobler of the animals, and then, at last, under the bread? Or why not affirm that, while there are the accidents only of bread and wine, there are the substances both of bread and of Christ? The absurdity of all these explanations is that they are mere moonshine; and that, while human language continues to exist, substance and accidents may and must be distinguished, but never can be separated. On the other hand, it is not simply the explanation offered by the Roman Church that is foolish and offensive; the evil lies in the thing to be explained. If in any way whatever the man Christ Jesus is so present in the bread and wine of the Eucharist, that whoever or whatever eats the one eats also the other, then the mode of explaining this astounding fact is a matter of the most trifling importance. Indeed, not only is the Communion Office of the Church of England independent of the doctrine of transubstantiation, but so also is the Canon of the Mass. The Canon of the Mass had been used many generations before the dogma of transubstantiation was defined; and even now nothing short of a miracle of exegesis can make the two consistent. "Offerimus præclaræ Majestati tuæ de tuis donis ac datis, hostiam puram, hostiam sanctam, hostiam immaculatam, Panem sanctum vitæ æternæ, et Calicem salutis perpetuæ. Supra quæ propitio ac sereno vultu respicere digneris; et accepta habere, sicuti accepta habere dignatus es munera pueri tui justi Abel, et sacrificium patriarchæ nostri Abrahæ, et quod tibi obtulit summus sacerdos tuus Melchisedech, sanctum sacrificium immaculatam hostiam."

It is difficult to perceive how these words, uttered after the consecration, could be honestly used by those

who believe that the sacrifice offered in the Eucharist is the very body and blood of Jesus Christ Himself. Why, indeed, compare the Son of God Himself to the offering of Abel, or of Abraham, or of Melchizedek, when it has been the constant teaching of the Catholic Church that those sacrifices had been themselves accepted only for the sake of this?

Unhappily, however, all that the Anglican divines can be persuaded to say is, that that explanation of the real presence which is called transubstantiation, is not the true explanation, but that on the other hand the thing which transubstantiation is intended to explain is itself a fact; that the body and blood of Christ are really present in the bread and wine of the Eucharist as they are not present anywhere else, and as they were not present there before the words of consecration. Ridley, for instance, in his last examination, examined by the Bishop of Lincoln, answers: "My Lord,* . . . . both you and I agree herein, that in the sacrament is the very true and natural body and blood of Christ, even that which was born of the Virgin Mary, which ascended into heaven, which sitteth on the right hand of God the Father, which shall come from thence to judge the quick and the dead; only we differ *in modo*, in the way and manner of being; we confess all one thing to be in the sacrament, and dissent in the manner of being there. I, being fully by God's Word thereunto persuaded, confess Christ's natural body to be in the sacrament indeed by spirit and grace, because that whosoever receiveth worthily that bread and wine, receiveth effectuously

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* "Works of Bishop Ridley" (Parker Society's Edition), pp. 273, 274.

Christ's body, and drinketh His blood (that is, he is made effectually partaker of His passion); and you make a grosser kind of being, enclosing a natural, a lively, and a moving body, under the shape and form of bread and wine. Now, this difference considered, to the question thus I answer:—that in the sacrament of the altar is the natural body and blood of Christ *vere et realiter*, indeed and really, for spiritually, by grace and efficacy; for so every worthy receiver receiveth the very true body of Christ. But if you mean really and indeed, so that thereby you would include a lively and a moveable body under the forms of bread and wine, then, in that sense, is not Christ's body in the sacrament really and indeed."

Again, the well-known words of Hooker affirm a doctrine about the real presence against which there is every objection, except such as are merely metaphysical, which could be urged against either the Roman or Lutheran hypothesis. "Let it therefore be sufficient for me, presenting myself at the Lord's table, to know what there I receive from Him, without searching or inquiring of the manner how Christ performeth His promise; let disputes and questions, enemies to piety, abatements of true devotion, and hitherto in this cause but over patiently heard, let them take their rest; let curious and sharp-witted men beat their heads about what questions themselves will, the very letter of the word of Christ giveth plain security that these mysteries do as nails fasten us to His very cross; that by them we draw out as touching efficacy, force and virtue, even the blood of His gored side; in the wounds of our Redeemer we there dip our tongues, we are dyed red both within and without, our hunger is satisfied and our thirst for

ever quenched; they are things wonderful which he feeleth, great which he seeth, and unheard of which he uttereth, whose soul is possessed of the Paschal Lamb, and made joyful in the strength of this new wine; this bread hath in it more than the substance which our eyes behold; this cup, hallowed with solemn benediction, availeth to the endless life and welfare both of soul and body, in that it serveth as well for a medicine to heal our infirmities and purge our sins as for a sacrifice of thanksgiving; with touching it sanctifieth, it enlighteneth with belief, it truly conformeth us unto the image of Jesus Christ; what these elements are in themselves it skilleth not, it is enough that to me which take them they are the body and blood of Christ, His promise in witness hereof sufficeth, His word He knoweth which way to accomplish; why should any cogitation possess the mind of a faithful communicant but this; O my God, Thou art true; O my soul, thou art happy?"*

All this sort of pious meditation would be exceedingly reverent if it were in the least degree necessary; but why torture one's mind with any sense of mystery at all? Nothing but the most explicit words could require anybody to believe that, by the mere words of consecration, any change whatever would be produced in the bread and wine; but in fact, Jesus Christ does not say a single syllable about consecration. According to St. Matthew and St. Mark, He does not say a single word about the repetition of the service. According to St. Luke and St. Paul, He says, "Do this in remembrance of me." What the thing they were to do really was is open to very much discussion. What is certainly plain is, that

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* "Ecclesiastical Polity," v., lxvii., 13.

they were to eat the bread and drink the wine. Considering what Christ had done in the Last Supper, they were to take bread, bless it, and break it, and give thanks. But what single word of Scripture is there to shut us up to the belief that what Christ intended was really to give this command:—"I hereby empower you to set apart men to be my priests, and I also give you authority to appoint men to be your own successors and to have the same power that you yourselves have; in order that there may be an apostolical succession of priests through all time. I command each one of these priests to consider himself my representative; to take bread, bless it, and break it, and say, exactly as if he were *myself*, 'This is my body;' and I promise that the bread shall then become my body, and whoever eats it shall eat me." There is nothing like this in the New Testament, and there is nothing in the conduct of the apostles to indicate that they believed it. And we might have expected clear references to this mystic and supernatural character of the supper more in the first age than in any other, because the dogma and the ceremony being quite new, and in many respects repulsive both to Jews and to Gentiles, would be in great danger of mistake or neglect.

But even if the actual body in which Jesus Christ appeared among us could be made present even then *it would be idolatry to worship it.* Surely Church history, and especially the history of the Sacraments, has proved the profound wisdom of Christ's words:—"IT IS EXPEDIENT FOR YOU THAT I GO AWAY."

But what I wish to direct special attention to is the fact that *any* doctrine of the real presence of Christ's body *in the consecrated bread*—as distinguished from

His presence through the whole Sacrament to the spirits of the communicants—is perfectly certain to produce every abomination and superstition which has grown out of or generated the dogma of transubstantiation. Already the author of *The Christian Year* ADORES the Eucharist; already there are in the Established Church litanies and a "Confraternity of the Blessed Sacrament;" already there are Cautels for mass—Anglican mass—which are as loathsome as they are absurd. Even the Bishop of St. David's acknowledges that the Ritualists have not transgressed the orthodox boundaries of the Reformed Church in the matter of transubstantiation; but it makes no difference whatever in practice. Transubstantiation is not necessary to superstition.

The *Directorium Anglicanum* is a choice specimen of what may be done and taught within the Reformed and Established Church. It has passed, in an expensive form, through large editions; and is regarded as a work of no mean authority. This, then, and such as this, may be believed, and taught and done, in any parish in England—*for a while*. Of course the Ritualists regard the Consecration Prayer as "the Canon," and proceed as follows:—

"THE CANON.—This is so called because it has been laid down as the rule or canon which is to be rigidly followed by the priest who offers the Holy Sacrifice. The Prayer of Consecration—containing the Commemoration of the Passion, the Invocation, and the Consecration Proper, *i.e.*, the Words of Institution.

"The celebrant does just what Christ did, as near as we can imitate His action. He takes, when he says, 'He took;' and presents to God the element; he breaks, when he says, 'He brake it,' and designs it to reception by laying his hand upon it, and in a manner imparts it when he says, Our Lord gave it, saying, 'Take, eat,' etc.; and he makes it the body of Christ by the words of consecration, 'HOC EST CORPUS MEUM.'"—p. 72.

"Some of the English clergy say the following before the Prayer of Consecration, in secret:—'Most merciful God, look graciously upon the gifts now lying before Thee, and send down Thy Holy Spirit upon this Sacrifice, that He may make this bread the body of Thy Christ, and this cup the blood of Thy Christ; and that all who are partakers thereof may obtain remission of their sins, be confirmed in godliness, and be filled with Thy Holy Spirit. *Amen.*' But the English (as the Roman) Church holds, that the words of Institution are sufficient for the consecration, as may be gathered from the rubric concerning the consecration of further bread and wine.

"Though it be true that God the Father effects the consecration of the elements by the operation of God the Holy Ghost, it is unnecessary to pray *expressly* for the Holy Ghost to consecrate the elements of bread and wine, because God knows perfectly all that is necessary for a valid consecration."—p. 74.

"The celebrant at the Consecration Prayer inclines humbly, *extensis manibus*. Before the recital of the Words of Institution the celebrant should remove the pall from the chalice. At the words 'body' and 'blood,' he should make a cross over the elements. At the words 'Who, in the same night,' he should rest his elbows on the altar, bowing down. The paten and also the chalice are held in the left hand; the sign of the cross being made with the right hand. After the words, 'This is my body, which is given for you,' the 'hostia' should be placed on the paten, and the celebrant with his assistants should reverently genuflect. Then, rising, the celebrant should at once elevate it with the first finger and thumb of both hands, for the worship of the faithful, while he is saying, 'Do this in remembrance of me.' After the words, 'This is my blood of the New Testament,' he should place the chalice on the centre of the corporal, and with his assistants genuflect again; after which he should in like manner elevate the chalice with both hands while he is saying, 'Do this as oft as ye shall drink of it in remembrance of me.' After the consecration, the celebrant will keep the fingers and thumbs of each hand joined until after the ablutions. The lay-assistants at the altar, and members of the choir, should be instructed to bow profoundly at the consecration and elevation.

"After the Consecration Prayer it is most desirable that no person passes before the blessed Sacrament, without genuflecting, bowing, or some token of reverence."—pp. 76, 77. (Third Edition).

"PRECES SECRETÆ may be said by the celebrant standing humbly before the midst of the altar. The following are strongly recommended. (*Ex Missali Sarum.*) They should be written out plainly, printed or illuminated:—

"DICENDÆ POST CONSECRATIONEM.

"Unde et memores, Domine, nos servi Tui, sed et plebs Tua sancta, ejusdem Christi filii Tui Domini Dei nostri tam beatæ Passionis, necnon et ab inferis Resurrectionis, sed et in cœlos gloriosæ Ascensionis, offerimus præclaræ Majestati Tuæ de Tuis donis ac datis, Hostiam pu + ram, Hostiam sanc + tam, Hostiam imma + culatam: Panem sanc + tum vitæ æternæ, et Cali + cem salutis perpetuæ.

"Supra quæ propitio ac sereno vultu respicere digneris; et accepta habere, sicuti accepta habere dignatus es munera pueri Tui justi Abel, et sacrificium Patriarchæ nostri Abrahæ: et quod Tibi obtulit summus sacerdos Tuus Melchisedech, sanctum sacrificium, immaculatam Hostiam. Supplices Te rogamus Omnipotens Deus; jube hæc perferri per manus sancti Angeli Tui in sublime altare Tuum, in conspectu Divinæ Majestatis Tuæ: ut quotquot ex hâc altaris participatione, sacrosanctum Filii Tui Cor + pus et San + guinem sumpserimus: omni bene + dictione cœlesti gratia repleamur. Per eundem Christum Dominum nostrum. *Amen.* Memento etiam, Domine animarum famulorum famularumque Tuarum (N. et N.) qui nos præcesserunt cum signo fidei, et dormiunt in somno pacis: ipsis Domine, et omnibus in Christo quiescentibus, locum refrigerii, lucis et pacis, ut indulgeas, deprecamur. Per eundem Christum Dominum nostrum. *Amen.*

"Nobis quoque peccatoribus famulis Tuis de multitudine miserationum Tuarum sperantibus, partem aliquam et societatem donare digneris cum Tuis sanctis Apostolis et Martyribus: cum Joanne, Stephano, Matthia, Barnaba, Ignatio, Alexandro, Marcellino, Petro, Felicitate, Perpetua, Agatha, Lucia, Agnete, Cæcilia, Anastatia, et cum omnibus Sanctis Tuis: intra quorum nos consortium non estimator meriti, sed veniæ, quæsumus, largitor admitte. Per Christum Dominum nostrum. Per quem hæc omnia Domine, semper bona creas, sancti + ficas, vivi + ficas, bene + dicis, et præstas nobis. Per ip + sum, et cum ip + so, et in ip + so est Tibi Deo Patri Omnipo + tenti, unitate Spiritus + Sancti omnis honor et gloria. Per omnia sæcula sæculorum. *Amen.*

"The above should be said with no pauses nor delays; immediately after the elevation: so that not too much time be taken up, nor the service too considerably lengthened."—pp. 78, 79.

"The communicants should be careful to kneel where they are instructed to kneel, and should hold the head and body erect. It is obviously impossible to communicate people who put their faces on the floor, or who kneel off and away from the kneeling cushions, without the greatest danger to the blessed Sacrament, and the most painful and singular inconvenience to the clergy."*

Such are the new Rubrics, the interpolated and secret prayers, which are meant to fit, and *do* fit, the Anglican dogma of the real presence. But lest we should possibly miss the grossly carnal character of this doctrine, we have the following "Cautels of the Mass:"—

"The seventh Cautel is, that before mass the priest do not wash his mouth or teeth, but only his lips from without with his mouth closed as he has need, lest perchance he should intermingle the taste of water with his saliva. After mass also he should beware of expectorations as much as possible, until he shall have eaten and drunken, lest by chance anything shall have remained between his teeth or in his *fauces*, which, by expectorating, he might eject."—p. 109.

"Also: if a fly or spider or any such thing should fall into the chalice before consecration, or even if the priest shall apprehend that poison hath been put in, the wine which is in the chalice ought to be poured out, and the chalice ought to be washed, and other wine with water put therein to be consecrated. But if any of these (contingencies) befall after the consecration, the fly or spider or such like thing should be warily taken, oftentimes diligently washed between the fingers, and should then be burnt, and the ablution, together with the burnt ashes, must be put in the piscina. But the poison ought by no means to be taken, but such blood with which poison has been mingled should be reserved in a comely vessel, together with the relics."—p. 113.

"If the Eucharist hath fallen to the ground, the place where it

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* *Directorium Anglicanum*, p. 81.

lay must be scraped, and fire kindled thereon, and the ashes reserved beside the altar."—p. 114.

"Also: if any one, by any accident of the throat, vomit up the Eucharist, the vomit ought to be burned, and the ashes ought to be reserved near the altar. And if it shall be a cleric, monk, presbyter, or deacon, he must do penance for forty days, a bishop seventy days, a laic thirty. But if he vomits from infirmity, he must do penance for five days. But who does not keep the Sacrament well, so that a mouse or other animal devour IT, he must do penance forty days."—p. 115.

It might indeed be objected that, even granting the real presence in the consecrated elements, it can scarcely be necessary for the priesthood to treat the body of Christ as if it were a little doll. But apart from the mere frivolousness of the ceremonials and Cautels of the Mass, what possible objection can, by any Anglican, be taken to them? If Jesus Christ, soul and body, flesh, blood, and divinity, is really and objectively present in a bit of bread, there is certainly every reason why the bit of bread should be taken care of. It is certain that in that case the Christ could be as completely eaten by a mouse as by a human being; and a fly might sip—and after all why not?—the blood that redeemed the world. If the wafer be Christ, then, like all other food, it is subject when eaten to the processes of digestion, assimilation, and excretion; and in spite of all the care the massing priest may take, innumerable Christs must have already found their way into the piscina—and who will tell us what becomes of them then?

I ought not perhaps, after all, to call this doctrine blasphemous. It is rather "a fond thing," and utterly unproveable. It only puts into a very gross form what multitudes of people believe about the omnipresence of

God. The blasphemy, the dishonour done to God's character, lies in the theory which alone could justify any doctrine whatever of the real presence; for any such doctrine implies not so much that the incarnation exalted humanity to God, but rather that it turned the Eternal Word Himself into a mere thing that could be eaten and digested. It implies that Almighty God, who gave men reason and intellect, and bodily senses, can find a sort of pleasure in tantalizing His own creatures, and rendering His own gifts worthless. Our senses are to lead us astray, our intellects are to be continually curbed, thwarted, and contradicted, and we are to suppose that the great merit of trusting God must arise out of the total absence of every reason for confiding in Him. It implies, moreover, a doctrine of sacrifice which, when applied even to the one offering of Christ upon the cross, is heathenish; and when applied to the perpetual sacrifices of the mass, reduces the whole doctrine of the atonement to an absurdity.

English people outside the ranks of the clergy have almost forgotten this real presence. Having been distinctly assured in their own Communion Office that by kneeling at the Lord's Supper "no adoration is intended, or ought to be done, either unto the sacramental bread or wine there bodily received, or unto any corporal presence of Christ's natural flesh and blood," they have gone on believing that Christ's body was in heaven, and that nothing but bread and wine was on God's board. Because in the absence of all outward forms of homage, men had almost been delivered from the mischievous superstition of worshipping what their own hands had made, therefore have the Ritualists restored the forms that they may bring back the idolatry. It is the doctrine

of the real presence far more than the ceremonial of the mass which at heart they care for. And persistence in the ceremonial for a single generation will do far more to bring back Popish superstitions than all the books of dry argument that were ever written.

Of course the restoration of the mass is inseparable from a certain theory of the nature and necessity of a priesthood, and of apostolical succession. That theory belongs not to the Roman Church only; it is a natural product of human frailty. The experiment of applying it to practice has indeed been tried with so appalling a completeness in the Roman Church, that it can no longer be doubtful what priestcraft is, and what priestcraft will do. But men so much prefer to be under authority, to serve God by deputy, and even in self-abasement to prostrate themselves in the deepest degradation, that they are continually condoning all the offences of priests, and persuading themselves that the gigantic tyranny by which not only individual souls but whole nations have been oppressed was the not inevitable abuse of necessary and beneficial powers. No mistake can be greater and more fatal. It is unquestionably the inevitable effect of powers that are not only unnecessary but malignant. A consistent priest cannot help being a tyrant, and in a generation or two priests become not only tyrants but demoralized; they become cruel, or crafty, or both. It should be then distinctly understood that the great lesson which Ritualism is teaching to English men and women, boys and girls, is the necessity of the priest. Only the priest can administer those sacraments which are essential means of grace, and pronounce that absolution which is the loosing of sin. Only priests can teach the Church authoritatively what

is the truth of God, and safely guide them in the way of life. What then can be the use of free discussion? We may argue till doomsday, and we can only arrive at one or other of two conclusions—either at the doctrine that the priest approves, or at the doctrine he does not approve. If the latter, we are wrong, and must give up our own opinions or be damned. If the former, argument was wholly useless. How can Churchmen, for instance, be hesitating about such a matter as the "Conscience Clause"? Can an uninspired layman have a mind of his own on such a matter as the proper education of the young? Is he to say to a divinely authorized instructor, Because the parents of these little children choose to live in heresy and schism, you must let them alone, and abstain from teaching them the saving doctrines of the Church? Nay, if this doctrine of the priesthood is once more to be dominant in England, mortal sins such as heresy and schism will no longer be tolerated. Not only will the souls of the little children be snatched as brands from the burning, but the bodies of their heretical and schismatical parents would be flung in. Are not kings and legislators, members of parliament and their constituents, alike bound to sit as humble disciples at the feet of those whom Jesus Christ has sent into the world to be His representatives? Is it not therefore plain that the civil law must always follow the ecclesiastical law, and the nation become the bond slave of the Church? The power to administer sacraments implies also the power of refusing to administer them; the power of absolving implies the power of retaining sins; the power to bless implies the power to excommunicate. It is perfectly certain which of these powers would be most exercised

if priests had their own way. The comparative harmlessness of the priest in this country, and even in this age, arises from the fact that there are some millions of educated men and women in Europe who regard his claims with supreme contempt, and would just as soon have a priest's curse as his blessing.

The relation of this movement to the law of England is still extremely uncertain. Judicial decisions by the supreme court are as yet few and unimportant, and the opinions of counsel, even the most eminent, are very conflicting. The Liturgy, Articles, and Homilies are so mutually inconsistent, that it is impossible to know how much of Ritualism is legal and how much is illegal. But this very fact is excessively demoralizing. First, because everybody knows that a decision might quite easily be obtained. The bishops are some of them in favour of the movement; and not one of them has the courage to bring the matter to an issue. It is simply absurd to pretend that the costliness of ecclesiastical procedure is a sufficient excuse for inaction. A single letter from the Bishop of London published in *The Times* newspaper would be certain to secure, before the end of a week, a fund which would be sufficient to obtain a judicial decision of every disputed point. But the fact is, a settlement is not wished, but dreaded. It could scarcely fail to split the Church in pieces, and probably to dis-establish religion altogether. The Bishop of Gloucester talks, with a piety that might with advantage be less oily, of the great blessing of unity, and the singular mercy of God, which, at the time of the Gorham controversy, preserved "Our Beloved Church" from schism. Can any man of ordinary discernment fail to perceive in what way the Church was preserved

from schism? It was preserved from schism by being robbed of dogma, and many people would eagerly add, by being robbed also of common honesty. Was any real wound in the Anglican Church healed, any doubt set at rest, any truth of God affirmed, any fatal error anathematized and cast out? Nothing of the sort. The Church of England simply said, "My beloved children, I don't know anything whatever about baptism. I don't know whether it regenerates a child or does not. I don't know whether it is necessary to salvation or not, and I wish to goodness you would not bother me about any such trifle. Just preach whatever you like on the subject. The rector can say that baptism is necessary to salvation in the morning, and the curate can say that it is not in the afternoon; it doesn't make a bit of difference, and you are very stupid children to be making a fuss in the family about any such trifle."

That is what the Bishop of Gloucester unctuously calls "God in His great mercy preserving the unity of the Church." In the judgment of almost all impartial observers, the Gorham compromise was neither more nor less than a foul blot upon the honour of the English Church. There was not a single sect in this country which failed to perceive its true character, and to regard it with undisguised contempt. The Church of England was established by law in order that its dogmas might be *fixed*, and that the conduct of public worship might be delivered from the caprices of individuals, and *subject to the control of a recognized authority*. It is a public scandal that, in a Church established by law, the law should be utterly uncertain, and that both dogma and ritual should be in such hopeless confusion that amid much that is uncertain one thing alone seems certain,—

that at least a full half of the clergy must be, whether they intend it or not, breaking the laws of their country, and abusing the souls of their people.

That this unfixedness of ecclesiastical law has, to a certain extent, been serviceable to freedom it is impossible to deny; but freedom could have been far better served in another way, and one which at the same time would have strengthened common honesty. The fact is that there never, at any single moment of time, was one valid reason why any particular form of Protestant dogma and worship should be established by law rather than another. From the time of Henry VIII.'s quarrel with the Pope to this present moment, the Church of England has been in a perpetual flux—never *being* but always *becoming*. Until the death of Henry it was in doctrine unreformed, and the change which it had undergone was almost exclusively political. Edward VI. and his advisers were far too Protestant for the people, and when Mary came to the throne the old creed and the old ritual were more than tolerated by the great bulk of the nation. In the reign of Elizabeth, what called itself the Church of England was opposed by a powerful Romanist faction on the one side, and by the discontent and stubborn energy of the Puritans on the other. During the Stuart period, not to mention its temporary destruction, there were all manner of conferences for the sake of effecting a compromise between opposing parties, and modifying both the creed and the ritual. There were two different, very different, Prayer Books set forth by authority in the reign of Edward VI., and another by Elizabeth, and again by Charles II.; and at this very moment there is not a single human being in the whole world who knows exactly what the

Anglican formularies mean. In those days there was a mad desire in everybody to settle everything. Lutherans, Zwinglians, Calvinists, Anglicans, Presbyterians, though but yesterday they had all broken loose from the mightiest and oldest Church in Christendom, were all so satisfied of their own complete soundness, that they wanted their own little set of dogmas and ceremonies to be set forth by authority and guaranteed till the day of judgment. Yet even they themselves were changing every hour, and their descendants have been changing ever since. There is surely nothing to despise in this restlessness of the human mind, this eager pursuit of what is higher, and truer and better. But what infatuation is it that leads men to imagine that, if it were only possible, it would be the highest virtue and the most far-reaching expediency to imprison the free spirit?

I must compress into a very brief space what I have yet to say in this essay about the Ritualists and Ritualism. There is scarcely anything dogmatic to distinguish them from Roman Catholics; and they also, like the Romanists, profess allegiance to authority, and affect to despise what they call liberty of conscience. But the Romanists can see quite plainly that though the Anglo-Catholics rest upon authority it is an authority of *their own determining*. They determine for themselves, according to their own private judgment, which popes and councils are infallible, and which canons and decrees are binding upon their consciences. They accept both dogma and ceremonial at some one particular point of their own choosing, and refuse to move on further along the course of ecclesiastical development. Therefore they are schismatical, infected with the fatal vice of private judgment; and even Dr. Pusey's

Eirenicon—is not its title written in the index of forbidden books ?

In relation to the Bible, they accept it as *an* authority, but not as *the* authority : as at first it needed for its own canonical authority, so it needs now for its true interpretation and right use, the authority of the Church.

In the state and in society Ritualism is the signal for revolution. It is surely impossible that the great mass of Englishmen should ever again believe the dogmas upon which priestcraft and Ritualism are based ; but their disbelief, and that *only*, will save us from the old tyrannies. Even now the influence of hateful dogmas is widely felt ; the old bitterness of religious controversy is becoming again intensified. Again, "Dissenters"—which, at any rate, means men who are honest enough to leave a church whose laws they do not know, and therefore *cannot* obey—are abused as heretics, as men infected with a contagious leprosy of soul-destroying error. Priests are again sowing discord in families, and trying to undo the charities which have thus far survived ecclesiastical intolerance. Even clergymen who are not Ritualist are unable, in some districts, to open schools or seek for pupils with any reasonable hope of success. Petty persecutions of all kinds are freely employed. The priests are taking possession of us, as if the Lord had delivered us into their hands for a prey. They demand our souls and bodies, our wives and children, our lives and liberties, "in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost."

It is quite impossible to over-estimate the importance of this crisis, or to search too earnestly for the cure of the mischief. Nothing can justify mere lawlessness, so long as a nation is fairly represented and makes its

own laws. The riots at St. George's-in-the-East probably helped what they were meant to destroy. But it would be a sight not without its moral grandeur, if some stern old prophet would burn men's bones upon these altars of abomination, trample under foot the conjured bread, and pour out the wine-blood like water. Let all *equal* rights be conceded even to those who are undermining the liberties of England, but not a single *privilege:* let it be remembered that they are the enemies of the commonwealth, and that our defences, whatever may be our foe, are only weakened by their alliance.

The one cure for Ritualism is *Rationalism*—by which I mean, not a set of results but *a method*. The priests must be made to *prove* their priesthood; and gorgeous ceremonial must justify itself, or depart elsewhither. Perfectly free inquiry will cut up all this mischief by the roots, and nothing short of perfect freedom. Rationalism may lead us to Rome or to Geneva; but, at any rate, let us know where we are going and why we choose that road. Faith does not mean "taking anything whatever for granted." A man may believe whatever he likes, if he will look only to one set of facts, and he may give to his ignorant prejudice the name of faith. At the end of all inquiry, all observation and introspection, there will still remain great divine mysteries, facts which are the substance of all phœnomena, truths which can be resolved into no simpler truths. But apart from these, we shall never get rid of pestilent superstitions and debasing lies until we reverse the dictum of St. Augustine, and give ourselves the trouble "to *know* in order that we may *believe*."

ROMANISM, ANGLICANISM,

AND

EVANGELICALISM LOGICALLY IDENTICAL.*

Few modern religious "movements" are more bewildering to a thoughtful observer than the manifestly earnest desire and effort to bring about a union between Roman, Greek, and Anglican "Churches." This endeavour has met with so overwhelming a ridicule on the one hand, and with so complete a demonstration of its hopelessness on the other hand, that we have almost lost sight of a further consideration, more important perhaps, and scarcely less obvious, than any other,—the fact that all this effort of speech and act is wholly superfluous. There is really nothing to unite, because there is no real and substantial difference. Each of these Churches is built upon the very same foundation, sets out from the very same hypotheses, and can never destroy either of the others without, in the very same act, committing suicide. Each of them is a bulwark to the rest; and the destruction of any one of the three could scarcely fail to be accompanied, or speedily followed, by the ruin of the other two. And the same is true of the system which calls itself "Evangelical;" even though it seems

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* From the "Fortnightly Review," June 15th, 1866.

now to exist almost solely for the sake of protesting against Romanism and Anglicanism. Perhaps the four great parties may not inaptly be compared to the Paul, the Apollos, the Cephas, and the Christ parties in the early Corinthian Church : and, like those early schisms, they all grow from the same root, and tend to the same results. This is, then, the proposition which it is the object of this essay to prove, omitting only the detailed and separate consideration of the Greek Church, as being in this country too little known to be cared for, and moreover sufficiently included in whatever may be proved of the Church of Rome.

This identity of principle and foundation, in spite of the highly coloured superficial differences of the three great rivals who claim the faith and obedience of English Christians, is not obscurely indicated by the relation which they all alike sustain to the spirit of free inquiry ; that spirit which, at the present moment, is actually working out a reformation far deeper, and likely to spread far wider, and last far longer, than that which was accomplished in England under the Tudors. For the reformation of the nineteenth century is real and not merely formal, in principles not merely in details, in the very root and foundation of religious doctrine and ecclesiastical polity. It is a protest, not against any particular sentence, but against the jurisdiction of the court ; not against some special law, but against the legislature itself ; not against individual dogmas, but against the principle of any external authority by which dogma may be defined and enforced. It has done, or is doing, that for the intellect which Luther did for the conscience and the affections. The one vindicated for all men the right to approach the All-righteous even without the priest, and left for the

minister of Christ no higher office than "to *declare and pronounce* to God's people the absolution and remission of their sins." The other is vindicating for all men the right to come face to face with truth without the creeds; and leaves for the creeds no greater worth than to be the records of earnest inquiry and strong conviction, the landmarks of old beliefs. Thus the earlier Reformation is absorbed by the later. For the right of free search for truth, and of open discussion, must include the right to examine and test the value, not only of creeds, but *à fortiori*, of priesthoods and rituals. And each of the three great English religious parties is keenly sensitive to the fact that the new reformation is fatal alike to Romanism, Anglicanism, and Evangelicalism. Therefore do Herod and Pontius Pilate for the occasion become friends, in order that they may defend their common fundamental principles. For in sight of the spirit of free inquiry and bold unfettered utterance, all the superficial differences which separate Dr. McNeile from Dr. Pusey, and both from Dr. Manning, are, notwithstanding their gay and flaunting colours, mere geometrical surfaces, having length and breadth *but no thickness*.

The superficial differences which distinguish Evangelicalism from Romanism are, of course, far more obtrusive than those by which Romanism is distinguished from Anglicanism. Indeed, it has been the constant cry of the Evangelicals, both within and without the Establishment, that there really does exist between Anglicanism and Romanism that very identity which it is the object of this paper to prove. This assertion, though in itself perfectly true, has often been made in a form which was not only insufferably impertinent and scandalously uncharitable, but demonstrably false. For

the Evangelicals have been long in the habit of affirming not only that Anglicanism and Romanism are in principle identical, but that all Papists and Anglicans know and realize the identity. Hence, they have had no hesitation in charging the distinguished leaders of what is called the High Church party in the Establishment, with some of the very meanest vices with which human nature can be debased,—with the most contemptible moral cowardice, with the shabbiest trickery, with habitual perjury, and with such a use of the temporalities of the Established Church as can scarcely be distinguished even in law, and cannot at all be distinguished *in foro conscientiæ*, from positive robbery. And on the other hand they have not hesitated to charge the most influential of English Catholics, among whom are to be found some who have given this proof of their perfect integrity—namely, that they have willingly abandoned their Anglican dignities and emoluments for the sake of what they believe to be true—with conniving at, and even actively encouraging, that very baseness with which the High Church party in the Establishment is charged. Now these grave accusations are not only impudently false, but they are obviously and transparently false; the crimes of which these good men are accused are crimes by which nothing whatever could be gained, and which, moreover, have been distinctly repudiated and disproved over and over again. The High Church party in the Established Church has probably lost even in money, by its High Churchism, very much more than it can possibly have gained; and, moreover, it has had to sacrifice what, to a man of high principle and brotherly love, is far more important than money, the goodwill of friends, and the reputation of an unsullied honour. On

the other hand, the Roman Catholic clergy either *deny* the identity between Romanism and Anglicanism, affirming that the two are totally distinct, that no union can possibly take place between them; or they affirm the identity in principle, and therefore regard the heresy and schism, the imperfect hierarchy, and dwarfed ceremonial of the English Church, as a preposterous absurdity.

Even that which to a superficial observer seems most closely to identify the Roman and the Anglican Churches, and which is in fact a sort of instinctive endeavour to arrive at an identity, not only in premisses but in conclusions, is understood at once by any intelligent Catholic to be a silly and even a mischievous delusion. Anglican ritualists vainly dream that they are permitted to wear their gay clothes, and to decorate and incense their altars, and to depart by all manner of ceremonial extravagances from the simple rubrics of the Book of Common Prayer, because the English people are beginning more completely to understand, and more thoroughly to approve the things signified, of which all these elaborate ceremonies are the signs. This delusion, moreover, seems to be fostered by the undeniable fact that even among the strictest Puritan sects there is an increasing willingness to abandon the old baldness of their religious services, and the dreary ugliness of their old meeting-houses. But any Dissenter and any Catholic could tell a High Churchman in a single sentence how all this has come to pass: it has come to pass, not because Englishmen care more than they used to do about Ritualism, but because they have ceased to care about it at all. They regard all these ceremonial extravagances as a mere amusement, probably silly, frequently mischievous, but never of sufficient importance

to require more than a laugh or a sneer. If Dissenters imagined—as they certainly do not and have no need to imagine—that building their chapels in the form of a cross, or placing their communion tables altar-wise in a chancel at the east end, *meant* anything; if, for instance, they imagined that a cruciform church implied that there was any mystic virtue in the form of a cross, or that a communion table set up against the east wall indicated that a special sacrifice was offered to God in the Holy Communion, every Gothic dissenting chapel would be torn down before a month had passed away.

Nor are Catholic divines in even the slightest uncertainty about this same fact.

"I am perfectly aware," says the Very Rev. Frederick Oakley, "that there has been a great development of Ritual in the Anglican Communion, and, what is far better, of self-denying charity in forms and ways peculiarly Catholic. The latter is a circumstance full of hope and promise, of the former I will speak hereafter. I know, also, especially from Dr. Pusey's work, as far as the shortness of the period during which it has been in circulation can enable me to judge on the point, that there is a marvellous advance in the liberty of utterance on doctrinal subjects, and in the public toleration of what are called extreme opinions. But I cannot consent to regard this fact as creditable to the Anglican Church, merely because it happens in this instance to tell on our side. It is impossible to shut one's eyes to the fact that the bishops allow Dr. Pusey and his friends to run out in one line because they wish to secure an indemnity for Rationalists, Liberals, and Evangelicals in another. . . . The start which has been made during the last few years in the direction of ceremonial religion, apart from any corresponding advances in sensitiveness to the necessity of an ordained provision for dogmatic teaching, appears to me to be not only not a gain, but a distinct and conspicuous evil. It can have no other effect than to amuse with mere baubles a number of good men, who mistake the form for the substance. The rites and ceremonies of religion are not only most beautiful in themselves, but react powerfully upon its

truths, when they are the natural expressions of those truths, and are so understood by those who witness them; but they can no more teach religion of themselves, or be a substitute for it, than the emblazoned pall which covers the corpse of a monarch sustain the idea of a living royalty. I do not, indeed, deny that these mimicries of Catholic ceremonials may do us a service in familiarising the minds of Englishmen with a type of worship which had been totally obliterated; but this is a very different thing from saying they represent a reality where they are, or can be otherwise than most injurious to those who delight in them, by leading them to confound the outward show with the true spirit of Catholicity. But even this is scarcely their worst result. They cannot be practised without entailing a system of equivocation and compromise highly prejudicial to the moral sense. The only legitimate interpreter of doubtful Rubrics is the Ordinary; and it certainly cannot be said either that the Rubrics on which these practices are founded are clearly in their favour, or that an explanation of their ambiguities is usually sought from the living authority. Hence a considerable body of the clergy are constantly seeking to hoodwink their bishops, who are themselves not very impatient of the process, and thus the Catholic principles of authority and obedience find their counterpart in a mutual relation of connivance and evasion."*

The recent alliance between the Evangelical party and the High Church party is the more significant because the Evangelicals apparently believe that the High Church party in the Establishment are no better in creed, and are much worse in honesty, than the Papists themselves. On the other hand, the High Church party appear often to regard the Evangelicals, apart from the mystic effect of sacraments and orders, with the same sort of aversion which they seem to feel for Anabaptists and Unitarians. And yet, in spite of these obtrusive, superficial differences, and strong antipathies,

* "Leading Topics of Dr. Pusey's Recent Work reviewed," pp. 7, 10, 11.

even Dr. Pusey and the Evangelicals have found it necessary to combine—not by any means against the devil and all his works, and the pomps and vanities of this wicked world, but against the Bishop of Natal and the authors of "Essays and Reviews." In other words, they combined against free inquiry, against the liberty to "know, to utter, and to argue freely." They combined by the mere instinct of self-preservation against what each and all of them knew to be a common foe —an enemy not simply to ritual extravagance, or pious fanaticism, or dogmatic absurdity; but to the right and power of any individual, or any church, or any book, to determine for all time what should be the course of human duty and the bounds of human belief. To employ that mystic and inflated language which is so often used in a subject of this kind, it may be said that Evangelicalism, utterly panic-stricken by the increasing power of modern Rationalism, has fled for refuge even into the accursed Babylon itself, and become drunk with the cup of the apocalyptic harlot. It is this danger of liberty, this sense of shivering homelessness, that comes over the spirits of a certain sort of men when they find themselves beyond the shelter of authority, which drove Dr. Newman himself and many others with him into the Roman Communion. It is this very same danger which compelled Dr. Pusey to unite with the Evangelicals in defence of their common faith; while all along he protests most earnestly that he has not shifted his ground, and that his likings and dislikings, his approvals and disapprovals, in respect to Evangelicalism, are exactly what they were before.

"What I ventured on one occasion to remark to Archdeacon Manning," he says, "was *not* that he used to *join with those* with

whom I could not, but that he joined with them *in a way* at which I was surprised. In plain words he remained a member of, I think, two religious societies, some of whose principles I thought that we both held to be faulty. I have united with the Evangelicals now, as I did before, whenever they would join with me in defence of our common faith; I have not united with them in any of those things which were not in accordance with my own principles. It was not anything new then, when in high places fundamental truths had been denied, I sought to unite with those, some of whom had often spoken against me, but against whom I had never spoken. It was the pent-up longing of years. I had long felt that common zeal for faith could alone bring together those who were opposed; I hoped that through that common zeal and love, inveterate prejudices, which hinder the reception of truth, would be dispelled. This, however, was a bright vista which lay beyond. The immediate object was to resist unitedly an inroad upon our common faith. This I had done before upon occasions less urgent."*

These words help to prove, what it is quite plain that Dr. Pusey admits, the fundamental identity of Anglicanism and Evangelicalism. The Evangelicals do not believe quite so much as the Tractarians think they ought to believe; they do not believe, for instance, in baptismal regeneration, or in the Real Presence; they do not believe that the priest has any mystic and supernatural power to absolve from sin—and the Bishop of Natal is so far in the same predicament. What, then, is the difference between Dr. Colenso and Dr. McNeile? The difference is not in detail but in principle. Dr. McNeile believes those fundamental doctrines from which the whole Catholic system legitimately follows; Dr. Colenso most unquestionably does not believe them: therefore the very unbelief of the one is more Anglican and more Roman than the very faith of the other.

* "Eirenicon," pp. 5, 6.

Indeed Dr. McNeile might say in the words of Dr. Pusey —words which, if they were not sublime for their piety, would be pitiable for their imbecillity: — "I believe *explicitly* all which I know God to have revealed to His Church; and *implicitly* (implicitè) anything if He has revealed it, which I know not. In simple words I believe all which the Church believes."*

This is the negative defective side of Catholic orthodoxy, which Dr. Pusey is nevertheless bound to recognise, and whose alliance on occasions of great danger he may feel himself justified in seeking. There is also a positive excessive side, which in the same manner, and for the same reasons, he is also bound to acknowledge. In fact, admitting the logical identity of the three systems, admitting in other words that they all rest upon the same foundation, it may be said that Romanism is inconsistent, and Anglicanism more inconsistent, and Evangelicalism most inconsistent. Or, to express their relations by a kind of logical formula, the formula for Romanism might be this:—Every x is y, every y is z, therefore every x together with some a's and b's is z; and the formula for Anglicanism might be:—Every x is y, every y is z, therefore some x's are z; and the formula for Evangelicalism might be:—Every x is y, every y is z, but some x's are not z. It may, indeed, be doubted whether after all the inconsistency of the Roman logic is not in defect rather than in excess.

At any rate there can be no doubt about the manner in which Dr. Pusey and those who think with him must regard the extravagances of Roman doctrine and ritual; they must necessarily regard them as mere matters of

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* "Eirenicon," p. 7.

detail, not at all of principle. Indeed, the only difficulty for any impartial observer of this great movement in favour of union, can merely be to discover how the Church of Rome, admitting the fundamental principles of Anglicanism and Evangelicalism to be true, can by any possibility have erred either by excess or by defect.

For many a long year to come the "Eirenicon" of Dr. Pusey will be one of the best furnished armouries for those who wish and endeavour to bring about the destruction of the Church of Rome. It is scarcely too much to say that no book written within the present century has so completely demonstrated the hideous, not to say blasphemous extravagance of popular Romanism, and therefore, by implication, the rottenness of the foundation upon which it rests. That part of the Roman system which is at the present time undergoing the most rapid development is the cultus of the Virgin Mary; but even this is regarded by Dr. Pusey only as a danger, a possible evil, which a good Catholic might tolerate in another so long as he was not himself required to submit to it. And yet it is not too much to say that the popular cultus of the Virgin Mary—which may or may not be authorized—is to the last degree blasphemous. The newly defined dogma of the Immaculate Conception is in itself not half so absurd as the ordinary doctrine of original sin, but that dogma, or any other physical or metaphysical subtlety, can have a very slight effect upon practical piety. *They* may well admit the Immaculate Conception of the Virgin Mary, who believe that no human spirit is born in sin; that sin, in fact, is personal and untransferable. But surely no Protestant need hesitate to denounce, with the utmost severity, such extravagances of Mariolatry as are quoted

in Dr. Pusey's "Eirenicon," when even Dr. Newman himself can only speak of them in such terms as these :—

"After such explanations," he says, "and with such authorities to clear my path, I put away from me, as you would wish, without any hesitation, as matters in which my heart and reason have no part, when taken in their literal and absolute sense, as any Protestant would naturally take them, and as the writers doubtless did not use them, such sentences and phrases as these :— 'That the mercy of Mary is infinite ; that God has resigned into her hands His omnipotence ; that (unconditionally) it is safer to seek her than her Son ; that the blessed Virgin is superior to God ; that He is (simply) subject to her command ; that our Lord is now of the same disposition as His Father towards sinners, viz., disposition to reject them, while Mary takes His place, as an advocate with Father and Son ; that the saints are more ready to intercede with Jesus than with the Father ; that Mary is the only refuge of those with whom God is angry ; that Mary alone can obtain a Protestant's conversion ; that it would have sufficed for the salvation of men if our Lord had died, not to obey His Father, but to defer to the decrees of His mother ; that she rivals our Lord in being God's daughter, not by adoption, but by a kind of nature ; that Christ fulfilled the office of Saviour by imitating her virtues ; that as the Incarnate God bore the image of His Father, so He bore the image of His mother ; that redemption derived from Christ, indeed, its sufficiency, but from Mary its beauty and loveliness ; that as we are clothed with the merits of Christ, so we are clothed with the merits of Mary ; that as He is priest, in like manner is she priestess ; that His body and blood in the Eucharist are truly hers, and appertain to her ; that as He is present and received therein, so is she present and received therein ; that priests are ministers as of Christ so of Mary ; that elect souls are born of God and Mary ; that the Holy Ghost brings into fruitfulness His actions by her, producing in her and by her, Jesus Christ in His members ; that the kingdom of God in our souls, as our Lord speaks, is really the kingdom of Mary in the soul—and she and the Holy Ghost produce in the soul extraordinary things—and when the Holy Ghost finds Mary in a soul He flies there.'

"Sentiments such as these I never knew of till I read your book; nor, as I think, do the vast majority of English Catholics know them. They seem to me like a bad dream. I could not have conceived them to be said. I know not to what authority to go for them, to scriptures, or to the Fathers, or to the decrees of councils, or to the consent of schools, or to the tradition of the faithful, or to the Holy See, or to reason. They defy all *loci theologici*. There is nothing of them in the missal, in the Roman catechism, in the Roman *Raccolta*, in the Imitation of Christ, in Gother, Challoner, Milner, or Wiseman, as far as I am aware. They do but scare and confuse me. I should not be holier, more spiritual, more sure of perseverance, if I twisted my moral being into the reception of them; I should be guilty of fulsome, frigid flattery towards the most upright and noble of God's creatures if I professed them—and of stupid flattery too; for it would be like the compliment of painting up a young and beautiful princess with the brow of a Plato and the muscle of an Achilles. And I should expect her to tell one of her people in waiting to turn me off her service without warning. Whether thus to feel be the *scandalum parvulorum* in my case, or the *scandalum Pharisæorum*, I leave others to decide; but I will say plainly, that I would rather believe (which is impossible) that there is no God at all, than that Mary is greater than God. I have nothing to do with statements which can only be explained by being explained away. I do not, however, speak of these statements as found in their authors, for I know nothing of the originals, and cannot believe that they meant what you say; but I take them as they lie in your pages. Were any of them the sayings of saints in ecstacy, I should know they had a good meaning; still I should not repeat them myself; but I am looking at them, not as spoken by the tongues of angels, but according to that literal sense which they bear in the mouths of English men and English women. And, as spoken by man to man, in England, in the nineteenth century, I consider them as calculated to prejudice inquirers, to frighten the unlearned, to unsettle consciences, to provoke blasphemy, and to work the loss of souls."*

And yet the same Dr. Newman can write :—

"Now, as you know, it has been held from the first, and

* "A Letter to the Rev. E. B. Pusey, D.D., &c., by John Henry Newman, D.D.," pp. 118—121.

defined from an early age, that Mary is the mother of God. She is not merely the mother of our Lord's manhood, or of our Lord's body, but she is to be considered the mother of the Word Himself, the Word incarnate, God in the person of the Word, the second person of the All-glorious Trinity humbled Himself to become her son. 'Thou didst not shrink from the virgin's womb,' as the Church sings. He took the substance of His human flesh from her, and clothed in it He lay within her, and He bore it about with Him as a sort of badge and witness that He, through God, was hers. As time went on He ministered to her and obeyed her. He lived with her for thirty years in one house, with an uninterrupted intercourse, and with only the saintly Joseph to share it with Him. She was the witness of His growth, of His joys, of His sorrows, of His prayers; she was blessed with His smile, with the touch of His hands, with the whispers of His affection, with the expression of His thoughts and His feelings for that length of time. Now, my brethren, what *ought* she to be, what is it becoming she should be, who was so favoured? Such a question was once asked by a heathen king when he would place one of his subjects in a dignity becoming the relation in which he stood towards him. That subject had saved the king's life, and what was to be done to him in return? The king asked, 'What shall be done to the man whom the king delighteth to honour?' And he received the following answer:—'The man whom the king wisheth to honour ought to be clad in the king's apparel, and to be mounted on the king's saddle, and to receive the royal diadem on his head; and let the first among the king's princes and presidents hold his horse, and let him walk through the streets of the city and say, "Thus shall be honoured, whom the king hath a mind to honour."' So stands the case with Mary; she gave birth to the Creator, and what recompense shall be made her? What shall be done to her who had this relationship to the Most High? What shall be the fit accompaniment of one whom the Almighty has deigned not to make His servant, not His friend, not His intimate but His superior; the source of His sacred being, the nurse of His helpless infancy, the teacher of His opening years? I answer as the king was answered, nothing is too high for her to whom God owes His life; no exuberance of grace, no excess of glory, but is becoming, but is to be expected there, where God has lodged Himself, whence God has issued. Let her 'be clad in the king's apparel,' that is, let the fulness of

the Godhead so flow into her that she may be a figure of the incommunicable sanctity, and beauty, and glory of God Himself: that she may be the mirror of justice, the mystical rose, the tower of ivory, the house of gold, the morning star; let her receive the king's diadem upon her head as the queen of heaven, the mother of all living, the health of the weak, the refuge of sinners, the comforter of the afflicted, and "let the first among the king's princes walk before her,' let angels, and prophets, and apostles, and martyrs, and all saints kiss the hem of her garment, and rejoice under the shadow of her throne. Thus it is that King Solomon has risen to meet his mother, and bowed himself unto her, and caused a seat to be set for the king's mother, and she sits on His right hand."*

It is surely not too much to say, that when these sentences are not blankly and incurably absurd, or redeemed by a pious intention, they are unconsciously more blasphemous than all the blasphemies of "infidels" put together. And yet this is nearer to Anglicanism, and nearer to Evangelicalism, than Colenso's "Introduction to the Pentateuch." And, moreover, though the Evangelical leaders have the utmost suspicion of Dr. Pusey, though they have been protesting against him for years, and are protesting against him still, though they think him spiritually at one with the Roman Church in those very particulars which constitute her the Apocalyptic Babylon, yet their instincts of self-preservation compelled them to avail themselves of his ready and powerful help in their hopeless conflict with the secular element in the Establishment. What are even his Romeward tendencies and Romish doctrines, the fact that he has given his name to that very movement in the Church which the Evangelicals so bitterly resent,

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* "Discourses to Mixed Congregations," quoted in Canon Oakley's Pamphlet, pp. 43—45.

compared with the enormous dangers of that open criticism, that exhaustive inquiry, that free utterance which is destroying the very foundations of dogmatic orthodoxy?

That one foundation which Evangelicals, Anglicans, and Romanists alike require, is *infallible dogma*, and some available guardian or depository of infallible dogma. This is admitted by Dr. Pusey in his scornful caricature of Freethinkers, in the preface to his "Prophet Daniel." He derides their diversities and uncertainties, just as Bossuet derided the variations of Protestantism. He insists that there shall be one meaning of the word "eternal," authorized and unalterable; one authorized and infallible doctrine of atonement; one unchangeable dogma of inspiration; one authoritative definition of the nature and value of the Bible. Without this dogmatic certainty, he asks, "How can there be any union?" It was this "fascinating language," as Dr. McNeile assures us, which charmed the Evangelicals. "Such exclusive adherence to definite truth came like trumpet sounds from the Professor's chair, stirring the hearts of the truly Evangelical members of the Church of England. They unfeignedly rejoiced, willing and more than willing to forgive the past and forget all complicity with Tract Christianity; all the ambiguity, not to say heterodoxy, which caused the University to silence for a time her own distinguished son; and to hail the Professor as a champion, not only furnished with weapons beyond any of his contemporaries, but now determined to wield them in defence of definite truth, the '*sole meaning*' of plain and popular language." *

* "Fidelity and Unity. A Letter, &c." By the Rev. H. McNeile, D.D.

Dr. Pusey sneers at the differing Freethinkers, and Dr. Manning sneers at the differing Anglicans. *Where* is the infallible dogma of the English Church? And without infallible dogma what possible assurance have we that we are not believing and propagating lies, and fraternising with those whom God hath cursed? This then is the great foundation—dogmatic orthodoxy; which party really has it? The answer to this question will indicate what we mean by the logical identity of Romanism, Anglicanism, and Evangelicalism, and by their comparative inconsistencies. It will also indicate the immeasurable importance of that great Reformation which, at this very hour, is turning the whole world of religion upside down.

If there be any such thing as infallible doctrine at all, its origin must surely be sought for in those promises which Christ gave to His disciples, and which are believed by all the three great parties to have been partly or completely fulfilled on the Day of Pentecost. When the apostles were in the "upper room," "continuing with one accord in prayer and supplication with the women, and Mary the mother of Jesus, and with his brethren," then we are told that the Holy Ghost, according to the promise of the Saviour, revealed to them explicitly what was needed for the present time, and implicitly "the whole truth." Moreover, that first revelation was but an earnest of good things to come. To unroll that truth which is enfolded in a few facts and implied in a few leading dogmas, is almost as difficult, if not even more difficult, than to discover the truth itself. How to secure a complete development without corruption; how to apply the truth that is in Jesus to all the varying circumstances and necessities of

the Jewish and heathen world, and of that new world of which Christ's advent was the beginning—this was a problem more difficult of solution than almost any other. The difficulty of its solution has, in fact, been demonstrated by the fact that it has never yet been solved; what a Romanist considers a legitimate and even necessary development of the original truth, the Anglican considers an extravagance, and the Evangelical a corruption. And yet they all alike believe both in the original promise of the gift of the Holy Ghost, and in the power of prayer. Indeed, it may truly be affirmed that the extremest Evangelicals, even in the narrowest of dissenting sects, hold this belief as firmly as the Romanists themselves. Nothing but a familiar acquaintance with the extravagance of sectarianism can enable any one to understand in what unexpected ways religious extremes meet. Dirty little pieces of paper, with announcements, of which the following is a fair sample, may often be met with among what may be called the Evangelical Bohemians :—

"YES, OUR KING STILL REIGNS!

Please pay Him a visit

NEXT TUESDAY, AT SEVEN O'CLOCK, OCTOBER 10TH, 1865,

AT HIS HOUSE,

THE WELCH CHAPEL, ELDON STREET, FINSBURY.

He will be at home, and His servants with Him, Mr. J. W. RICHARDSON and CHADWICK, Calvinistic Ministers; and Mr. G. SHAW, ALLBERRY, TAYLOR, LOADER, Revivalists, and others, who will kneel at His feet, and sing praises, and pray, and pay homage to Him, and thank Him for giving them liberty.

Mr. R. will preach the words He shall say unto them, on behalf of His fund and cause. Long reign our King, whose name is Jesus! Come then and see Him! You are welcome.

[Rymer, Printer, New Road, E."

When vulgar fanaticism, or that blind credulity which is supposed to become a virtue when it receives the name of *faith*, takes such a form as this, it is simply laughed at by all educated people; and yet it differs in no essential particular from the pompous pretensions of the Roman hierarchy or the equally pompous pretensions of that anile and powerless assembly the convocation of Anglican clergy. They all alike, with more or less of inward belief, rely upon the efficacy of prayer, the promise of the Holy Ghost, and the infallible truth of whatever the Holy Ghost may teach. "It seemed good to the Holy Ghost and to us," is an ecclesiastical formula that we find even in the New Testament itself; and if that formula means anything, it is scarcely too much to say that it means everything. If the Holy Ghost can be summoned on every fresh occasion by earnest prayer, there is no reason why the teaching of Messrs. Richardson and Chadwick, Calvinistic ministers, and Messrs. Shaw, Allberry, Taylor, Loader, Revivalists, should not be as true and as valuable as the teaching of the Pope himself.

The Romanists unquestionably believe, and have for centuries acted upon the belief, that the promise of Christ was true, that it was fulfilled on the Day of Pentecost, and that it has been refulfilled again and again, as often as occasion has arisen. They believe, for instance, that it was fulfilled at the Council of Nice; that it was fulfilled again at the Council of Ephesus: that it was fulfilled again at the Council of Trent; that it was fulfilled again in the definition of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception; and that it is fulfilled passively as it were, and negatively, throughout the Roman obedience. This is, of course, perfectly con-

sistent, and it seems altogether impossible to fix upon any one occasion when this faith, supposing it to have been reasonable in the beginning, became unreasonable and fruitless. The Church met for instance to determine the conditions upon which the Gentiles should be received into the fellowship of Christ's religion. It cannot be doubted that, according to their custom, they had prayed; there was also, as we learn from the narrative itself, considerable discussion. But the apostles and elders unquestionably believed that the promise of Christ would be again fulfilled, and that in this, their first great difficulty, they would not only be preserved from error, but led into truth. It was, indeed, a matter of the gravest importance, amounting almost to a determination of what was the essence of the Christian religion and the true foundation of the Christian Church. The great Gentile world was really *the* world; if that had been excluded from the Church the exclusion would have been equivalent to a denial of "the redemption of the world by our Lord Jesus Christ." The decision at which the apostles and elders arrived, not only constitutes a crisis in Church history, but would have been absurd, at least in their own judgment, if it had not been founded upon some Divine authority. Therefore they wrote after this manner:—"The apostles and elders and brethren send greeting unto the brethren which are of the Gentiles in Antioch and Syria and Cilicia. Forasmuch as we have heard, that certain which went out from us have troubled you with words, subverting your souls, saying, Ye must be circumcised, and keep the law: to whom we gave no such commandment: it seemeth good to us, being assembled with one accord, to send chosen men unto you with our beloved Barnabas and

Paul, men that have hazarded their lives for the name of our Lord Jesus Christ. We have sent therefore Judas and Silas, who shall also tell you the same things by mouth. For it seemed good to the Holy Ghost, and to us, to lay upon you no greater burden than these necessary things; that ye abstain from meats offered to idols, and from blood, and from things strangled, and from fornication: from which if ye keep yourselves, ye shall do well. Fare ye well."

This decree, if such it must be called, was at once decisive and provisional. It decided what was of primary importance, that the blessings of God, and, above all, repentance and faith, and those gifts which were supposed to be the special tokens of the favour of the Holy Ghost, were by no means confined to the Jewish people. On the other hand it was provisional, inasmuch as it was on the face of it a condescension to the weaknesses, not to say the prejudices, of converts from Judaism; and has, in fact, long since become obsolete. Whether or not a Christian shall eat blood, depends now not upon his conscience, but upon his stomach and palate; while it seems impossible to pretend that even the observance of the first day of the week has any apostolical authority approaching in distinctness or solemnity to this decree, which determined the conditions of communion for Gentile believers.

Again, there arose controversies about the person of Christ; in these controversies, also, the very essence of Christianity was called in question. And if the promise of the Holy Ghost to the Church was worth anything at all, the settlement of all doubts as to the relation of Christ to the Eternal God, and to the human race, was unquestionably a fitting occasion for its fulfilment.

Therefore the Church, duly represented by those who were its appointed spiritual leaders and instructors, did meet together invoking the presence and help of the Holy Ghost. The result of this assembly, this solemn prayer and invocation of the Divine Teacher of all truth, may be found, partly at least, in the Nicene Creed. But this, of course, is not all; the declaration of the truth was in almost every case accompanied by an anathema upon error. The anathema was as truly the work of the Holy Ghost as the definition of the orthodox doctrine itself. And this only amounts to saying not only that everything the Roman Church believes is infallibly true, but also that everything the Roman Church denies is certainly false. The Holy Ghost not only guided the apostles and their successors into the whole truth, but also determined of whom the Church should consist, so that it is absolutely vain to urge that there has always been a protest against those doctrines which are offensive even to Anglicans, and far more offensive still to Evangelicals.

The so-called Council of Ephesus, in which it was determined that the Virgin Mary should be called the "Mother of God," and not simply Mother of Christ, may be regarded as a kind of crucial instance of the truth or falseness of the fundamental principle upon which Romanism, Anglicanism, and Evangelicalism are alike founded. To the devout Catholic, that assembly may no doubt appear a gathering of saints; to the ordinary lay student of history it can seem nothing better than a disorderly rabble of unprincipled fanatics. The proceedings of the council were in direct opposition to the command of the emperor. Cyril and his party with indecent haste anticipated the arrival of those ecclesiastics who were supposed to be favourable to Nestorius, though they were

known to be on their way to the council, and to be the representatives of a certain school of theology, in the absence of whom no fair and honest decision could possibly be arrived at. But still this rabble of fanatics, called the Council of Ephesus, assembled in the name of the Holy Ghost, invoked His presence, and in prayer besought His assistance. And what shall Dr. McNeile say? If the prayer were not efficacious, why pray at all? Many of our prayers are random and unwise, but a prayer that the whole Church of Christ may be protected from fatal error is a prayer about the wisdom of which it is impossible to have a doubt. If such a prayer were not in the name of Christ, and according to the will of God, it is impossible to imagine in what circumstances a fitting prayer can be offered. Moreover, according to the hypothesis, the Holy Ghost had long ago determined in a succession of councils and synods who were the fitting persons to constitute a council, to be the true representatives of the true Church. But, on the other hand, if the prayer for the presence and help of the Holy Ghost were effectual, we have the clearest divine sanction of that very foundation upon which the whole cultus of the Virgin Mary rests. If she be indeed the Mother of God it is quite impossible to call her by any name which shall be more significant of everything by which the conscience of a Protestant is shocked; indeed, to any one who can perceive that this name is not utterly and immeasurably absurd no extravagances of superstition can be even so much as difficult.

The Evangelicals, indeed, imagine that they have a kind of protection in the canonical writings of the New Testament; indeed, one might almost fancy, from the letter which Dr. Pusey's "Eirenicon" has brought forth

from the pen of Dr. McNeile, that the Evangelicals imagine that the first work of the Holy Spirit was not to found a Church, but to dictate a Bible. No fancy, of course, can be more completely absurd; for not only the life and death and resurrection of Jesus Christ, but the institution of the sacraments, the appointment of bishops and presbyters and deacons, the decision about the admission of the Gentiles to the Christian communion, and even the rise of some of the earliest heresies, had all taken place before a line of the New Testament was written. Not that the fact is of any grave significance, for the same Holy Ghost who appointed the writers and afterwards insured the canonical authority of the New Testament books had by no means exhausted His resources even in so great an effort. He could still, according to the promise of Christ, meet the living Church on every fresh occasion of danger or need—nay, rather, He would abide with the Church for ever—unfolding more and more the truth that was enfolded in the earliest facts and doctrines of Christianity, providing for its due expression in the ceremonial of the Church, and securing for it a hearty response in the affectionate devotions of the faithful. In a word, where are we to stop? The Holy Ghost determined what was true, and excluded what was false at every step of the progress, from the day of Pentecost to the definition of the Immaculate Conception. Moreover, He blessed those who were orthodox, and He excommunicated those who were heretical, through the whole of that long period. Not only, therefore, did He excommunicate Arians and Nestorians and Pelagians, but He excommunicated the Greeks at the time of the great schism, and the Anglicans in the reign of the Tudors. And He (the Holy Ghost) having never departed

from that Church, for whose guidance He was promised by Jesus Christ, does at this moment declare that Dr. Pusey and Dr. McNeile, and all their followers, are in mortal sin and in the deepest danger of damnation. Will, then, these divines inform us at what precise period in the history of the Church the prayer of the faithful, or the promise of the Redeemer, or the power of the Paraclete, became useless and vain ?

There is only one point at which it could be plausibly contended that the presence of the living Spirit was withdrawn, or that the object and effect of His presence were wholly changed ; and that point is the completion of the New Testament Canon. But not to mention the intrinsic absurdity of such a theory, not one of the three great religious parties so much as pretends to maintain it. The New Testament is not the work exclusively of apostles ; nor would the knowledge of divine truth forsake the inspired when they had committed it to writing ; nor would it become incapable of different though equivalent modes of expression. There would, therefore, be a large body of oral teaching handed down by tradition, parallel to the New Testament, of quite equal or rather of the very same authority, and providing an "analogy of faith," according to which the New Testament would be certainly interpreted. Indeed, the Epistles directly refer to such oral explanation, and affirm their own imperfection without it. "The rest will I set in order *when I come*." "All my state shall Tychicus declare unto you." The sternness of the First Epistle to the Corinthians is somewhat softened in the Second ; and the not unnatural mistake about the coming of the Lord which the First Epistle to the Thessalonians seems to have produced, the second was written (partly at least) to

remove. Indeed it would have been clearly ridiculous for an apostle to pretend to inspiration and infallibility *in a letter*, while he was not sufficiently inspired to correct, or modify, or improve, or enlarge what he himself had written. In other words, the promised Paraclete was present with the church, so far as He was present at all, before the composition of the New Testament books, and during the period of their composition, and afterwards. He led the Church into the truth as to the canon itself, and over and over again, as to the true interpretation of the sacred scriptures. The Bible, and the Bible alone, neither is, nor ever has been the religion even of Protestants. The Bible itself is constructed by the Church, and interpreted according to the creeds.

Moreover, the Evangelicals themselves profess to believe even still the efficacy of prayer, and the presence and power of the Holy Ghost; *profess* to believe it, for the belief is not realized. The sure proof that it is unrealized is this, that it is never with any approach to a genuine consistency acted upon. The Romanist *does really* believe in the perpetual fulfilment of Christ's promise of the Spirit, "to lead into the whole truth:" and therefore without a shadow of hesitation he affirms the divine infallibility of even the newest and last of the decisions of the Church. But when an Evangelical clergyman prays for the Spirit, *nothing whatever comes of it*—except indeed that strange mixture of arrogance and uncertainty which has long been the laughing-stock alike of Papist and Freethinker. He cannot even pretend himself to show what effect his prayer has actually produced; and that "something" which cannot be ascertained or defined or exhibited, is surely little better than nothing. In recent theological contro-

versies, there has been no end of unctuous praying. Bishop Colenso, for instance, has been prayed for, prayed at, prayed against, lubricated and bespattered by prayer, without a vestige of result, beyond an increase of hypocrisy and petty spite. He has not retracted one of his "errors;" and, what is much more to the point, his Anglican and Evangelical opponents are not in a position to meet his false teaching and refute it by the only satisfactory refutation—the truth which it contradicts. They meet together in synods, and convocations, and Church congresses; they pray and discuss; the Holy Ghost is with them; they pass resolutions, pronounce anathemas, devise new formularies which are sent over all England for due signature; and yet they dare not affirm that the whole or any part of these proceedings is the *direct and indubitable* result of the presence and teaching of the promised Paraclete. He is there with them, but nobody is perfectly sure of it; He speaks, but nobody hears distinctly what He says; and when Anglicanism or Evangelicalism has arrived at a certain conclusion, it dare not affirm that of *that specific conclusion* the Holy Ghost is the author. And yet this is the very thing that both parties desire and admit to be necessary—an external authority which shall answer every doubt and solve every difficulty. Why not enter at once the Holy Church, which now as ever, in Trent or Rome as in Jerusalem, in the nineteenth century as in the first, will still say: "It seemed good to the Holy Ghost, and to us,"—and *mean* it.

The identity of Romanism and even Evangelicalism is curiously enough indicated even in separate doctrines—they are at one in what is fundamental, they differ only superficially, and in the consistency of their conclusions.

The doctrine of original sin, as held alike by Evangelicals and Romanists, is so intimately connected with the doctrine of baptismal regeneration, that it is hard, if not impossible, to separate them. At any rate, the Romanist, when he differs from the Evangelical, has immeasurably the best, not only of the argument, but of the (hypothetical) resulting position. An imaginary curse may well be removed by an imaginary absolution or purification, but it is obviously better to get it removed. Moreover, the doctrine of original sin seems to require some such correction as the immaculate conception of the Virgin Mary; which in return gives a new and greater value to the victim who was to be offered up as a propitiatory sacrifice to the righteousness of God. In fact, Romanism clearly knows what it is about, sets out from a certain point, and moves on to a clearly perceived end. Evangelicalism is forgetful, doubtful, half-believing, denying in its conclusion what it has already affirmed in its premisses, or denying in its doctrinal articles what it is continually affirming in its ritual. It has a practice of prayer, and a theory of its efficacy; but it is never able to be sure that in a given instance prayer has *really been efficacious*. It "believes in the Holy Ghost," but can never utter so much as a single sentence which it dare attribute to His dictation. It acknowledges a "Holy Catholic Church," but it cannot say where it is nor how it may be recognised. *Therefore* Evangelicalism is utterly powerless in the presence of scepticism; when even Rome is constantly receiving weary hearts to her motherly breast, and rocking them to a quiet sleep. Piety, devout feeling, the simple worship of God, are to a large extent, and at a certain stage of mental development, independent of intellectual inquiry or formal dogmatic statement, and

therefore may they often be found in rich and fragrant beauty among the Evangelical party. But for all strong thinkers, who have been compelled to come face to face with the profound religious problems of our own day, Evangelicalism is for ever impossible. For such there can be only one alternative—a complete and exhaustive external authority or perfect freedom, Romanism or Rationalism.

And it is the special work of the reformation of the nineteenth century to bring us to this issue. The battles of the sects are a painful and yet a ludicrous waste of intellectual and spiritual force. The fighters strike hard, but it is a matter of complete uncertainty and comparative indifference upon what head the blows will fall. Whether a doctrine be orthodox, and even whether it be useful, is an inquiry full of interest for certain minds; but all such inquiries are as nothing in the face of the far deeper inquiry, "Is it true?" The question for our own age is not, "What *is* 'orthodox'?" but, "What *ought to be* 'orthodox'?" And in an attempt to solve this problem it is impossible not to ask whether the very notion of "orthodoxy" is not an obsolete impertinence.

It is by no means necessary to deny, much less is it the object of this essay to deny, the promise of Christ upon which the Church is supposed to rest, or the fulfilment of that promise. Surely it is not unreasonable to affirm that in Christendom religious doctrine is far purer and far steadier than anywhere else; and this may, not unfairly, to say the least, be accounted for by the advent of Christ and the wonderful spiritual impulse that accompanied and followed His advent. But most certainly the extravagances of Romanism can be met only by a denial that the presence of God in the world implies necessarily the infallibility of any man or of any set of

men in any age. It did not imply the infallibility of the apostles, who moreover can be shown to have been fallible. It did not preserve from all possibility of error even the little company in the upper room—the disciples who had witnessed the ascension, "with the women, and Mary the mother of Jesus, and his brethren." It did not invert the laws of nature or the course of human development. As the perfect man, so the perfect church is in the future, not in the past; and in the Acts of the Apostles, we can scarcely guess what the building will be, because of the scaffolding. But this is where we must "draw the line;"—if the apostles as apostles were incapable of error, and if the promise of the Comforter guaranteed an external authority and an infallible dogma for any age, then we can have no reason to deny the "Immaculate Conception," or to refuse to take our part in the cultus of the Virgin Mary.

Nor need this absence of external authority and infallible dogma in the least degree surprise us; it is precisely the customary method of His government, who has ordered that in every kind and region of life, material and spiritual, the hand of the diligent only shall make rich. God, we may be sure, has been never for a moment absent from His own creatures; and the whole universe is as a roll of revelation, written within and without. But there is no infallible guidance to the laws of nature; though not comfort only, but morality and religion, so much depend upon the knowledge of them. Even within the Bible itself, and the history it records, again and again

> "The old order changeth, giving place to new,
> And God fulfils Himself in many ways,
> Lest one good custom should corrupt the world."

Even in Judaism itself the prophets were continually breaking to pieces the externals both of doctrine and ritual, when they were so hardening round human spirits as to shut out from them the fresh air of heaven, and to rob them of the freedom in which alone there was life; and so far as the new reformation is negative it denies only that the living Spirit will imprison Himself in a single set of dogmas or society of men, or that "the whole truth can be exhausted in a single age."

It has been of the greatest service to this modern movement of free thought that some of its most distinguished and influential leaders are to be found among the ordained clergy of the Established Church. This fact has obtained at least a hearing, and often a favourable hearing, for what otherwise would have been passed by with contemptuous neglect. Moreover, it has strengthened the public confidence that the great religious movement of the present century is a reformation, and not an anarchy. Yet even this good is by no means unmixed with evil; and above all it has brought an undeserved suspicion of insincerity both upon the movement itself and upon those illustrious churchmen who are assuredly among its best helpers. They have given abundant proof of their integrity to satisfy every mind not incapable of candour; and yet it cannot be denied that their outward connection with the Anglican Church has been to many minds wholly inexplicable. The dogmas of the Establishment—the Thirty-nine Articles, the Homilies, the Athanasian Creed, and the like—can scarcely be defended on the ground that they are the truth and nothing but the truth; much less on the ground that they are the whole truth. Nor can the leaders of the Broad Church party accept them purely and

simply on authority; inasmuch as the Reformation, in which they have so conspicuous a share, involves the repudiation of a merely external authority. Hence it has come to pass that some of the noblest and most transparently honest clergymen of this or any age have been exposed, with just the faintest and most deceptive shadow of justice, to the charge of trickery and mercenariness. Nevertheless, it is as dishonest to go on faster than our convictions as it is to loiter behind them; and there can be no doubt that free inquiry is the cure not only of ignorance and error, but of transitory inconsistencies. But it is more and more becoming plain that Romanism is the only perfectly consistent and trustworthy form of religion by authority; and that the only other religion possible for a careful reasoner is the religion of conscience and reason and spirit.

RATIONALISM IN EUROPE.*

It is extremely difficult for well-educated men to understand that abhorrence of Rationalism, which undoubtedly prevails among religious people in this country. So much even of the popular theology is based upon Rationalism, and must rapidly perish if removed from that foundation, that to discourage Rationalism seems little short of the suicide of "orthodoxy." Puritanism as distinguished from Anglicanism is essentially rationalistic; and so is Anglicanism as distinguished from Popery. And yet in the English Episcopal Church, the ecclesiastical dignitaries are constantly doing their utmost to return to that authority, whose first free utterance would anathematize themselves; and the Puritans, who have far outstript the Anglicans in their rejection of tradition, are so perplexed by the confusion and utter uncertainty which are among the first-fruits of liberty, that they are for ever eager to return to that house of bondage which, after all, had more rest than the first rough pilgrimage of freedom.

Such books as Mr. Lecky's,† while they encourage and

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* From the "Journal of Sacred Literature," October, 1865.

† "History of the Rise and Influence of the Spirit of Rationalism in Europe. By W. E. A. Lecky, M.A." Longman and Co., 1865. Alterations in the second edition are so exceedingly few, that I have not thought it necessary to correct the references in this essay; which are, therefore, always made to the first edition.

brace all genuine lovers of freedom and truth, can by no means be received as giving a faithful picture of the average intellectual condition of our own age. Indeed, they are intended rather to indicate what are the dominant *tendencies*, the great principles by which the *leading* spirits of the time are governed, and the high objects at which they are habitually aiming. Every unbiassed reader of Mr. Lecky's book must be perfectly certain that Rationalism is triumphant, that it has given the death-blow to ignorance and superstition, and that what seem to be reactions in favour of exploded errors and senseless mummeries, are but the dying agonies of a monster evil. It is strange, indeed, that in the Protestant Church accomplished scholars and devout saints should still write pamphlets to urge upon the faithful the duty of adoring the Blessed Sacrament,—the duty, in other words, of worshipping a little fragment of bread: but no learning and no sanctity will ever bring back in this country the doctrine of transubstantiation. Convocations of the clergy may meet as often as they can get leave, to condemn the books that they cannot answer, and to curse the men who are invested with the same high privileges, and surrounded by the same ecclesiastical sanctions as themselves; but the English nation will never again form its opinion, either of man or book, by the dictation of any convocation of clergymen. Men begin to perceive that the power of authority is often nearest to contempt when it is most boastful; and they simply laugh, where, but a few generations ago, they would have trembled and died. The Pope, for instance, within these last few years, hurls anathemas at all civilised Europe, excommunicates princes, lays whole kingdoms under an interdict, and

promulgates new absurdities as necessary doctrines of Christendom, in the name of the Holy Ghost. But everybody can see plainly enough that he is seated on no rock, against which the gates of hell cannot prevail; but only upon a crazy, broken-legged stool, propped up by French bayonets; and that his incredible dogmas and preposterous policy have not half as much of the wisdom of the Holy Ghost as the honest cobbling of shoes. We read some literary organ of ultramontanism, —for even the very spirit of darkness must light his little literary candle, that people may know whereabouts he is,—and we might almost imagine ourselves living in the middle ages. Or again, we read the literary organs of some of the narrower sects and parties in the religious world—the imbecile and fetid rubbish, for instance, of *The Record*—and we might imagine that since the Reformation, England had simply fallen back again into chaos; that there was no longer any attempt to found doctrines upon reason and fact, but only upon the bare assertion of any man who has the brassiest voice, and the most unblushing effrontery. Yet all these creatures, Popes and Convocations, *Tablets* and *Records*, are only writhing in the firm grasp of Rationalism; that great slayer of monsters, which goes forth over all Europe, and over all the world, conquering and to conquer.

Mr. Lecky's book then is very reassuring to everybody who is engaged on the side of freedom, in the great battle against falsehood and superstition, and intellectual thraldom; and assuredly all such soldiers need to be reassured. For the vast majority of British Christians are not only irrational, but bitterly resent every effort to support even their own belief by some foundation of reason. They think that if some party can give them a

reason *for* their faith, some other party may be able to give them a reason *against* their faith. Reason, therefore, seems to them to be a two-edged sword, of wonderful and admirable sharpness, perfectly fitted for hewing Agag in pieces before the Lord; but unfortunately without a hilt, so that even Samuel must cut his own hands while slaying the Lord's enemies. They do not perceive that they who worship God must worship Him in spirit and in truth; and therefore they worship Him with ceremonies and make-believes, and the vain repetition of unintelligible jargon. When God bids them *discover* what kind of sacrifice would please Him, and offer *that* to Him, when they have heart and love enough to be glad to do it, they reject all such counsel as utterly useless and visionary; and instead of such a sacrifice they pile up on God's altar heaps of lifeless victims, as if He would "drink bulls' blood, and eat the flesh of goats," or were a kind of poor celestial bankrupt, in need of vast contributions of guineas. When God bids them prove all things, and hold fast only that which is good, then they flatly refuse to do anything of the sort; and say, either that they are laymen and have not time, or that they are fools and have not wit, or that they are infidels and have not faith, and that their whole morality and religion rests only upon certain printed words, and not on the living God Himself. The great mass of the religious people of this generation are totally incapable of perceiving the full beauty even of their own religion; and are right, where they are right at all, only by a happy accident. Long intercourse with them, unrelieved by nobler fellowship, is a deadly narcotic, stupefying both the intellect and the conscience. Most certainly it is

well that we should be reminded again and again by such books as Mr. Lecky's, that this mean preference for unreasoning prejudice, and this suspicious hatred of the all-manifesting light, is surely doomed; that it is the mere corpse of a past that has not yet been able to obtain decent burial; that it is the mere paganism of Christianity.

Mr Lecky has himself defined what he means by Rationalism.

"My object," he says, "in the present work has been to trace the history of the spirit of Rationalism; by which I understand, not any class of definite doctrines or criticisms, but rather a certain cast of thought, or bias of reasoning, which has during the last three centuries gained a marked ascendancy in Europe. The nature of this bias will be exhibited in detail in the ensuing pages, where we examine its influence upon the various forms of moral and intellectual development. At present it will be sufficient to say, that it leads men on all occasions to subordinate dogmatic theology to the dictates of reason and of conscience, and, as a necessary consequence, greatly to restrict its influence upon life. It predisposes men, in history, to attribute all kinds of phenomena to natural rather than miraculous causes; in theology, to esteem succeeding systems the expressions of the wants and aspirations of that religious sentiment which is planted in all men; and in ethics, to regard as duties only those which conscience reveals to be such."*

It is of course necessary to bear in mind that this is Mr. Lecky's own definition of the word Rationalism; his own account of the bias or tendency whose growth and influence he endeavours to describe. Every author has a perfect right to declare in what sense he uses the words which he has most frequent occasion to employ, even if he intends to depart somewhat from their ordinary usage. But in his use of the term "Ration-

* Pp. 18, 19.

alism," Mr. Lecky only so far departs from the ordinary usage as to exclude from its connotation any implication of recklessness, or dishonesty, or rebellion against the truth. It may almost be affirmed that, to begin with, there is no *truth*, but only and infinite number of *facts* and *relations*—to be discovered, arranged, and described in human language. Then real facts are represented by true propositions; and, in like manner, all facts beyond the reach of observation can be represented as truths only by propositions which are essentially hypothetical. "*If the source of my information be trustworthy*, there are certain facts which I have no means directly of observing, but which may be considered real because they have been observed by others." It is characteristic of Rationalism that it knows no *truths* which are not the representatives of observed facts; and that it requires their having been observed to be completely demonstrated. It is, therefore, always destructive of those complicated theories, and systems of dogmas, which rest upon actually nothing but the unsupported assertion of people who cannot be proved to be in a position to *know* what they affirm. Those who accept such theories know perfectly that they will not bear examination; and yet the theories are in part well founded, and have moreover a practical value, and are referred by them to a divine source, and are associated with their deepest religious feelings. A rationalist, therefore, is to them a man who denies the truth, who destroys practical piety, who repudiates divine guidance, and who is a cold-hearted profligate. So constant is this belief among the uninstructed, that they mass together all inquirers into the foundations of religion in one class of mischievous evil-doers; and they name the class according to their own prejudices, their own notion of what is

most utterly shameful and base. At the last general election, for instance, as every one remembers, Mr. J. S. Mill was represented over and over again as an Atheist; not because he *is* an Atheist, but simply because he found it absolutely impossible to believe in a God who was represented to be very far inferior to even the average of human beings. Hume, and Gibbon, and Volney, and Rousseau, and Voltaire, and the Dean of Westminster, and the Rev. F. D. Maurice, and Professor Jowett, and Bishop Colenso, have repeatedly—with total indifference to the fact that some of them are unquestionably among the best men who have ever lived, and that probably no two of them would be found to agree, either in their methods of inquiry, or in their results—been grouped together as infidels, destroyers of the Church, subverters of the Word of God, profane profligates. They agree, though perhaps some of them might dispute even that, simply in the fact that they do not, and indeed cannot, believe what is opposed to the dictates of reason and conscience; and to those dictates they habitually subordinate dogmatic theology. Some of them think that the creed of Christendom, and especially the teaching of the sacred Scriptures, expresses perfectly the truth concerning God and the duty of man; and they do not seem to be aware how after all they may be submitting their reason to some external authority, simply because that authority has been first guaranteed by reason. Others reject the Bible and the creeds because they are unable to discover that reason will consent to submit to them. But all alike belong to the class of those who seek for real facts, and the fittest verbal expression of them; or if any of them have been immoral or profligate, if they were trying in some directions to suppress that very spirit of inquiry, the suppression of which in their own case they would have

considered a most unjustifiable persecution, then it must be said that they were most imperfect rationalists, and that they forgot for others what they knew to be essential for themselves. Mr. Lecky, then, in his very definition of rationalism, has done good service to the cause of truth, and thereby also to the cause of charity. He has removed entirely from the meaning of the word everything that can shock even the most sensitive conscience. A rationalist is not necessarily either orthodox or heretical, he is not necessarily a good man, much less is he necessarily a bad man; but in so far as he is a rationalist he is a seeker after truth, preserving himself as far as possible from every bias that would prevent his finding it.

"It is manifest," says Mr. Lecky,* "that, in attempting to write the history of a mental tendency, some difficulties have to be encountered quite distinct from those which attend a simple relation of facts. . . . . Probably the greatest difficulty of such a process of investigation arises from the wide difference between professed and realized belief. When an opinion that is opposed to the age is incapable of modification, and is an obstacle to progress, it will at last be openly repudiated; and if it is identified with any existing interests, or associated with some eternal truth, its rejection will be accompanied by paroxysms of painful agitation. But much more frequently civilization makes opinions that are opposed to it simply obsolete. They perish by indifference, not by controversy. They are relegated to the dim twilight land that surrounds every living faith; the land, not of death, but of the shadow of death; the land of the unrealized and the inoperative. Sometimes, too, we find the phraseology, the ceremonies, the formularies, the external aspect of some phase of belief that has long since perished, connected with a system that has been created by the wants, and is thrilling with the life, of modern civilization. They resemble those images of departed ancestors which it is said the ancient Ethiopians were accustomed to paint upon their bodies, as if to preserve the

* Pp 19—21.

pleasing illusion that those could not really be dead whose lineaments were still visible among them, and were still associated with life. In order to appreciate the change, we must translate these opinions into action, must examine what would be their effects if fully realized, and ascertain how far those effects are actually produced. It is necessary, therefore, not merely to examine successive creeds, but also to study the types of character of successive ages."

These remarks, which are obviously true, furnish the key to a large part of the most interesting portions of Mr. Lecky's book. The history of what men have believed is one thing, and the history of what they think they have believed is a totally different thing; and it requires not a little skill to determine when a man has been totally mistaken, even in his own belief. The test applied by Mr. Lecky, though even that test is not always easily applied, is the simplest and the surest. What a man really believes cannot fail to influence his conduct; the creed which does not influence a man's conduct, however strong its language may be, in spite of its most magnificent promises and cruelest anathemas, is little better than a delusion. It has ceased to be operative, and therefore it may be inferred that it has ceased really to live. Illustrations of the application of this test abound in every part of Mr. Lecky's work. His first chapter is "On the declining sense of the Miraculous—Magic and Witchcraft;" and it is a complete historical exhibition of the decline and death of a most pestilent superstition, which after a long period of dreadful vitality began slowly to decay, which was dead long before its death was so much as suspected, and which by some few even still is supposed to be not wholly extinct. When good people read of the "witch" of Endor, and "those who have familiar spirits," they

fancy that they still believe that there really were in times past, and might possibly be again, human beings in constant intercourse with demons. Others, again, "spiritualize" the old-world stories, and fill them up with meanings that were wholly impossible, not only before Christ, but even before the eighteenth century. There may be demons of lust and cruelty and fraud, and spirits of mischief of every sort, with which it is only too easy to become "familiar;" but these are not the devils for which witches were burnt to death. Educated men have ceased to believe not only that there are witches, but that there ever *were*; and the utmost that the most credulous can now persuade themselves to admit is simply this, that it would be unwise and dangerous to deny the existence of certain forms of evil which seem to be constantly referred to in the sacred Scriptures. They believe, that is to say, not in witches, but in the general veracity of the Bible. When people really believed in witchcraft, it was quite impossible to doubt both the sincerity of their conviction; or to doubt that it was a perpetual torment, and an occasion of diabolical cruelties which nothing but a perverted sense of duty would ever have been strong enough to produce.

"Witchcraft," says Mr. Buckle,* "was but the reflection by a diseased imagination of the popular theology. We accordingly find that it assumed the most frightful proportions and the darkest character. In other lands, the superstition was at least mixed with much of imposture; in Scotland it appears to have been entirely undiluted. It was produced by the teaching of the clergy, and it was everywhere fostered by their persecution. Eagerly, passionately, with a thirst for blood that knew no mercy, with a zeal that never tired, did they accomplish their task. Assembled in solemn synod, the college of Aberdeen, in 1603,

* Vol. i., pp. 139—142.

enjoined every minister to take two of the elders of his parish to make 'a subtle and privy inquisition,' and to question all the parishioners upon oath as to their knowledge of witches. Boxes were placed in the churches for the express purpose of receiving the accusations. When a woman had fallen under suspicion, the minister from the pulpit denounced her by name, exhorted his parishioners to give evidence against her, and prohibited any one from sheltering her. In the same spirit he exerted the power which was given him by a parochial organization, elaborated perhaps more skilfully than any other in Europe. Under these circumstances, the witch-cases seem to have fallen almost entirely into the hands of the clergy. They were the leading commissioners. Before them the confessions were taken. They were the acquiescing witnesses, or the directors of the tortures by which those confessions were elicited.

"And when we read the nature of these tortures, which were worthy of an Oriental imagination; when we remember that they were inflicted, for the most part, on old and feeble and half-doting women, it is difficult to repress a feeling of the deepest abhorrence for those men who caused and who encouraged them. If the witch was obdurate, the first, and it is said the most effectual, method of obtaining confession was by what was termed 'waking her.' An iron bridle or hoop was bound across her face with four prongs, which were thrust into her mouth. It was fastened behind to the wall by a chain, in such a manner that the victim was unable to lie down, and in this position she was sometimes kept for several days, while men were constantly with her to prevent her from closing her eyes for a moment in sleep. Partly in order to effect this object, and partly to discover the insensible mark which was the sure sign of a witch, long pins were thrust into her body. At the same time, as it was a saying in Scotland that a witch would never confess while she could drink, excessive thirst was often added to her tortures. Some prisoners have been waked for five nights; one, it is said, even for nine.

"The physical and mental suffering of such a process was sufficient to overcome the resolution of many, and to distract the understanding of not a few. But other and perhaps worse tortures were in reserve. The three principal that were habitually applied were the pennywinkis, the boots, and the caschielawis. The first was a kind of thumb-screw; the second was a frame in

which the leg was inserted, and in which it was broken by wedges, driven in by a hammer; the third was also an iron frame for the leg, which was from time to time heated over a brazier. Fire-matches were sometimes applied to the body of the victim. We read in a contemporary legal register of one man who was kept for forty-eight hours in 'vehement tortour' in the caschielawis; and of another who remained in the same frightful machine for eleven days and eleven nights, whose legs were broken daily for fourteen days in the boots, and who was so scourged that the whole skin was torn from his body. This was, it is true, censured as an extreme case, but it was only an excessive application of the common torture."

Now that is something like *believing* in witchcraft; it was not only a most genuine faith, but it seems to have had a grim unselfishness, making it almost sublime. Many were accused of witchcraft for no other reason than that they were uncommonly skilful in the cure of diseases, and were ever ready to employ their skill for the relief of the suffering. In most Catholic countries the civil power refused to execute persons who were guilty only of the crime of alleviating the miseries of their fellow-creatures. At this gross neglect of obvious duty, the clergy were of course indignant; fortunately only Catholic inquisitors have been able to match the horrors for which Scotch Calvinism has to answer. In Scotland such persons were unscrupulously put to death. And yet, as Mr. Lecky very properly acknowledges, the men who were chiefly guilty of these atrocities are not so much to be blamed as pitied.

"There are," he says,* "opinions that may be traced from age to age by footsteps of blood; and the intensity of the suffering they caused is a measure of the intensity with which they were realized. Scotch witchcraft was but the result of Scotch Puritanism, and it faithfully reflected the character of its parent.

* Vol. i., pp. 144, 145.

It is true that before the Reformation the people had been grossly ignorant and superstitious, but it is also true that witchcraft in its darker forms was so rare that no law was made on the subject till 1563; that the law was not carried to its full severity till 1590; that the delusion invariably accompanied the religious terrorism which the Scotch clergy so zealously maintained, and that those clergy, all over Scotland, applauded and stimulated the persecution. The ascendancy they had obtained was boundless, and in this respect their power was entirely undisputed. One word from them might have arrested the tortures, but that word was never spoken. Their conduct implies, not merely a mental aberration, but also a callousness of feeling which has rarely been attained in a long career of vice. Yet these were men who had often shown in the most trying circumstances the highest and the most heroic virtues. They were men whose courage had never flinched when persecution was raging around; men who had never paltered with their consciences to attain the favours of a king; men whose self-devotion and zeal in their sacred calling had seldom been surpassed; men who in all the private relations of life were doubtless amiable and affectionate. It is not on them that our blame should fall; it is on the system that made them what they were. They were but illustrations of the great truth, that when men have come to regard a certain class of their fellow-creatures as doomed by the Almighty to eternal and excruciating agonies, and when their theology directs their minds with intense and realizing earnestness to the contemplation of such agonies, the result will be an indifference to the suffering of those whom they deem the enemies of their God, as absolute as it is perhaps possible for human nature to attain."

The reality of a belief, then, may be almost certainly determined by its practical result. Centuries ago people did believe, *and now we do not believe*, that the world swarms with devils, that the Creator of the world is a hideous monster, choosing, for utterly undiscoverable reasons, to bestow exceptional and often demoralizing favours upon a very small minority of mankind, and hunting all the rest through all manner of vices and miseries in this world into unutterable and everlasting

agonies in the next. Instead of believing this, the belief in huge armies of demons subject to the commands, and ever ready to do the bidding, of an omnipresent chief, has been removed to "the region," as Mr. Buckle calls it, "of the shadow of death." The devil and his angels are fading rapidly away into metaphor; dreadful mental diseases, and even some gigantic excesses of immorality, and uncontrollable impulses to crime, are referred now, not to demoniacal possessions, but to diseases of the brain. The belief in witchcraft therefore has entirely passed away, because it is entirely incompatible with other beliefs, which it may safely be predicted will never give place to the old superstition. But it is by no mere process of direct argument that this result has been obtained; it is not the force of logic alone that has altered the beliefs and conduct of men; but rather their altered circumstances have brought into a new light the arguments which in logic were always valid, and the premisses of which were just as compatible with the nature of man and the character of God in the first century as they are in the last. Nor is it difficult to determine at least some of the causes which have changed the circumstances, and so indirectly altered the beliefs of civilized men. The growth of physical science alone, though there were many other causes, would account for the change. It is quite impossible for anybody who has even the vaguest knowledge of chemistry or physiology, or any other of the sciences which come nearest to the life of man, to believe in old women traversing the air on broomsticks; destroying the health and life of those they hate by sitting in their own houses and melting little wax images before their own fires; or blighting human joy by an

ugly look. Nobody now has the slightest dread of the evil eye; and, on the other hand, nobody believes that sicknesses are cured by Satanic remedies, and that men can know more than their fellows only by becoming enormously more wicked than they. The enlargement of commerce, the increase of political freedom, the innumerable common interests, apart from theology, which bind men together, even in spite of the differences in their creeds—all such causes have combined to render it impossible to tolerate those hideous cruelties and cold-blooded murders which were perpetrated for centuries in the name of Almighty God.

And even here we may take occasion to remark, though every succeeding chapter of Mr. Lecky's book furnishes additional proof, that no single name, such for instance as a nation being called Jewish or Christian, is sufficient to determine what those religious influences are to which the nation is really subject. Religion cannot be imported from one country to another like hogsheads of sugar. Names indeed may be imported, and ceremonies, and even some doctrinal formularies; but it depends upon very complicated causes whether or not the imported names will stand for the same things which they denoted in their earlier home, or the ceremonies have the same significance, or the doctrinal formularies be the expressions of any real experience or beliefs. Papists and reformers, persecutors and their victims, have alike belonged to Christendom; and have imagined they found their rules of life in the Christian Scriptures and the honoured example of holy men. Especially is it altogether uncertain what immediate effect will follow the introduction of the Bible to a new home. Whether the readers will direct their lives by

the Old Testament or the New; whether their ideal man will be found among the stern ministers of wrath that hewed captive kings in pieces before the Lord, or in Him who took upon Him the form of a servant and went about doing good; whether they will persecute after the one model or save after the other—all this depends not upon the Bible taken alone, but upon the Bible taken together with all the forces, old and new, endlessly combining, which determine the character of a people. The circumstances of the Scotch clergy, for instance, as Mr. Lecky has shown, rendered it inevitable that they should really receive the Old Testament rather than the New; and therefore hold in abeyance such newer teachings and more merciful examples as were incompatible with the Jewish customs and laws, though they held the place of honour in the Christian Scriptures.

"Their circumstances made them liberals, and they naturally sought to clothe their liberalism in a theological garb. They soon discovered precedents for their rebellions in the history of the judges and captains of the Jews; and accordingly the union of an intense theological, and an intense liberal feeling, made them revert to the scenes of the Old Testament, to the sufferings and also the conquests of the Jews, with an affection that seems now almost inconceivable. Their whole theology took an Old Testament cast. Their modes of thought, their very phraseology, were derived from that source; and the constant contemplation of the massacres of Canaan, and of the provisions of the Levitical code, produced its natural effect upon their minds."*

So, in general politics, it depended not alone on the Bible, but on the nature also of the government under which men were living, whether they would learn the

* Vol. i., p. 146.

glory of regicides from the Old Testament, or the duty of passive obedience from the New. Here also the Old Testament commended itself to the political necessities of the democratic Scotch, and the New to Anglican conservatives.

Magic and witchcraft are forms of the miraculous, but they were by no means the only forms accepted by the intellect and conscience of more credulous ages. The miracles of the Church were as numerous as the miracles of the devil; and they were as readily believed by men who had not as yet beheld the wondrous order of the universe of God. "At present, nearly all educated men receive an account of a miracle taking place in their own day with an absolute and even derisive incredulity, which dispenses with all examination of the evidence. Although they may be entirely unable to give a satisfactory explanation of some phenomena that have taken place, they never on that account dream of ascribing them to supernatural agency; such an hypothesis being, as they believe, altogether beyond the range of reasonable discussion."* We have arrived at this complete unbelief of supernatural interpositions through a long course of preparations, and as the result not of a direct disproof of the possibility or even the probability of miracles, but of the knowledge of laws which we find operating uniformly and without interruption as far as our experience has reached, and which render miracles unnecessary, or even injurious. A disproof of the *possibility* of a miracle is not often attempted by those who believe in a personal God; and, at any rate, it has never been furnished. But none the less for that

* Vol. i., p. 1.

have men come to believe that, instead of strengthening their faith in a wise ruler of the universe, a miracle wrought before their very eyes would almost seem to them the herald of chaos. It would seem a ghastly triumph of disorder; it would bring into at least a temporary doubt that great postulate on which all human thought and all human action rest—the relation between cause and effect. Nothing but the haze of long distance, and the special necessities of the greatest crisis of the world's history, can save their faith, or at least suspend their disbelief, of those inexplicable wonders on which Christianity itself is founded.

That Mr. Lecky himself does not deny the possibility (and probably believes the reality) of the great Christian miracles, is abundantly clear from his own words, and at any rate the progress of genuine Rationalism by no means involves the denial.

"When men first grasped," he says,* "the truth that the tendency of the human mind was from polytheism to monotheism, there were some who at once rushed on to atheism, considering that to be a continuation of the same movement. The disbelief in ghosts led many to materialism, and the discovery that man was not the centre of all the contrivances of nature made not a few deny final causes. Just so, science having shown that the phenomena of nature do not result (as every one once supposed) from direct and isolated acts of intervention, multitudes have passed by the impetus of the movement to the denial of the possibility of miracles. To say that Omnipotence cannot reverse the laws of His appointment is a contradiction in terms. To say that an Infinite mind never modifies those laws for special purposes, and in a manner that exceeds both human capacities and human comprehension, is to make an assertion that is unproved and contrary to analogy. To say that the metaphysical

* Vol. i., pp. 198, 199 (foot-note).

conception of Infinity precludes the notion of miracles is useless, because (as Mansel and others have shown) the creation of the world is equally irreconcilable with that conception, and because the existence of evil throws all such reasoning into hopeless confusion. To say, in fine, that there was no use in miracles accompanying a revelation in an early stage of society, is completely to ignore the passion for the wonderful and the dim perception of the moral which are the characteristics of such a society. All these propositions flow naturally, but not legitimately, out of the reaction against the 'government by miracle,' in which Europe once believed. The *logical* consequences of the movement are, I think, twofold. 1. The difficulty of proving miracles satisfactorily is incalculably increased, because it is shown that, in a certain phase of civilization, the belief in miracles necessarily arises, and that many thousands, which are now universally rejected, were then universally believed, supported by a vast amount of evidence, and entirely unconnected with imposition. 2. The essentially moral character which theology progressively acquires renders miraculous evidence (except for a particular class of minds) useless."

The credibility of the great miracles, the Incarnation and the Resurrection of Jesus Christ, depends upon the consideration that He who cannot act at all without limiting Himself to some mode of acting, may well submit to such limitations as may best reveal to men His own goodness and the true dignity of human nature; and the fact also, that these miracles were not mere physical marvels, but mighty instruments in the moral development of mankind. It was, indeed, one chief object of the teaching of Jesus to withdraw men from a superstitious longing for mere wonders to a perception of their spiritual significance as *signs* of a divine order, a kingdom of heaven. But it must surely be admitted that the credibility of an alleged miracle affirmed to be wrought by God, diminishes directly, as its moral quality and purpose diminish. The miracles of the "Gospel of

the Infancy," for instance, are utterly disbelieved, not simply for want of evidence, but because they are absolutely worthless; they have no moral or spiritual value. For exactly the same reason no prudent divine will now offer the miracles of the Church as proofs of her divine commission; on the contrary, if he believe them at all, he will strengthen the other proofs of her divine commission as much as possible, in order that it may be able to bear the enormous burden of the ecclesiastical miracles. Nobody regards in the same way the preservation of Jonah in the whale's body, and the raising of the widow of Nain's son from the dead. For the one, all our gentlest affections plead; for the other, we do not care at all—not even enough to rouse ourselves to deny it. Even if it be true, it does not touch one of the necessities, or dangers, or griefs of our own lives. The resurrection of the dead is not so much, even in appearance, an interference with the laws of nature, as an assertion that when those laws of nature with which we are familiar, have exhausted themselves upon the human body, the very man himself is still alive; subject, doubtless, still to divinely-appointed laws, but not destroyed. But the conditions of human life in a whale's belly are absolutely not worth knowing.

But any attempt to reduce the number or apologize for the moral effect of miracles is itself a proof of the silent change that has been wrought by enlarged experience, truer canons of criticism, and the growth of the physical sciences. The mythopœic age, in any country and in any faith, requires an apology for the *absence* of miracles. Mr. Grote has proved this with absolute completeness in a region sufficiently remote from religious prejudice to admit of a close approxima-

tion to impartiality. He has detected Greek myths in all stages of their production; and endless variations of divine interposition according to the mental characteristics, or geographical position, or political partialities of those who created both their gods and a history of divine achievements. He has shown us that so far from general belief being any proof of the reality of supernatural interpositions, it is in certain ages, and certain stages of religious development, a very clear warning that such interpositions are so eagerly desired, that any assertion that they have taken place would be received without evidence at all. And this in Greek history is exactly similar to what characterized the period before the Reformation. In the writings of the fathers we find miracles spoken of as existing in profusion.

"If we pass from the fathers into the middle ages, we find ourselves in an atmosphere that was dense and charged with the supernatural. The demand for miracles was almost boundless, and the supply was equal to the demand. Men of extraordinary sanctity seemed naturally and habitually to obtain the power of performing them, and their lives are crowded with their achievements, which were attested by the highest sanction of the Church. Nothing could be more common than for a holy man to be lifted up from the floor in the midst of his devotions, or to be visited by the Virgin or by an angel. There was scarcely a town that could not show some relic that had cured the sick, or some image that had opened and shut its eyes, or bowed its head to an earnest worshipper. It was somewhat more extraordinary, but not in the least incredible, that the fish should have thronged to the shore to hear St. Anthony preach, or that it should be necessary to cut the hair of the crucifix at Burgos once a month, or that the Virgin of the Pillar, at Saragossa, should, at the prayer of one of her worshippers, have restored a leg that had been amputated. Men who were afflicted with apparently hopeless disease, started in a moment into perfect health when brought into contact with a relic of Christ or of the Virgin. The virtue of such relics radiated in blessings all around them. Glorious visions heralded their

discovery, and angels have transported them through the air. If a missionary went abroad among the heathens, supernatural signs confounded his opponents, and made the powers of darkness fly before his steps. If a Christian prince unsheathed his sword in an ecclesiastical cause, apostles had been known to combat with his army, and avenging miracles to scatter his enemies. If an unjust suspicion attached to an innocent man, he had immediately recourse to an ordeal which cleared his character and condemned his accusers. All this was going on habitually in every part of Europe without exciting the smallest astonishment or scepticism. Those who know how thoroughly the supernatural element pervades the old lives of the saints, may form some notion of the multitude of miracles that were related and generally believed from the fact that M. Guizot has estimated the number of these lives, accumulated in the Bollandist Collection, at about twenty-five thousand. Yet this was but one department of miracles. It does not include the thousands of miraculous images and pictures that were operating throughout Christendom, and the countless apparitions and miscellaneous prodigies that were taking place in every country, and on all occasions. Whenever a saint was canonized, it was necessary to prove that he had worked miracles; but except on these occasions miraculous accounts seem never to have been questioned. The most educated, as well as the most ignorant, habitually resorted to the supernatural as the simplest explanation of every difficulty."*

Why is it that all these miraculous interpositions are now regarded with such "derisive incredulity," that even devout believers in the sacred Scriptures never hear of a modern miracle without disgust, without feeling that it is an impertinence, an attempt to rival the glories of that wondrous era when the religion of Jesus Christ made its first entrance into the world? Many Christian people indeed still believe in miracles, wrought before their own eyes, in their own day. They believe that in consequence of their own prayers, God alters the course of the seasons, sends rain in drought, and fair weather

* Vol. i., pp. 153—155.

after rain ; they believe that for the same reason He supersedes bad ship-building, and delivers sailors in crazy vessels from the violence of tempests ; they believe that in like manner He will so far reverse the operation of ordinary causes, that He will grant in answer to prayer an abundant harvest, even though the sowing has been scanty, or the soil impoverished by neglect or ignorance. Even great institutions—great at any rate in the largeness of their operations, and the magnitude of their liabilities—are supported by no other means than an appeal on the one hand to the miracle-working power of God, and on the other to the extreme credulity of the British public. Such appeals are never entirely in vain ; for there is a large number of people who are grieved and terrified at the progress of reason, who mourn over even their own subjection to the spirit of the age, and who imagine that the worth of their faith is determined by the mere quantity of what they believe. But though the reports of such institutions are utterly ridiculous, even when they are not blasphemous, even those who compile them, and who possibly also believe them, are so far mastered by the power of rationalism that they dare not call a miracle by its own name. The mode of feeding the orphans in a large establishment near Bristol differs in no essential particular from the mode of feeding the five thousand, unless indeed it be an essential difference that the Bristol establishment begins without even the loaves and fishes. If people can obtain what they want by kneeling down to pray for it, instead of by going into the market and buying it ; if they can get diseases cured by prayer, instead of by medical skill and medicine ; wherein does all this differ from the unwasting barrel of meal and cruse of oil, or the effects of the

prayer of Elijah, "O Lord, my God, let the spirit of this child come unto him again, that he may live?" But people who pray for rain, and who profess to support enormous households without any human resources, know perfectly well that they would be regarded as hopeless lunatics if they pretended for a single moment that they possessed the power of working miracles. But the very fact that they are compelled to repudiate the proper *name* for the thing they think they possess, is an important testimony to the overwhelming power of Rationalism.

Why is it then that the belief in modern miracles has so completely died away, and that even no amount of evidence can persuade us that any miracle whatever has been wrought for at least several centuries? One reason is, that we have arrived at far better canons of criticism and tests of historical proof. It is not enough for us to know that some particular assertion has been made; we must be satisfied that they who make the assertion have some fair means of knowing the truth of what they affirm. We require to be satisfied not only that some particular event might have happened, but that there is conclusive reason to believe that it did happen. Again, the industrious prosecutions of physical science have led men further and further into the region of divine operations, and nowhere have they been able to discover, in any period of modern research, even the slightest deviations from the appointed order. Moreover, their researches have compelled them to admit that there is scarcely any evidence so untrustworthy as the first report of the senses. Very few people indeed are competent to say what they have seen with their eyes, or heard with their ears; and men whose habits of observation have been cultivated with the utmost care, and protected

with the most scupulous anxiety from any possibility of bias, are not likely to receive as sufficient proof of miracles the second-hand reports of superstitious and ignorant observers, whose moral characteristics incline them not to doubt the presence, but to doubt the absence of a supernatural interposition. But there is yet another, and perhaps a better reason still, for the complete discredit into which all but the very greatest miracles have fallen. It is a reason furnished rather by the conscience than the intellect. Miracles have ceased to be expected, because they have ceased to be desired. Men love wisdom far more than power ; they believe that order, foreknowledge, and a complete pre-arrangement, sufficient for all possible emergencies, are immeasurably more divine than any manifestations, however appalling or even benevolent, of mere caprice. People feel that if miracles were ever necessary, and they are often very willing to confess that they once were, they are certainly unnecessary now. The gift of healing was immeasurably less useful, or at any rate would be immeasurably less useful now, than medical and surgical skill. Even if it were more immediately available for the cure of diseases, it would tend directly to repress that effort, and render unnecessary that thorough culture of all the faculties, without which all real greatness is impossible. The same may be said of all the other special gifts of the apostolic age ; they could be necessary only when men were ignorant and weak, and if they were continued beyond that period of weakness they would tend only to perpetuate it.

Few educated persons therefore now in this country believe in miracles, excepting so far as to admit that, in the infancy of the human race, it is certainly possible

that God could have wrought them, but enormously difficult to prove that He ever actually did; and that in the greatest moral crisis of human history, he gave to men a revelation of Himself which involved a departure from the ordinary laws of nature. But a yet clearer proof, if possible, of the prevalence of Rationalism is to be found in the fact that the very meaning of the word miracle has been changed, so that the word is no longer used to indicate an inversion, or even a temporary suspension of the laws of nature. On the contrary, the sphere of *law* has been enlarged so as to include miracles, which are accordingly regarded not as breaches of laws we know, but as examples of the operation of laws with which we are not yet familiar.

"We find also," says Mr. Lecky,* "even among the supporters of the evidential school, a strong tendency to meet the rationalists, as it were, half-way,—to maintain that miracles are valid proofs, but that they do not necessarily imply the notion of a violation of natural law with which they had been so long associated They are, it is said, performed simply by the application of natural means guided by supernatural knowledge. The idea of interference can present no difficulty to any one who admits human liberty; for those who acknowledge that liberty must hold that man has a certain power of guiding and controlling the laws of matter, that he can of his own free will produce effects which would not have been produced without his intervention, and that in proportion as his knowledge of the laws of nature advances his power of adapting them to his purposes is increased. That mind can influence matter is itself one of the laws of nature. To adapt and modify general laws to special purposes is the occupation and the characteristic of every intelligence, and to deny this power to divine intelligence seems but little removed from atheism. It is to make the Deity the only torpid mind in the universe. There is, therefore, it is said, nothing improbable in the belief that Omniscience, by the selection of natural laws of which we

* Vol. i., pp. 194—196.

are ignorant, could accomplish all those acts which we call miraculous. According to this notion a miracle would not differ, generically, from a human act, though it would still be strictly available for evidential purposes. Miracles would thus be separated from a conception with which almost all the controversialists of the last century had identified them, and which is peculiarly repugnant to the tendencies of our age."

It will scarcely be denied, even by those who think the prevailing Rationalism too undiscriminating in its rejection of the miraculous, that the God of the modern Church is a far more glorious Being than the capricious divinity who was supposed to be for ever interfering with the affairs of His creatures, and neutralizing the effects of His own imperfect foresight.

The Creator Himself, indeed, has been ever the same; but the piety and morality of a man is determined, not only by what his God is, but by what has been revealed or discovered of the divine perfections. So long as men "esteemed" God "to be" capricious, "to them He *was*" capricious; and all their thought and action were based upon that misbelief. Even the Scriptures are not without the relics of that ignorance which was inevitable in the world's infancy; though they bear a wonderful testimony to the eternal order in that region where it is most important—the region of morality. The mountains may depart and the hills be removed, but not the faithfulness or righteousness of God; not the deep, wide, everlasting difference between right and wrong. That God should change the material for the sake of the spiritual, is by no means inconceivable and might be glorious; but it is far more wonderful and glorious that His infinite wisdom has from the very beginning provided that the material shall ever be the minister of the true spirit, and shall need no change. The belief of miracles, indeed, with

a very few grand exceptions, marking the great crises in the history of the world, has utterly vanished; but in place of it there is a far surer belief in a living God, who is able to govern without miracles, and whose enduring order is the one comprehensive wonder of the universe. Even the belief in miracles was an early triumph of the very same spirit which has now rooted out the belief; it was wiser and nearer to the truth than that fetishism which it superseded. But faith in a living Person governing the world would itself become injurious, if we were suffered to believe that He is altogether such a one as ourselves.

"There is one other subject," says Mr. Lecky,* "of great importance which is naturally suggested by the movement we have been considering. We have seen how profoundly it has altered the character of Christian Churches. It has changed not only the outward form and manifestations, but the habits of thought, the religious atmosphere which was the medium through which all events were contemplated, and by which all reasonings were refracted. No one can doubt that if the modes of thought now prevailing on these subjects, even in Roman Catholic countries, could have been presented to the mind of a Christian of the twelfth century, he would have said that so complete an alteration would involve the absolute destruction of Christianity. As a matter of fact, most of these modifications were forced upon the reluctant Church by the pressure from without, and were specially resisted and denounced by the bulk of the clergy. They were represented as subversive of Christianity. The doctrine that religion could be destined to pass through successive phases of development was pronounced to be emphatically unchristian. The ideal Church was always in the past; and immutability, if not retrogression, was deemed the condition of life. We can now judge this resistance by the clear light of experience. Dogmatic systems have, it is true, been materially weakened; they no longer exercise a controlling influence over the current of affairs. Per-

* Vol. i., pp. 203—205.

secution, religious wars, absorbing controversies, sacred art, and theological literature, which once indicated a passionate interest in dogmatic questions, have passed away or become comparatively uninfluential. Ecclesiastical power throughout Europe has been everywhere weakened, and weakened in each nation in proportion to its intellectual progress. If we were to judge the present position of Christianity by the tests of ecclesiastical history, if we were to measure it by the orthodox zeal of the great doctors of the past, we might well look upon its prospects with the deepest despondency and alarm. The spirit of the fathers has incontestably faded. The days of Athanasius and Augustine have passed away never to return. The whole course and tendency of thought is flowing in another direction. The controversies of bygone centuries ring with a strange hollowness on the ear. But if, turning from ecclesiastical historians, we apply the exclusively moral tests which the New Testament so invariably and so emphatically enforces, if we ask whether Christianity has ceased to produce the living fruits of love and charity and zeal for truth, the conclusion we should arrive at would be very different. If it be true Christianity to dive with a passionate charity into the darkest recesses of misery and of vice, to irrigate every quarter of the earth with the fertilizing stream of an almost boundless benevolence, and to include all the sections of humanity in the circle of an intense and efficacious sympathy; if it be true Christianity to destroy or weaken the barriers which had separated class from class and nation from nation, to free war from its harshest elements, and to make a consciousness of essential equality and of a genuine fraternity dominate over all accidental differences; if it be, above all, true Christianity to cultivate a love of truth for its own sake, a spirit of candour and of tolerance towards those with whom we differ,—if these be the marks of a true and healthy Christianity, then never since the days of the Apostles has it been so vigorous as at present, and the decline of dogmatic systems and of clerical influence has been a measure if not a cause of its advance."

Mr. Lecky's third chapter, "Æsthetic, Scientific, and Moral Developments of Rationalism," is admirably written, and in every respect full of interest; but what he says of *moral* development is worthy of very special

attention. It is an introduction to the long chapter on persecution; which is a history of oft-told horrors, written with unflinching justice, with sensitive humanity, and with exulting joy that both the emotional and logical antecedents of persecution are destroyed for ever. That so dreadful a curse should have blighted all Christendom for centuries, in spite of the divine gentleness of Jesus Christ, can be accounted for only by the principles that persecutors had adopted, or the moral atmosphere they breathed. The great emotional antecedent of persecution is to be found in the teaching of the early church concerning the future world. It is quite impossible for us to realize the effect of that teaching when it was really believed: it is even difficult for us to believe that men of heroic virtue and singular unselfishness should have dared to offer it to the world. We read with amazement such sermons as Dr. Pusey's "On Everlasting Punishment;" astonished that a generous man can seem to find a sort of righteous satisfaction in what, at best, could be only the most appalling mystery of the universe. But Dr. Pusey's sermon is mere child's play compared with the fiery denunciations of men like Tertullian. In a passage quoted by Mr. Lecky,* he actually promises the spectacle of the everlasting agonies of the damned as a compensation to those who were compelled to abstain from the enjoyments of the games and theatres of the heathen.

"'What,' he exclaimed, 'shall be the magnitude of that scene? How shall I wonder? How shall I laugh? How shall I rejoice? How shall I triumph when I behold so many and such illustrious kings, who were said to have mounted into heaven, groaning with Jupiter their god in the lowest darkness of hell!

* Chap. i., p. 357; quoted from Tertullian, *De Spectaculis*, cap. xxx.

Then shall the soldiers who had persecuted the name of Christ burn in more cruel fire than any they had kindled for the saints. . . . Then shall the tragedians pour forth in their own misfortune more piteous cries than those with which they had made the theatre to resound, while their comedian's powers shall be better seen as he becomes more flexible by the heat. Then shall the driver of the circus stand forth to view all blushing in his flaming chariot, and the gladiators pierced, not by spears, but by darts of fire. . . . Compared with such spectacles, with such subjects of triumph as these, what can prætor or consul, quæstor or pontiff, afford? and even now faith can bring them near, imagination can depict them as present.'"

In due time such teaching was impressed upon the heart and thought of the vulgar by dreadful pictures; and for the most refined it imparts a terrible repulsiveness even to the noblest poetry of the Catholic world. It was urged upon men as a fitting subject for frequent and long-continued meditation. The horrors of the future state of sinners was to them a sort of measure of their own deep abhorrence of that sin which deserved such severity of punishment. They were told that if hell seemed to them too much, it could only be because sin seemed too little; and just because they had so inadequate a notion of the evil of sin did they need the protection against temptation which might be furnished them by terror. No cruelty that has ever cursed the world can approach in diabolical ingenuity the mediæval tortures inflicted by the Church; and the only excuse that can be offered for them is the fact that they were but poor copies of the far more dreadful torments inflicted by Almighty God. Nor was the awful effect of the teaching concerning the future state more than very slightly alleviated by the more generous Gospel which accompanied it. For, to begin with, there *was* no Gospel *for all*. There was no Gospel for

the unbaptized; even among the baptized there was no Gospel for the unelect. And when two divinities of equal power, one infinitely kind and the other infinitely malicious, are set before men for their worship, all history testifies that the good God will be neglected, and the god-devil will have all the honour. For men will argue that they *must* be on their guard against the devil,—they *must* conciliate *him* and avert his wrath; for the slightest failure in their homage must involve swift ruin, even if they are not tormented for the mere amusement of divine cruelty. But the *good* God may be trusted to do no harm. He will forgive those neglects which the multiplied cares and anxieties of mankind render almost inevitable. Above all, He will remember the cruel exactions of their infernal oppressor, and be Himself the less exacting. When the two deities are united in the same person, the same inexorable logic will still apply with equal or even greater force. The devil will be worshipped, the God will be forgotten. Perfect fear will cast out love. In the continual contemplation of suffering the heart will grow hard, and men will learn to inflict torment on one another without remorse.

The doctrine of everlasting torment still lingers in form, and even with some small realization, among the sterner minds of Christendom; men of abstractions, who carry dogmatic premisses to their last conclusions almost without a pang. But even they scarcely venture to teach that spirits are tortured in literal fire. For the most part the doctrine itself has passed away; destroyed not simply by truer interpretations of Scripture, but by habits of thought and methods of government with which the doctrine of everlasting hell fire is utterly and for ever incompatible. The penal code, especially, has

received the most careful consideration from statesmen and philanthropists; men who were guided by conscience and reason, and not by dogmatic theology. Though this good work itself was retarded by the prevalence of the mediæval doctrine of the future state, and would have continued wholly impossible if secular government had been in the hands of the clergy, nevertheless the punishment of criminals has been rendered more and more remedial, less and less revengeful and expiatory. Men realize, as they become more civilized and intelligent, the intensity of the suffering they inflict, and the innumerable differences of crimes. They perceive that in every case the worst sinner has been also, in some measure, sinned against. They recognize the unspeakable value of a human spirit, and that no folly could be greater than to waste a living man. They treat an evil doer as they would treat a priceless gem that had somehow become flawed, well knowing that no part of the jewel may be thrown away. The recklessness of human life which characterizes semi-barbarous legislation has given place to a tenderness which is even in some danger of becoming excessive and hysterical; but the change is in the right direction, and is based on the true foundation of a high sense of the dignity of human nature. While a truer theology and nobler ethics have rendered this change possible, the change in modern penal legislation has re-acted most favourably on ethics and theology. It is preposterous for those to hesitate about *hanging* a man for stealing a sheep, who believe that God, the fountain of all justice and law, would burn him in hell for ever for stealing a penny. It is ridiculous to attempt any accurate adjustment of punishments if all crimes are sins, and all sins deserve the infliction

of endless torment. It is absurd to make our punishments remedial if the divine example assures us that the great end of punishment is not reformation, but revenge. Modern statesmen may not perhaps be prepared to deny in words the mediæval doctrine; but they adopt the far more effective method of denying it in every one of their acts, and denying it most emphatically in those acts which are most solemn. They simply reverse in their own government what they have been taught to believe is the mode of the divine government. They reverse it with loathing and scorn, as a horrid relic of barbarism which would be a disgrace to civilization. The social theories of modern life and the mediæval doctrine of the future state may live together in form, but never in reality; one only will be realized, and the other will be in abeyance.

The decay of the doctrine of the endless torment of the wicked in a literal fire has removed the greatest of the emotional antecedents of persecution; similar causes have been in continual operation to remove the logical antecedents. The chief of these was the doctrine of exclusive salvation, which is well stated, and without exaggeration, by Mr. Lecky. It included the doctrine of the absolute necessity of baptism.

"'Be assured,' writes St. Fulgentius, 'and doubt not that not only men who have obtained the use of their reason, but also little children who have begun to live in their mother's womb and have there died, or who, having been just born, have passed away from the world without the sacrament of holy baptism, administered in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, must be punished by the eternal torture of undying fire; for although they have committed no sin by their own will, they have nevertheless drawn with them the condemnation of original sin, by their carnal conception and nativity.' It will be remembered that

these saints, while maintaining that infants whose existence was but for a moment descended into eternal fire on account of an apple that was eaten four thousand years before they were born, maintained also that the creation and the death of those infants were the direct, personal, and uncontrolled acts of the Deity."*

"But the scope of the doctrine we are considering was not confined to unbaptized children; it extended also to all adults who were external to the Church. If the whole human race existed under a sentence of condemnation which could only be removed by connection with Christianity; and if this sentence were so stringent that even the infant was not exempt from its effects, it was natural that the adult heathen who added his personal transgressions to the guilt of Adam should be doomed at last to perdition. Nor did the fathers who constructed the early systems of theology at all shrink from the consequence. At a time when the Christian Church formed but an infinitesimal fraction of the community; at a time when almost all the members who composed it were themselves converts from paganism, and reckoned among the pagans those who were bound to them by the closest ties of gratitude and affection, the great majority of the fathers deliberately taught that the entire pagan world was doomed to that state of punishment which they invariably described as literal and undying fire. In any age and under any circumstances such a doctrine must seem inexpressibly shocking; but it appears most peculiarly so when we consider that the convert who accepted it, and who, with a view to his own felicity, proclaimed the system of which he believed it to form a part to be a message of good tidings, must have acquiesced in the eternal perdition of the mother who had borne him, of the father upon whose knees he had played, of the friends who were associated with the happy years of childhood and early manhood, of the immense mass of his fellow-countrymen, and of all those heroes and sages who by their lives or precepts had first kindled a moral enthusiasm within his breast. All these were doomed by one sweeping sentence. Nor were they alone in their condemnation. The heretics, no matter how trivial may have been their error, were reserved for the same fearful fate. The Church, according to the favourite image of the fathers, was a solitary ark floating

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* Vol. i., pp 397, 398.

upon a boundless sea of ruin. Within its pale there was salvation; without it salvation was impossible. 'If any one out of Noah's ark could escape the deluge,' wrote St. Cyprian, 'he who is out of the Church may also escape.' 'Without this house,' said Origen, 'that is without the Church, no one is saved.' 'No one,' said St. Augustin, 'cometh to salvation and eternal life except he who hath Christ for his head; but no one can have Christ for his head except he that is in His body, the Church.' 'Hold most firmly,' added St. Fulgentius, 'and doubt not that not only all pagans, but also all Jews, heretics, and schismatics who depart from this present life outside the Catholic Church, are about to go into eternal fire, prepared for the devil and his angels.' So prominent and so unquestionable was this doctrine deemed, that the council of Carthage, in the fourth century, made it one of the test questions put to every bishop, before ordination."*

It is quite impossible to exaggerate the mischievous effects of this terrible doctrine; it is indeed difficult to determine whether it was more injurious to the intellect, or the conscience, or the affections. The mercy of its salvation aggravated, instead of palliating, the ferocity of its curse. It elevated mere ceremonies above spiritual life, and dogmatic orthodoxy above morality. It multiplied pious frauds; "it rendered universal that species of falsehood which is termed misrepresentation, and which consists mainly of the suppression of opposing facts;" and it utterly crushed the earnestness of inquiry, which is the only bulwark against the encroachments of error.

"The considerations I have adduced in the first part of this chapter," says Mr. Lecky,† "will be sufficient to show how injurious have been the effects of the doctrine of exclusive salvation. We have still, however, one consequence to examine, before which all others fade into insignificance. I mean, of course, religious persecution. This, which is perhaps the most fearful of all the evils that men have inflicted upon their fellows, is the direct practical result of the principles we have hitherto considered in

* Vol. i., pp. 412–415. † Vol. ii., pp. 1–3.

their speculative aspect. If men believe with an intense and realizing faith that their own view of a disputed question is true beyond all possibility of mistake; if they further believe that those who adopt other views will be doomed by the Almighty to an eternity of misery which, with the same moral disposition, but with a different belief, they would have escaped, these men will, sooner or later, persecute to the full extent of their power. If you speak to them of the physical and mental suffering which persecution produces, or of the sincerity and unselfish heroism of its victims, they will reply that such arguments rest altogether on the inadequacy of your realization of the doctrine they believe. What suffering that man can inflict can be comparable to the eternal misery of all who embrace the doctrine of the heretic? What claim can human virtues have to our forbearance, if the Almighty punishes the mere profession of error as a crime of the deepest turpitude? If you encountered a lunatic who, in his frenzy, was inflicting on multitudes around him a death of the most prolonged and excruciating agony, would you not feel justified in arresting his career by every means in your power,—by taking his life if you could not otherwise attain your object? But if you knew that this man was inflicting not temporal but eternal death, if he was not a guiltless though dangerous madman, but one whose conduct you believed to involve the most heinous criminality, would you not act with still less compunction or hesitation? Arguments from expediency, though they may induce men under some special circumstances to refrain from persecuting, will never make them adopt the principle of toleration. In the first place, those who believe that the religious service of the heretic is an act positively offensive to the Deity will always feel disposed to put down that act if it is in their power, even though they cannot change the mental disposition from which it springs. In the next place, they will soon perceive that the intervention of the civil ruler can exercise almost as much influence upon belief as upon profession."

Mr. Lecky's chapter on Persecution is admirably written; and is valuable, above all, because it does not waste indignation on men, but on the evil systems and mischievous dogmas by which they were fatally misled. It is not the persecutors, but the principles which justify

and even demand persecution, which are rightly held up to the loathing and execration of mankind. The doctrine of the endless torment of the wicked hardens the heart; the doctrine of exclusive salvation deadens the conscience and stupefies the intellect. These doctrines, therefore, are to be utterly repudiated; their deep immorality, their absolute unreasonableness, their blasphemous affront to Almighty wisdom and love, are without ceasing to be demonstrated and proclaimed. It is not even of bad men that we need to be most afraid, but of those principles of morals or theology which cannot fail to make bad all who accept them. That these doctrines are rapidly dying out, is happily indisputable. It matters almost nothing that they remain in creeds and formularies: it matters little even that men can be found who still imagine that they believe them. The true test and measure of their being believed, is the effects they produce; and now, in England, their effects are ridiculous and suicidal. But still, as always, they are wholly intolerable; subversive of liberty and honesty, in nation and individual, in conduct and thought.

It is superfluous to ask whether they are believed. Some men partly believe them, and *therefore* they persecute; they rob Professor Jowett, for instance, as long as they are permitted, of some few hundreds a year. They refuse to pay to the Bishop of Natal his salary, because they really believe that that form of stealing is not so dangerous to the soul as heresy. But in England there are almost as many heretics as there are individuals, *and nobody cares*. No Anglican priest or bishop dare try to put in force the ecclesiastical canons of his own church. He might excommunicate and curse; and the only effect would be that men would laugh in his face.

He might refuse the sacraments; but the clergyman of the next parish would administer them—and if a man could not get the sacraments at all he would contentedly go without them. Jews were burnt to death in olden times, now they have seats in Parliament. The orthodox marry and are given in marriage to heretics; and the infidel who denies every one of the thirty-nine Articles, and repudiates the three creeds, is buried "in sure and certain hope of a resurrection to eternal life." It is more dangerous now to be a street beggar or an organ-grinder, than to be a heresiarch. "If it were a matter of wrong or wicked lewdness, O ye wrangling ecclesiastics, reason would that I should bear with you; but if it be a question of words and names, and of your law, look ye to it, for I will be no judge of such matters." So speaks that great Gallio, the spirit of the age, the Rationalism of modern Europe—and "cares for none of these things."

The remaining chapters of Mr. Lecky's book are on "The Secularization of Politics," and "The Industrial History of Rationalism." So far are politics secularized that we almost fail to perceive that they ever needed secularizing. People now-a-days are annoyed at any attempt to connect religion with the ordinary affairs of the nation. Even the State Church exists on sufferance; not by divine right, but by political expediency, and on condition of being the docile, submissive slave of the civil power. High Churchmen hate the alliance almost more bitterly than the dissenting sects; knowing that they lose far more of spiritual strength and old ecclesiastical supremacy, than they gain of earthly splendour and possessions. The most utterly imbecile and absolutely powerless body in all England is the

Convocation of the Clergy; a body that even to Henry VIII. could dare to suggest that if the laws of the Church and the laws of the State should unhappily be at variance, the laws of *the State* should be changed. The ecclesiastical courts, that were once the terror of the land, that were more powerful and far more merciless than the secular tribunals, are now the laughing-stock of the nation; and it needs more courage to apply ecclesiastical law than to defy it. And yet the old system alone is compatible with the old theory upon which it was based, and which still lingers in words and formularies. The proof that the old belief is dead is not to be found in any verbal denial, any formal protest, but in the whole spirit and structure of modern life.

Nor is the progress of Rationalism less obvious or less beneficial in its relation to commerce. The commercial spirit is the extreme opposite of the ascetic spirit. It is bent upon making life happy, and securing the utmost advantage of the things that are seen and temporal. It is opposed, on almost every side, to the mediæval theology, and must utterly perish if that theology should ever again prevail. Especially has it destroyed two of the prominent doctrines of the old religion—the doctrine of usury and the doctrine of almsgiving. Now, indeed, a vague distinction is drawn between usury and interest; and so the attempt is made to save the credit of Jewish and Christian antiquity. But the distinction is in itself utterly delusive, and was, at any rate, entirely repudiated by the ancient church. Under the pressure of expanding commerce, one concession after another was obtained; but each and all of them were completely inconsistent with the teaching of the fathers and the law of the church. Popes damned the usurer, but kings borrowed

his money; and even the societies that were founded to render needless the ruinous assistance of pitiless money-lenders, were compelled to take interest under another name. The Church cursed the lender; the wiser world, when it cursed at all, cursed the borrower. The Church lauded recklessness and poverty, the world forethought and thrift. Loans being left more and more to the natural laws by which they are governed, were found to be beneficial and even necessary, though they might still be reckoned among mortal sins. They were tested by far other standards than obsolete texts of Scripture, and the grotesque absurdities of patristic logic. Men still may repudiate usury and affect to despise the world, but the new spirit is everywhere; and even churches themselves are often paid for by borrowed funds, and exist by the usury that was once punished with excommunication, and threatened with the endless torments of hell.

Political economy, moreover, has wholly subverted the ancient doctrine of "charity," and the mischievous custom of reckless almsgiving. It is no longer esteemed a virtue to open the doors of great houses of religion to every idle vagrant, and feed his insolence and dishonesty with the bread of God. To be *needlessly* poor is justly accounted a vice; inasmuch as every man who does not keep himself must be compelling somebody else to keep him. The idler can live only by robbing the industrious; either picking the pocket of the honest worker himself, or sending the tax gatherer to steal for him. The whole world is turned upside down; and it is not too much to say, that Rationalism has restored the Christianity which the mediæval Church so nearly succeeded in destroying.

For, after all, the Christianity of the mediæval Church was not the Christianity of Christ. A lazy mendicant, swarming with vermin and loathsome with filth, is not the noblest fashion of man. Contempt of human nature is wholly incompatible with the fundamental doctrine even of the Church itself, the true humanity of the Son of God. Rationalism is but the echo of Christ's own words—"To this end was I born, and for this cause came I into the world, that I might bear witness of *the truth;* every man that is of the truth heareth my voice." It is but the proving of all things, and the holding fast of that which is good. But, henceforth, it is dominant in Europe; and what is not rational is doomed. Creeds, churches, Bibles, forms of government, modes of social life, must henceforth justify themselves or depart elsewhither.

And when timid Christians look with horror on this huge giant striding through Europe, and wish that the days of unenquiring credulity could come back once more, we well might ask them at what point in the progress of free thought they would be willing to stop; or what reformation they would be able to justify. They could not justify dissent, nor the Reformation, for both were rationalistic. They could not justify the Bible, for it rests on the conviction that it is reasonable to expect that Almighty God will make some revelation of His will; and that the Bible does actually contain the record of that revelation. They could not rent a house, or buy a coat; for some part of the price is sure to be "usury." Their whole life would become one tangled mass of contradictions, from which nothing but Rationalism could possibly set them free.

"The bane and antidote are both before us." While

Mr. Lecky's sheets were in the press, Dr. Newman was publishing the *Apologia pro sua Vita*. Most certainly this is not the ultimate but a near alternative for every one of us—Reason or Rome. An infallible Bible must have an infallible church and infallible expounders. The Anglican "via media" is a road that leads only from one chaos to another. Authority, if we could only find it, might at least *stun* us. But surely there is something better and nobler. Reason cannot be an accursed thing. And there is a living God to guide all earnest seekers into His own light.

THE NEW REFORMATION.

THERE are no doubt hundreds of thousands of very devout men and women in England, to whom the words, "*the New Reformation*," will convey no sort of meaning. They have read or heard, that about three centuries ago, our forefathers arose in rebellion against Popish errors and superstitions; they cast away the authority of the bishop of Rome, and instead of it they submitted themselves entirely to the guidance of the Holy Scriptures. Everything that could not stand the test of Scripture was abandoned, and from that time till the present, "the Bible, and the Bible alone, is the religion of Protestants." No doubt, especially among the dissenting sects, there are many misgivings as to the accuracy and completeness with which the Scripture test was applied by the reformers, but the test itself is still accepted as both necessary and sufficient. Everything in the Bible is true; and though it may not be affirmed conversely that everything which cannot be found in the Bible is not true, yet, "Holy Scripture containeth all things necessary to salvation, so that whatsoever is not read therein, nor may be proved thereby, is not to be required of any man that it should be believed as an article of the faith, or be thought requisite or necessary to salvation." Now a reformation of a religion implies

that it has become so degenerate as to have forgotten, if one may so speak, the very principle upon which it is founded, the very idea which it exists to manifest. The religion of Protestants, for instance, would become thus degenerate if it abandoned the Scripture test, if it either derived or proved its doctrines from some other source. Merely to correct some misapplication of the test—to prove for example that a particular form of the doctrine of election was not justified by texts of Scripture—would by no means be considered a reformation of Protestantism. But when a quiet Protestant hears anybody talk about a New Reformation, he either stares, in blank ignorance of the meaning, or he begins to shiver with horror; he experiences that creeping sensation which is supposed to indicate that somebody is walking over his grave. For if the words mean anything, they really must mean that the old Scripture test is to be abandoned; that a doctrine may be scriptural and yet perhaps not true, or at any rate not necessary; or again, that some doctrine may be necessary and true which does not happen to be scriptural; or, at all events, that the truth or necessity of a doctrine must be proved by its conformity, not to texts of Scripture, but to some other test. In fact, the attempt to bring religion back to its original principles which was made in the sixteenth century, and which was satisfied with an appeal to the Bible, is to be confessed unsuccessful; and a new attempt must be made which will carry us beyond the Bible and carry the Bible itself along with us.

It would therefore obviously be unfair not to admit, that when a Protestant feels a creeping sensation on hearing of a New Reformation, somebody *is* walking over his grave. It is quite impossible to over-estimate

the advantages which have arisen from the wide circulation of the Holy Scriptures, and the reverence with which their teaching has been received. The Bible is so immeasurably in advance of the general intelligence of mankind, that it may with the utmost advantage be accepted as a final court of appeal for all religious disputes by the vast majority of human beings. But even a final court of appeal does not exist by its own authority. It is not competent to any odd number of men to constitute themselves the umpires for all creation, and to justify their decisions by the fact that they *are* self-constituted umpires. Courts of law are determined either by immemorial usage, or by statutes of the realm; and depend ultimately upon the intelligence and the conscience of a nation. It is beyond a doubt that if the judicial procedure of this country were found to be incompatible with impartial justice to all suitors it would at once be altered—or at any rate it would be altered as quickly as English people can be persuaded to alter any abuse. Anyhow, it is quite clearly understood that the judgment of a final court of appeal is decisive so long as the court itself exists, but that the court itself exists on sufferance, and only so long as it can justify itself to the conscience and intellect of the nation.

Now it is exactly thus with the sacred Scriptures. As the great majority of suitors in courts of law know nothing whatever about the origin, or legal authority or procedure of the courts—simply doing what their solicitors tell them they must do and abiding the result; so the vast majority of Protestants know next to nothing about the Bible. They have a vague notion that part of it was written in Hebrew, and part in Greek; but thousands of them would never know they were being

laughed at if they were told that the book *Genesis* was a translation into Greek out of Latin. They don't know who wrote the different books of the Bible, nor when they were written. They know nothing at all about the Canon, nor why Ecclesiastes *is* Bible, and Ecclesiasticus *is not*. All they know is that if they go to a shop and ask for a Bible they get a certain book. Ecclesiastes is in it, and Ecclesiasticus is not in it, and that is quite enough for them. If they owed three pounds, and were indisposed to pay it, they would be summoned to the County Court; if they doubted the doctrine of "election," and were disinclined to believe it, they would be summoned to the Bible. The cases are almost exactly parallel. Both may be regarded, in a sense, as courts, but the majority of people do not know in either case why they are courts, or whether they ought to be courts at all. At the same time this ignorance does not prevent an enormous amount of good. The County Court is a most useful institution; and the Bible, in all that is essential, commends itself to every man's conscience in the sight of God. But nevertheless it is becoming more and more widely recognised that the Scriptures themselves must be tested. A reasonable man can hardly be expected to direct his whole life, and govern even his desires by a particular book, simply because it is labelled "Holy Bible." Moreover, the world swarms with Bibles; and even where the doctrines and legends of a religion have not been collected into one book or set of books, they might have been so collected in the old times, and they might even be so collected now. It is quite easy, for example, to determine what was the theology or mythology of the ancient Greeks. Ingenious essays have been written upon the theology of the

Homeric poems; and Mr. Gladstone has studied the character and offices of Athene with immeasurably more patience and care than most Protestant divines have devoted to the Virgin Mary. And of course if no theological dogmas are to be regarded as authoritative, we may fairly admit that there is a certain amount of truth in every religion; that even dumb idols, wood and stone, the work of men's hands, are images of divine realities. We can all of us join in Pope's "Universal Prayer"—

> "Father of All! in every age,
> In every clime adored,
> By saint, by savage, and by sage,
> Jehovah, Jove, or Lord!
>
> "To Thee whose temple is all space
> Whose altar, earth, sea, skies!
> One chorus let all being raise
> All Nature's incense rise!"

But the great temple of the Eternal is not a pantheon; and anybody clearly perceiving and understanding what has been revealed to us concerning Jehovah, will find it exceedingly hard to bow down and worship Jove. Which then is which? How long halt ye between two opinions? If Jehovah be God, follow him; but if Baal, then follow him. And which of these shall we follow? If it were right for human beings to decide so grave a question by their mere prejudices, then every form of error would be everlasting. Considering how closely body and spirit are united, it may be affirmed without even a metaphor that every child takes in its religion with its mother's milk. We send out our missionaries to urge the heathen to overcome their prejudices; and Protestant devotees are constantly labouring to overcome the prejudices of the Papists. We are, even as a religious

duty, continually bringing every form of religion *except our own* to some external test. The New Reformation requires us to bring our *own religion* to a test.

The foundation of the New Reformation is RATIONALISM.

Of course the great majority of devout Christians in England wholly disbelieve this. They believe that no reformation is necessary. They believe that no reformation is in progress. They believe that Rationalism would not reform, but would, if it could, destroy the Christian religion. In like manner, in the reign of Henry the Eighth the Anglican bishops believed that no reformation was necessary, and they were completely unaware of the fact that a great reformation was in progress. "Truth it is," they said, in that madness wherewith God visits men whom He has purposed to destroy, "that certain apostates, friars, monks, lewd priests, bankrupt merchants, vagabonds, and lewd, idle fellows of corrupt intent, have embraced the abominable and corrupt opinions lately sprung in Germany; and by them some have been seduced in simplicity and ignorance. Against these, if judgment has been exercised according to the laws of the Church, and conformably to the laws of the realm, we be without blame. If we have been too remiss, and slack, we shall gladly do our duty from henceforth." Exactly. And the bishops of our day are quite satisfied in their own minds that they are far too slack and remiss in punishing "those corrupt opinions lately sprung in Germany." They would do far more if they could, but alas—so much are times changed—a bishop is but a dummy; other people play his cards for him, and everybody knows what his next move will be. Henry the Eighth's bishops were quietly digging

their own graves, and all the while they fancied that they were digging out the room for the foundation of their own greatness. It is not a little pathetic to meditate upon the end of these men. Some of them went to the axe, and almost all the rest of them to the land where nothing is remembered. There is a reformation in progress now. The old landmarks are being removed, the old tests superseded; and the great majority of English Christians know absolutely nothing about it.

What is this Rationalism then, which is the very principle of the New Reformation? There is scarcely a word in the English language which more needs to be explained, and so to be delivered from those slovenly, market place interpretations which have rendered Rationalism itself a horror to the majority of Christian men. For even people who ought to know better are constantly speaking and writing as if Rationalism were a set of doctrines; and what those doctrines are they seek to ascertain by examining the writings of all those who have either called themselves, or been called by others, Rationalists. Unfortunately a small number of thoughtful men have totally repudiated the Christian religion. Carefully considering the existing Christian Church, with its innumerable battling sects, and opposing dogmas, with its long history, too, so full of cruelty and fraud, with its political relations, and unrighteous monopolies—they have come to the conclusion that the system which bears such fruit as we find even in our own day in Rome and Ireland, must assuredly be both mischievous and false. They have therefore separated themselves from the Christian society, as such, and have denounced both the Church and the clergy; sometimes violently, with fierce accusations of knavery and pride—sometimes con-

temptuously, with scornful pity for the ignorant and beguiled. Again, they have examined the Christian literature, the books which contain a record of those facts upon which the Christian Church professes to be founded. They have concluded, for reasons more or less satisfactory, that the majority of these books are far less ancient than they are commonly supposed to be. They have carefully criticised the various texts of the original. They have cut out large portions of the New Testament books which they supposed to be interpolations. In a word, they leave us exceedingly few of the New Testament books, as belonging in any proper sense to the apostolic age; and then, judging those few fragments that remain by modern science and modern philosophy, they cut out as wholly unbelievable everything that is miraculous or supernatural. In this way the whole of Christianity vanishes. The history itself being destroyed, the lessons which that history, if it had been true, would have taught us, perish also.

In many cases there is not the slightest reason to suppose that the men who have arrived at such conclusions as these—most unfortunate and unjustifiable as I believe those conclusions to be—were in the smallest degree dishonest or hostile to Christianity itself. They refused to believe the Christian dogmas, and the Christian narratives, because in fact they were *unable* to believe them. Employing a certain method of investigation and proof, and employing that method only to a certain extent, their repudiation of the Christian religion was simply inevitable. Moreover, he must be a strange moralist, and a much stranger Christian, who can hesitate to prefer the honesty of unbelief to the hypocrisy of faith.

But it by no means follows, that because certain individuals, making an honest, and as they believed complete, use of their own reason in the investigation of those matters, which unquestionably demand from every one of us the most careful and conscientious attention, arrived at certain conclusions, *those conclusions themselves* must necessarily follow from *every* application of human reason to the facts and doctrines of Christianity. In a word, a man may be a rationalist, but his particular creed, or even his no-creed, can by no means constitute Rationalism itself.

The absurdity and injustice of attempting to identify Rationalism with all the various and contradictory conclusions at which rationalists have arrived, is easily perceived when a similar injustice is attempted to the injury of Christianity or Protestantism. What would be thought of the man who should make a collection of all the oddities that have ever been produced by Christian writers, call the whole mass of nonsense the Christian religion, and forthwith begin to ridicule it as an obsolete absurdity? No doubt it is very easy to arrive at such a state of mind that a man may think himself the only real Christian in all the world. "Est hæc periculosa tentatio," says Calvin, "nullam ecclesiam putare ubi non appareat perfecta puritas. Nam quicunque hac occupatus fuerit necesse tandem erit ut discessione ab alüs omnibus facta solus sibi sanctus videatur in mundo, aut peculiarem sectam cum hypocritis instituat." But history refuses to recognise that one man who is the only saint in all the world; nor will common sense excommunicate all the rest of Christendom, in order that the communion of saints may be monopolised by a little handful of hypocrites. So long therefore as English words retain

their meaning, people will be called Christians and will quite rightly be called Christians who differ from each other in almost all conceivable ways, and who agree only in this—that the form of their religion has been determined by the advent of Jesus Christ. Some Christians then affirm, and others deny, the doctrine of the Trinity, the divinity of Christ, the necessity of the sacraments, justification by faith, a vicarious atonement, the everlasting torment of those who die impenitent. Inasmuch as there can be no sort of compromise between flat yes and no, it must be perfectly plain that these affirmations and denials are mutually exclusive. If therefore Christianity itself were identified with the doctrines held by Christians, then Christianity itself would be a mass of absurdity no better than the senseless jabbering of an idiot. But every Christian can understand how excessively unjust such a caricature of his religion would be. He would say at once, "All these absurdities that you try to fasten upon me and upon my religion I utterly disclaim and abhor. My religion rests upon certain facts. It matters nothing to me that certain individuals have attempted to account for those facts in a foolish way, or to deduce from those facts, in defiance of all true logic, false conclusions; the facts themselves are the common property of mankind. Moreover, being facts, they are quite unalterable; but the doctrines or practices which individuals may deduce from those facts are utterly incalculable, and will be wise or foolish according to the wisdom or the folly of each separate thinker."

In like manner the natural gifts, and the culture of individual thinkers, differ almost infinitely. Every human being, simply because he is a human being, is possessed

of senses, intellect, emotions, will, is in fact a *reasonable* being; and moreover his nature is such that he cannot fail to recognise that reason is his dominant faculty, and that to act in defiance of reason is to throw away the very glory which distinguishes him from the beasts. Sensual gratifications, stormy passions, rash resolves, undisciplined, ill-regulated conduct; all this is inhuman, exactly because it is unreasonable. Nay, more, there is something higher in man than the intellect, and there is a use of intellectual power, cleverness, skill, which has been called vulpine—the craftiness of the fox—a cleverness beastly, not human. But when a man, urged on by this dominant faculty of his nature, begins like the boy Jesus in the temple, to ask questions; when moreover he begins to find out that learned doctors are much more astonished at his questions than able to answer them, when in a word he realizes that he must himself find the answers for his own questions; he then also begins to perceive how slender are the materials at his command, how little fit he is to enter upon an inquiry which seems to stretch out broader and further at every step of his advance. Each fresh solution of a difficulty seems to suggest a new difficulty to be solved, till the inquirer becomes over wearied and disheartened—

> "For here, forlorn and lost, I tread,
> With fainting steps and slow,
> Where wilds immeasurably spread
> Seem lengthening as I go."

The inquirer is urged forward by his imperious reason, while at every turning crowds of guides offer him their services, and bewilder him with contradictory advice.

There are religions which claim his submission because they are old, and there are religions which claim his submission because they arethe newest birth of time—the ripest fruit of all the thought, and even of all the mistakes, of nearly a score of centuries. He becomes half stifled by the press and crowd of those who would be only too pleased to relieve him altogether of the responsibility of being a reasonable creature. He watches them, and he sees the different religions, like porters at a wharf, snatching hold of each new comer, seizing his luggage, and hurrying him off up steep steps or narrow passages, but above all getting him quite out of the reach of all the other porters. The inquirer, like a tormented passenger just landed from a steam-packet, is apt to get savage, and to say to some ticket-porter religion, "Just put my box down and leave me to myself for a minute or two. Who on earth are you, to be seizing everything I've got in the world, and tearing off into some dark passage with it? You are very likely the most honest ticket-porter in all the world; but then, on the other hand, you may be a drunken old thief, and any how I'll just keep my box in my own possession." Very likely the newly-arrived passenger may make a mistake after all, and fall a prey to some sleek old hypocrite with an honest-looking face. And so a man in search for truth, and especially religious truth, may make a thousand mistakes; but at any rate he is a seeker, not led away without some reason or proof by the first theory that offers itself. "As far as I can see at present," he says to some form of religion, "you are true; I therefore give myself up to you. God has told me, broadly, generally, what I ought to do and what I ought to avoid. It seems to me that you are simply

applying, in all the minute details of life, these great principles; I therefore submit myself to you, because I think I have good reason for it; because, so far as I can see now, my whole nature feels the need of you. But if I find hereafter that, instead of applying to all the details of life the grand divine principles of morality, you somehow contradict them; if you begin to teach me that those very principles are themselves delusive, and, above all, if you require me to do dishonour to that imperial reason which first taught me my spiritual necessities, and then seemed to tell me that you could satisfy them, I shall know that I was wholly mistaken about you. I shall be quite certain that reason itself, the sovereign lord of all my faculties, can never have commanded me to become guilty of treason. I shall know that you are, in fact, not a religion at all, but a gloomy, inhuman, demoralizing superstition." Unfortunately the majority of so-called religions *are* inhuman superstitions; and rationalists are to be found in every one of them, feeling their way to something higher and better. And there are great systems of denial which are as inhuman and demoralizing as the grossest superstitions; and among them also are rationalists to be found, seeking light and life. But Rationalism itself is neither disbelief nor credulity; it is not any one of the innumerable, irreconcilable results at which rationalists have arrived. It is a method, a principle, a human right, a solemn spiritual duty.

The Christian religion presents itself to men sometimes as a system of dogmas, sometimes as a social organization, sometimes as a form of personal goodness. In other words, the appearance of Christ among men implied certain facts about God and about men, and

about the relations between them, which, when expressed in verbal propositions, are the simplest doctrines of the Christian creed. So, again, the sort of life which Jesus Christ lived in the world; His self-sacrificing love, the divine readiness with which He helped all who were in need, the gentle affection which He seemed to have power to shed into the hearts of all who came into contact with Him, His wonderful power to unite His followers into a brotherhood; all this lies at the foundation of the Christian Church. Once more, the perfect beauty of Christ's own goodness, the searching subtlety of His morality, the spirit and truth of everything He taught, brings every human being who knows anything about it face to face with the great mystery of His own responsibility. If I am to believe what Jesus Christ taught by word or by life, if I am to become a member of a society founded upon self-sacrifice, then I must myself *be* what Jesus Christ was. Christianity, therefore, may be called the highest form of human life.

Rationalism also may be expressed as a doctrine; it may be the foundation of a society; it may be a law of human conduct. As a doctrine, Rationalism may be expressed somewhat thus:—There is truth for men to know, there are in human nature all necessary faculties for arriving at the knowledge of it, there is supplied to every man some mode of contact between his own spirit and the truth. As a law of human conduct, Rationalism may be expressed somewhat thus:—Whenever your spirit is brought into contact with what professes to be truth, make the most careful use of all those faculties which are included in your human nature, in order that you may ascertain whether it is really truth or not. If you find that it is not truth, cast it away. If you find that

it is truth, submit yourself to it without reserve, with perfect loyalty of thought and act; and whatever it may cost you, obey truth with your whole being. As the foundation of a society, Rationalism may be expressed somewhat thus:—Inasmuch as there is truth for men to know, inasmuch as there are in human nature all necessary faculties for arriving at the knowledge of it; inasmuch as there is supplied to every man some mode of contact between his own spirit and the truth; and again, inasmuch as whenever our spirits are brought into contact with what professes to be the truth, we ought to make the most careful use of all those faculties which are included in our human nature in order that we may ascertain whether it is really truth or not, to cast away what we find to be false, and to obey the truth with our whole power; we, therefore, jointly and severally devote ourselves to the pursuit of truth, and pledge ourselves to obey it. The condition of communion with us shall be sincerity and earnestness; and they only shall be excommunicated from our fellowship who will not seek for truth, or who will not acknowledge and obey it.

If this be at all a fair account of Rationalism, it is quite obvious that it cannot be identified with any particular set of doctrines, much less with mere denials. For anybody to say, therefore, that Rationalism is the denial of Christianity, or the rejection of the Bible, or anything of that sort, is a culpable misrepresentation of Rationalism. I don't know how to test a matter of this sort so well as by bringing it to a personal issue. Strauss and Renan, for instance, are rationalists; and it is not misrepresenting their belief to say that they deny the historical veracity of the four gospels. On the contrary, there are very many rationalists who—in my judgment,

with the best possible reason—regard the history contained in the four gospels as the best authenticated history in all literature. But neither the denial nor the acceptance of the gospel history constitutes Rationalism. The man is a rationalist who, knowing that what is called the Christian religion professes to be completely true, determines to test it by what many people would call his own reason. The Christian religion is contained partly in books; he will therefore examine the books, and subject them to all the tests by which written language can be tried. It is partly a morality, and he will therefore test the Christian precepts by his own conscience, and by those moral judgments which have been accepted by the general conscience of mankind. The Christian religion appeals to himself as a human being; he will therefore ascertain whether or not it adapts itself to his human nature. The result of all this examination will depend very much upon the individual by whom it is conducted. But, whatever the result may be, it will be always open to revision; and if it denies too much, or if it affirms too much, the error may hereafter be corrected.

There are two popular antitheses which require a somewhat careful examination. The antithesis between reason and faith, and the antithesis between reason and revelation. The first of these may be expanded into the following propositions:—'In religion there are very many things that we can understand, there are very many other things that we cannot understand. Those things that we can understand are capable of certain kinds of proof, but those things that we cannot understand are strictly speaking capable of no proof whatever. We ascertain the one by reason, the other by faith.' Now thi sort of antithesis is, to speak plainly, wholly

unintelligible. The word faith has more meanings than one, but not one of those meanings will justify its opposition to reason. There seem, in truth, to be strictly speaking only three meanings to this word. It may mean either belief; or trust in a person; or the acceptance of some provisional hypothesis, which may be a satisfactory explanation of facts, and which is accepted for the sake of ascertaining whether it is a satisfactory explanation or not. In this last sense, it is true enough that we must believe before we can know; but our belief is always liable to revision, adopted for the very sake of being verified, and abandoned if we cannot justify it. When by faith we mean belief, it is admitted at once that such a faith can never be directly produced by any act of our own will. We may indeed exclude from our attention certain portions of necessary evidence. We may, as it were, keep opposing witnesses out of court; and by never hearing what they say, escape the effect which their testimony might have upon us. But if we do hear what they have to say, we cannot possibly escape the effect of their testimony. No human being who is capable of understanding, and who actually does understand the terms employed, can possibly examine the fifth proposition of Euclid, and then refuse to believe that the angles at the base of an isosceles triangle are equal. He may refuse to confess that he believes it; he may, in fact, tell as many lies as he likes; but whenever a sufficient amount of the fitting kind of evidence is produced, belief follows necessarily, inevitably. And, in like manner, when the necessary amount and kind of evidence is wholly wanting, belief cannot possibly follow. But, so far as faith is identical with belief, it will scarcely be pretended that it can be a virtue to separate faith

from reason. To believe without evidence is *prejudice*. It has in every age been regarded as a most mischievous folly. Moreover, in religion it is and always has been at the root of the most pestilent superstitions. Inasmuch, too, as prejudice has a negative as well as a positive side, seeing it is quite as easy for a person to believe without knowing why that something is *not* true, as to believe that something else *is*,—it has always been the great obstacle in the way of every kind of Reformation. Faith, then, when it is identical with belief, has to do with propositions. But propositions affirm certain relations between the things signified by their terms. It is perfectly obvious, therefore, that no honest man in his senses can pretend to believe a proposition that he doesn't understand. He may utter it, he may write it down on paper and sign his name at the end of it; he may admit the possibility of its being true; he may admit the fact, if it be a fact, that hundreds of other people know what it means, and know that what it predicates is true. But no amount of ingenuity, no conceivable intensity of desire, no solemn sense of duty, no dread of the consequences of uncertainty or denial, can attach belief to a proposition the terms of which are unintelligible. It is very likely that those queer marks one sees on tea-chests are propositions in the Chinese language; but what would be thought of an Englishman who, knowing nothing whatever of Chinese, should simply point to two or three sets of black marks on a tea-chest, and imagine it a great achievement of virtue to *believe them*. Not only is belief apart from reason not the highest Christian excellence, but belief apart from reason is either insanity or a vice.

Nor can reason be separated from faith, when faith

means trust in a person. Trust in persons, indeed, apart from reason, would place all the industry and virtue of a community at the mercy of knaves and vagabonds. It is no doubt wise, and even necessary, to trust a man until we find out that he is untrustworthy ; but the reason why we trust an unknown stranger is that we already possess so much knowledge of human nature, of the virtues and vices of mankind, and of the probable loss or gain of any punishable impropriety of conduct, that we know it is more likely that a perfect stranger does not intend to injure us than that he does. But reason is far higher than trust in a person. Indeed, trust is but *one mode* of reason, one of its innumerable manifestations, and *distrust* is another. There would be no glory or honour in trust, if distrust were never right and wise ; and a man who trusts everybody without knowing why, may very possibly be a saint, but very certainly is a fool.

But if faith, when it is identical with belief, depends upon reason ; and if faith, when it means trust in a person, depends upon reason ; it is scarcely likely that it means the very opposite of reason, when it depends upon a combination of both. No conceivable amount of trust in a person can enable anybody to believe a proposition whose terms are unintelligible. I will not shrink from suggesting the very highest illustration of what I mean. I can conceive of nothing more completely justified by reason than entire confidence in Jesus Christ. But if Jesus Christ Himself were to utter certain words which conveyed to us no meaning whatever, or words which formed a contradictory and impossible proposition—such for instance as the words *one is three*—and ask us to believe them, we should be

bound to speak the truth; and we should be compelled therefore to say something about equivalent to this—"We do not the least understand what these words mean. So far as we do understand them, they seem to affirm that a thing is and is not at the same time. We are perfectly certain that what you say to us is true; and if you tell us that these words, which we know nothing whatever about, affirm something that *you know to be true*, we have no sort of doubt that they do. When you tell us what the words mean, we shall be very likely not only to believe you, but from our very knowledge to believe that which the words affirm. Meanwhile, though we perfectly trust in you, it is impossible for us to believe or disbelieve what it is quite out of our power to understand."

There is yet another sense in which the word faith may be used, and used legitimately, but even in that sense faith requires the justification of reason. We know, for instance, that God is good; and yet the world is so full of mysteries of misery that we scarcely know how in the midst of all such sorrow there can be an all-powerful Good governing the world. Now, in the midst of all the mysteries of life, the conclusions of faith will, as it were, outrun their premisses—affirming more than has been really proved, though more of the same kind. I know no nobler expression of such a faith as this in all modern literature than we have in "In Memoriam."

"The wish, that of the living whole
No life may fail beyond the grave,
Derives it not from what we have
The likest God, within the soul?

"Are God and Nature then at strife
That Nature lends such evil dreams?
So careful of the type she seems,
So careless of the single life;

"That I, considering everywhere,
Her secret meaning in her deeds,
And finding that of fifty seeds
She often brings but one to bear,

"I falter where I firmly trod,
And falling with my weight of cares
Upon the great world's altar stairs
That slope through darkness up to God,

"I stretch lame hands of faith, and grope
And gather dust and chaff, and call
To what I feel is Lord of All,
And faintly trust the larger hope."

But it is surely plain that faith of this sort cannot be separated from reason. There is a love of God that passeth knowledge; and we at least know this, that we have never ourselves been able to exhaust the knowledge of the love of God, and to say—"Now there is nothing fresh to learn about this." We may therefore assume that in the infinite love of God there is some solution for all those difficulties which are unquestionably serious enough to embarrass our consciences, but are by no means of a kind to destroy or contradict what we actually know about God Himself.

But when faith is contrasted with reason it means credulity, it means *un*reason. It means—not belief justified by evidence, nor trust in a person justified by what we know about him—but blind confidence in some vague and useless abstraction—such, for instance, as the "Catholic Church," or the "Anglican Church," or the unknown individuals who form the popular opinion about the Sacred Scriptures. The Roman Catholic Church, for instance, affirms that the Scriptures declare that the substance of the consecrated bread in the Eucharist becomes the substance of the body of Christ.

The Anglican Church affirms the contrary of this; but, on the other hand, it incorporates into its liturgy the creed commonly called the creed of St. Athanasius. We are expected to believe these, and other dogmas, not because we understand them, nor because we ever meet with anybody who does understand them, but simply because somebody or other tells us that we ought to *believe* them, and that the less we understand them the greater is the merit of our belief. I do not mean by this to deny either of these dogmas; nor, on the contrary, do I mean to affirm them. But, assuredly, if the doctrine of the Trinity, for instance, could justify itself neither to any separate part, nor to the whole, of my human faculties, it is superfluous to say that I should reject it—the plain fact is, that it would be impossible for me to accept it. There is therefore no contradiction, no sort of opposition between reason and faith. Faith itself is a mode of reason, and the man who has no reason is incapable of faith.

The other antithesis—between reason and revelation—is even much sillier than the antithesis between reason and faith. Of course, reason and revelation are different things, and so are the human eye and the visible world. But things that are different are by no means mutually exclusive. Indeed, reason and revelation are so far from being mutually exclusive that each implies the other; for revelation is neither more nor less than the uncovering of hidden truth *in order that* reason may apprehend it; and reason is that very faculty in man which apprehends truth in whatever way it made be made known to him. Every revelation of God, however, is a fact either in the external world, or in the inmost experience of an individual, or in both together; and

the opposition between reason and revelation is just as stupid as the opposition between the eye and the external world. In any single act of vision the visible object and the power of vision are necessary factors; and he will be able to say which is most important, reason or revelation, who can tell us whether the factor four or the factor five is most necessary to the production of the product twenty.

At the same time, the antithesis between reason and revelation is so often repeated, and with so much of absurd exposition and illustration on both sides, that it becomes necessary to show that Rationalism is by no means opposed to what is called revealed religion. There are many doctrines, and there are many narratives, which any impartial inquirer would certainly reject; but he would reject them exactly because he could find no reason to believe that they have been really revealed. For, surely, the truth of a doctrine can scarcely be said to be revealed if the human mind has been furnished with a complete disproof of its truth. The question is very often asked, Will any rationalist venture to affirm that human reason could have worked out for itself such a religion as the religion of Christ? But why not put the question on a lower ground, where, perhaps, we may be in less danger of irreverence; and where, at any rate, we may seek for an answer without exasperating those hateful prejudices which infest the whole domain of theology? We might ask, Could the unaided human reason have worked out for itself such a science as chemistry? Or, we might ask again, Could the unaided human eye have produced for itself those facts which are at the base of the science of optics? The answer is, of course, negative; but a negative answer by no

means disproves the value or the necessity either of the eye or of the reason. Chemistry is the result of the application of the reason to a certain set of phenomena; and for the knowledge of those facts which are at the base of the science of optics there must be an external world to see, and an eye to see it with. It would justly be considered in the highest degree absurd to contend that reason has nothing to do with chemistry, because the elements and their compounds and the laws of their combination are independent of the mind by which they are perceived. And in religion it is equally absurd to disparage reason because Almighty God, and human beings, and their relations to each other, and the separate historical facts by which these have been manifested, are also independent of the perceiving mind. If God is to be known, the knower and the knowable are equally necessary.

The natural history of religion is always an interesting object of inquiry, and might, doubtless, be useful if it were not for an almost complete absence of any trustworthy materials out of which such a history might be constructed. The Bible narrative of the genesis of the human race and its earliest history is of the highest value, even though it should be impossible to regard it as historically true. There is the deepest moral necessity for our regarding every sort of evil as a departure from the divine ideal; and, at any rate, each one of us, in his own experience, is conscious, not only of a fall, but of a long series of falls. It is not therefore wonderful that this universal experience should have been represented in the form of a concrete fact, and transferred to the earliest period of the history of mankind. But even in the Bible narrative we scarcely pass outside the

garden of Eden without coming into contact with the stern realities which remind us that the Divine purpose is working itself out at once by the aid and by the opposition of the dependent will of men. We have scarcely heard the "very good" of the Divine Worker before we hear a murdered brother's blood crying to God from the ground. The inestimable superiority of the sacred history is this—that it is no bare record of the ambition and the crimes of men, but that human conduct is continually tested by those great moral principles which are always far in advance of actual life, and which are themselves continually purified by widening experience and deepening thought. The dawn of history, whether we find it in the Bible or anywhere else, exhibits man to us, as in the majority utterly debased, sunk in complete barbarism; with here and there nobler spirits, not only themselves fighting with evil, but seeking to raise other people to their own level. Indeed, we see what is so often and so unjustly disparaged, man working out a religion for himself—that is to say, availing himself of all those external facts, and of that knowledge of himself, through which God has made it possible for men to recognise His existence, and His character, and His government of the world.

There are, at least, two conceivable modes in which God might make His existence, and government, and character known to men. It is conceivable, that in some direct manner, by some appeal partly even to the senses, He might reveal Himself to His creatures. It is notorious that the earliest literature of almost all ages is full of supposed instances of this kind of revelation. In like manner, we read in the Old Testament how three men appeared before the tent of Abraham, and

conversed with him; and it is borne in upon his soul that he is conversing with the Eternal Himself, and listening to the very voice of God. Again, a burning bush attracts the notice of Moses in the desert; and as he turns to look why the bush still burns, but is not consumed, he is aware of the presence of Jehovah, and receives from Him his commission to be the deliverer of the children of Israel. It is, of course, conceivable that in any number of cases, and even in all cases where spiritual guidance is required, Almighty God might reveal His will to His creatures in a similar manner. There might be an audible voice, with certain unmistakeable tokens that it was not the voice of man, nor the product of a vivid imagination, but verily and truly the voice of God.

It is, however, perfectly certain that this mode of revelation, even if a single genuine instance of it can be found in all history, is in the highest degree exceptional; and can have had a special value, if at all, only to those very few persons who were the direct recipients of it. Abraham may have had no doubt whatever that he had seen and spoken with God; and that, in some mysterious way, "the three men" were verily "the Lord." But as a *visible* appearance of the Infinite Spirit is in the highest degree improbable; as there is an obvious confusion even in the very narrative itself of this wondrous manifestation; and, as nothing is more likely than that the firm belief that Abraham had in the constant presence of God, and His willingness to receive the earnest prayers of His people, should have taken some outward shape; we may well recognise the truth of what Abraham is said to have received from God Himself, without at all committing ourselves to the belief that

this truth was imparted to him in the mode which he himself supposed. It is certainly true, that the secret of the Lord is with *all* them who fear Him; and also, that this secret can be revealed to them without any such sensible manifestations as we read of in the history of Abraham. It is also revealed to us—that is to say, it is made plain to us—that the Ruler of the world is continually, so to speak, doing His utmost to prevent the necessity of destroying or making miserable His own creatures. In all sorts of ways is God answering the earnest prayers of His people "that He will not destroy the city even for ten's sake." But all this revelation is brought to us, not by three men at a tent door, but by the long lessons of history, the healing processes which are at work both in nature and in society, and the power of forgiveness and self-sacrifice that we find in our own hearts. Assuming even that the narrative in the eighteenth chapter of Genesis was furnished originally in one form or another by Abraham himself, we shall, nevertheless, be bound to receive its moral and spiritual lessons rather in defiance of their startling supernatural accompaniments than by the help of them. Those lessons are indisputably true, and therefore, like everything else which is good and true, are from God; but as to the mystery of the relation between "the three men" and "the Lord," we have no materials out of which it is possible for us to form a judgment. It will scarcely be affirmed that Rationalism is incompatible with the belief in the existence of a God; and, if we believe in a loving God at all, we cannot wonder that Abraham realized His presence, and that he should have been specially conscious of His presence and guidance in all the most serious crises of his life.

It is impossible that he can have failed to connect with the divine government and character the frightful degradation of the cities of the plain, and the sure and terrible judgment that such moral degeneracy was hurrying on. It is likely enough that three visitors talking to him at his tent, and then passing on to those very cities, may have wrought on his mind a solemn fear and an earnest cry to God for help and mercy. But it is this—this clear assertion of God's righteousness, this firm hope in God's mercy, this recognition of the indissoluble bond by which vice and ruin are fastened together—it is this which commends the revelation to our reason and conscience, whatever may have been the mode in which these truths were first made known to Abraham himself. In other words, we can always test the substance of a revelation, but we can by no means always test the form. When Abraham tells us that God is righteous and merciful, when he assures us that that is true, and that it was made known to him by God Himself, we have no difficulty whatever in believing him. "For *every* good gift, and every perfect gift is from above, and cometh down from the Father of lights, with whom is no variableness, nor shadow of a turning." But if he were to tell us that God made known this truth to him by means of a mysterious apparition of three men at his tent door, we should regard that statement as completely beyond our power to verify, and also as utterly immaterial to the truth itself. We judge of what professes to be a revealed truth by considering what the truth itself is, and not by considering the mode in which it was made known.

The great and obvious defect, therefore, of that mode of revelation which consists in a special supernatural

contact with some individual, would in every case be the extreme difficulty, not to say impossibility, of furnishing *to other persons* sufficient evidence of such supernatural contact. As, by its very nature, it must be quite outside of the general experience of mankind, the man who has been conscious of it in himself will be aware of no close resemblances, probably of no strong analogies, by which to impart to others what he has himself experienced. He can therefore do no more than make an assertion, which must always be open to grave suspicion, as to *the mode* in which the truth was made known to him, and then disclose *the truth itself*. But nothing will ever persuade reasonable human beings that what is absurd or immoral can really be of God. If therefore any statement be true or good, its truth and goodness will be the proof of its divinity; and, if it be false and immoral, its falsehood and evil will be the disproof of the divinity of the mode of its revelation.

If we examine the actual history of religious beliefs we shall find every reason to suppose that they originated, not by special supernatural revelations miraculously imparted by God to favoured individuals, but from all the facts of the world on the one hand, as a divine material furnished for human use from the beginning; and, on the other hand, the operation of the human intellect, and reason, and conscience, employed upon that material. There have arisen, doubtless, in different ages, and in different parts of the world, gifted spirits, strong in righteousness, and endowed both with the insight and the foresight of goodness, who have perceived far more than their fellow men the open secret of the world; have been more profoundly conscious of the power and presence of God, have lived more habitually

in spiritual communion with the Source of all that is; and who have believed themselves the special instruments of the Divine will. They have always believed themselves commissioned by the Most High, and therefore they have always spoken with authority, and commanded the assent of their fellow men. Moreover, their superior wisdom, the depth and breadth and fruitfulness of the truths they affirmed, their practical sagacity, and their sympathy both in thought and deed, with those laws which had been unperceived by others—these things have justified their claims to a divine guidance, and have ennobled those who have consented to be led by them. Moreover—a not insignificant token that they believed the inspiration of which they were conscious to cover the whole of their life and work—they enjoin, with equal confidence, and with equal assumption of divine authority, the great moral laws which are of eternal obligation, ceremonial differences between clean and unclean, the number of loops for the outermost edge of a curtain, and the necessary precautions for cleanliness and health. Often, too, in their frailty, they claimed even for their follies and vices a sort of divine sanction, as when Jacob robbed Esau of his birthright; or, in quite another region, when Mohammed pretended that the truths he made known to the tribes of his people had been revealed to him by means of certain supernatural wonders. At the same time, it must never be forgotten that the enormous pretensions, and, above all, the crafty imposture of the great religious leaders of mankind, are to be attributed mostly to their followers rather than to themselves. The true prophet has ever felt himself overwhelmed with a burden of the Lord, and has

dreaded rather than welcomed the awful responsibility of superior wisdom.

But when it is affirmed that the spiritual progress of men has been rather of a natural than of a supernatural kind, it is to be remembered that even nature itself is but an expression of the will of God. Thus the Christian Scriptures teach us, that when God determined to impart to men the completest possible revelation of His own character and will He sent His own Son, not simply by some supernatural contact with some favoured individuals to impart the needed truth to them and bid them to communicate it to others, but actually to come within the sphere of nature itself; and so to communicate with men by being Himself really and truly a man. The foundation, therefore, of the Christian religion is a history; and though the advent of Christ into the world was unquestionably a revelation of that Living Will, which is behind the world, and the ultimate cause of all its phenomena, yet the work of Christ among men conformed, in every possible particular, to what we are in the habit of calling the laws of nature. Thus it is obvious, at least if we are to believe the evangelic history, that Jesus grew in *wisdom*, and in stature, and in favour with God and man; that, being filled with the Holy Ghost, with that Spirit which united Him to the Father, and to every member of the Divine family, He was ever ready to perceive and to adapt himself to every law both of sonship and of brotherhood. And yet the inquiring, docile spirit of the boy who asked questions of the doctors in the temple, was by no means the same as the ripe wisdom of the prophet teaching His disciples on the mount. Coming within the limits of earthly nature, and of the

nature of man, even Jesus of Nazareth submitted in that very act to reveal to us the will of the Father by being *a learner*, before He could reveal that will to us as *a teacher*. Those who came into personal contact with Christ were undoubtedly brought into contact with the supernatural. They became aware, more perfectly than they had ever known it before, that for all that endlessly varying series of phænomena which we call nature, there is a cause other than themselves, and independent of themselves; and that the Living Will, the Force which is the Source of all changes, is akin to the will of man, with all its surroundings of wisdom and affection. But they arrived at this conviction by means of the very naturalness of Christ's life. In other words, the life of Christ in the world taught men not that the supernatural is separated from the natural by a chasm which nothing can bridge over, but that the two are in close contact, and that man is in the very image of God.

It is the special value of the Bible, that it contains a record of those facts which have been of the greatest spiritual significance, and of the lives and teachings of those men to whom it has been given to perceive that spiritual significance. Nor is Rationalism in the least degree committed to a *denial* of any miraculous accompaniments or instruments of the revelation of truth. It is pledged only *to examine the evidence and to abide by the result.* It may not begin the investigation by *assuming* the infallibility of the Scriptures, but neither may it begin by *assuming* the impossibility of a miracle. The physical sciences, those which are concerned only with phænomena, are undoubtedly within its province. But it is also bound to consider whether there may not be forces, and a primal Force, behind all phænomena; and

to ascertain, if possible, what is the nature of that Force. For it is of the very essence of Rationalism, that the reason shall employ itself with perfect freedom upon *every object* of human thought; and the tyranny of science is quite as irrational as the tyranny of orthodoxy. It is a matter of very small importance, for instance, that science has found no trace of God among *phænomena*—which constitute the *whole* province of science—because no one who believes in a God imagines that He is a "phænomenon." But Rationalism is bound to ask, what the name *God* connotes; and whether there be any reality corresponding to a name which no civilized language is without. And for this purpose it is bound to avail itself of every kind of evidence. It must recognise the facts of the material world, and all the positive and proved conclusions of physical science; but it must also recognise the facts that are furnished by reflection and conscience, by the emotions and the will. The propositions of science affirm what *is*, not what always has been, nor what always will be, nor what by a necessity independent of itself always must be. Science itself is wholly independent of history; and, on the other hand, history is wholly independent of science. But *Rationalism* has both of them, and much more for its province; and must, if possible, keep the peace and justly arbitrate between them—must receive what contributions of truth each has to offer, and compare, and combine, and classify them, and sum up into one whole revelation what they have separately furnished, "at sundry times and in divers manners."

Science excludes miracles, not as impossible, but as out of its province—as involving a theory about *cause* which belongs not to physics, but to metaphysics. But

Rationalism includes metaphysics, and therefore *may* entertain the question of miracles; it, moreover, includes history, and therefore *must*.

History includes the life of Jesus Christ, and the effects of that life upon mankind; and the record of that life, and of its earliest effects, is to be found in the New Testament—and there only. It is to be remembered that we do not learn the character of Jesus from one source, and His works from another, and the character of His followers from a third. If this were so, the problem of the origin of Christianity would be by no means simple, but it would admit of some solutions which are now impossible. It might, for instance, have been contended that Jesus of Nazareth, being a very good man, had, by His piety and wisdom, produced a profound impression upon some of the nobler spirits of His country, had bound them together in a brotherhood of mutual affection, and compelled them, by the strength of His own convictions, and the fervour of His own zeal, to devote their lives to the proclamation of those truths which the purity of His own spirit had enabled Him to perceive. That His followers gathered about themselves a number of believers of far inferior enthusiasm and moral earnestness; men and women, who, like all the vulgar, were ever seeking for signs and wonders. That these later followers, not so much of Jesus as of His disciples, invented such wonders as would satisfy their own sense of what was fitting in a great religious teacher, and so attributed to Jesus what would have been admitted neither by Himself nor by His first followers. In this case there would have been some plausibility in the hypothesis that, while the miracles of Christ must unquestionably be discarded, as

being in fact impossible, we may yet retain our belief in the surpassing goodness of His character, and even in a sound practical wisdom which at once secured and justified the complete confidence and obedience of His disciples.

But it is quite impossible that this hypothesis should be, in any degree, plausible to any one who knows what the sources of the history of Christ really are. Not only do they belong to the very earliest age of the Christian Church, being in fact the records of contemporaries, and even of eye witnesses, but we have the very same proof of the miracles of Christ that we have of His personal goodness. If we have no sufficient evidence of the miraculous feeding of the five thousand, then, for exactly the same reason, we have no proof that Jesus ever spoke the words that are called the Sermon on the Mount. In a word, we know *nothing* whatever about Him.

Rationalism, therefore, having most unquestionably within its province all problems of literary criticism, must determine so far as possible the date and authorship of the New Testament books. Having within its province human nature, with all its good and evil tendencies, and also the laws of evidence, and the fitting tests for the truthfulness of witnesses, must determine how far the narrative in the four Gospels is worthy of our belief. If it be worthy of belief, then the miracles of Christ must be accepted as facts; and any scientific theory which is so narrow that it cannot embrace them must be widened until it can. The results of a *rational* investigation of the New Testament history I believe, for my own part, to be this—that the New Testament history is proved to be the best authenticated history in all literature.

While, therefore, Rationalism is by no means incompatible with a hearty belief in the Christian Scriptures, it is a conspicuous fact in the New Reformation that the Bible itself is subjected to some higher test, and that test is human reason. Or, perhaps I ought to say, that higher test is the whole of human nature, *and the whole of human experience*. The right use of reason is so much more difficult than the quotation of texts of Scripture, that no one can feel surprised at the extreme vexation of those good men who, having justified their dogmas by texts, are afterwards required to justify the texts. And yet this is the very thing which every missionary requires from every heathen, and every Protestant requires from every Papist, what every Dissenter requires from every Anglican, what is required by every sectary, even down to the Plymouth Brethren. It is ridiculous to ask people to employ their reason upon the interpretation of the Bible, and to refuse the right of reason to inquire into the far more important question—What right has a certain set of doctrines to be considered "Bible" at all? For the Bible is not a book to be taken up and laid down at our mere convenience; it demands from us a certain principle and course of life, which goes to the very root of our nature, and influences every word and act, and even every thought. If a man is willing to be turned upside down without knowing why, the man is a fool; and might just as well be a Jew or a Mormon as a Christian. There is absolutely no limit recognized by the New Reformation beyond which it shall be unlawful for human reason to pass, excepting those limits beyond which it is impossible for human reason to pass. Secret things indeed belong to the Lord; but, on the other hand, what-

ever we can find out is plainly not secret, it is revealed; and that which is revealed belongs to us and to our children. That a certain doctrine is taught, or a certain duty enjoined in Holy Scripture, is no longer conclusive. Indeed, on the face of it the Bible is not a statute-book, but a history; not a declaration of what *we* ought to do, but a record of what certain people thought *they* ought to do. It is very likely that we ought to do the same things, but that entirely depends upon circumstances; and the circumstances are not determined by the record itself. There are thousands of Christians, for instance, who for some wholly inscrutable reasons are fond of black puddings; but black puddings were distinctly forbidden by what may be called the Council of Jerusalem, when the Apostles required the Gentiles to abstain from fornication, and from things strangled, and from blood. Not a creature cares. Probably not one Christian in a thousand remembers anything about it, and it is quite certain that it matters nothing whatever whether they remember it or not. The objection to black puddings is in the palate, not in the conscience. And in far graver matters we are compelled to determine, not by texts of Scripture but by our own reason, which texts of Scripture are meant to regulate our conduct and which are not. This is universally confessed, whenever it can be confessed safely. The fourth commandment, for instance, requires the setting apart of every Saturday as a day of rest; all Christians take the liberty of setting aside this precept, and they keep their Sabbath on Sunday. There is nothing whatever in the Bible distinctly requiring this change; it is quite justified, however, by reason. Even circumcision has never been directly abolished; and St. Paul himself, the apostle of the

Gentiles, had Timothy circumcised. Circumcision has been abolished, not by the Bible, but by reason. Again, nothing can be in form more unlike the primitive Christian worship than the worship of Christians in our own day. The worship of the early Christians was quite sociable, a sort of family prayers, almost always accompanied with a meal, the breaking of bread, and the cup of blessing. What could St. Paul have made of an old-fashioned English parish Church, with a big high softly-cushioned pew for the squire, and a row of purgatorial seats for the common people? And yet, if the Church has lost much by her departure from primitive simplicity, she has also gained much; and worship can only be simple when the worshippers themselves are simple. In fact, everybody employs reason until he gets into a fix; and then, with the devout piety of an ostrich, he thrusts his head into the sand. "Preposterous rubbish your heathen legends are," he says; "your sacred books have neither external evidence nor internal evidence to satisfy a reasonable being—Popish legends and myths! Are we, enlightened Englishmen of the nineteenth century, are we at this time of day to believe in liquefying blood, and winking Marys, and tomfoolery of that sort?" "Disgusting rubbish," echoes some promising young man. "Yes, indeed," says the first, with an air of patronizing approval, "what a mercy for all of us, and especially for young men, that we are born in the days of gospel light, and that all these absurdities have become for all of us incredible." "I should think they have, old gentleman," says the flippant youth; "and all that stuff about Jonah saying his prayers *in poetry* in the belly of a whale."

Alas! to what lengths will flippant young men go!

It is scarcely necessary to hint at any of those positive conclusions which the application of the new test has already brought about. In fact, the conclusions are of quite subordinate importance, the method and principle are everything. So long as we believe that the necessary divine help is granted to all human beings, whether they be the right reverend bishops studying the fathers, or wise men in the east studying the stars, or London tailors studying, shall I say, "Payne's Age of Reason;" so long as we urge upon every one the solemn duty of opening his heart to the light, whencesoever it may come, and walking in the light whithersoever it may lead; that is the great matter. Nevertheless, there are certain consequences of the New Reformation already sufficiently conspicuous to deserve notice.

First of all, it destroys the claim of any Church to be *the* Church. The exclusive claims of the different churches are founded, not upon reason, but on some sort of authority. A thinking man can find some truth in every church, and perfect truth in no church. Nothing but Rationalism can do justice, for instance, to the Roman Catholic church. The Evangelicals regard Rome as the mystic Babylon, and the Pope as the scarlet woman. The mass is to them a mere idolatry, and the confessional a brothel; they can see no glory in the past history of the Roman church; they cannot understand how her solid organization conquered heathenism, and resisted barbarism, and formed all European nations out of the seething chaos of the dismembered Roman Empire. And, on the other hand, when Englishmen have begun to do justice to the Roman Catholic church, they never know where to stop—unless they are rationalists. They seem to think that what might have been

good for a particular crisis in human history, when God had come forth mightily to shake the earth, is good for a time in human history when the mighty shaking has done its work, and men are called to rest and be thankful. Nay, they imitate the Roman church, not as she was in the days of her power and purity, when she was in the van of human progress, the teacher of the ignorant, the liberator of the enslaved, the great witness for the impartial love of God to all mankind. They imitate her as she became when her truth petrified into dogma, when, by the haughty and even inhuman claim of infallibility, she refused to lead mankind in the path of progress, and demanded that there should be no human progress to lead. They imitate her as she became, when her priests degenerated into crafty tyrants, and her religious ceremonial into pagan conjuring, when the very communion of saints had become rather the excommunication of the mass of mankind, and the sacrament of baptism the witness not so much of the salvation of the baptized as of the damnation of everybody else.

Whenever now we hear a priest or layman requiring our submission to some particular Church, because it is *the* Church, we listen, not with contempt, for the man may be good and earnest, his particular Church may be just the place at which his spirit in its progress is for a while resting; but we listen to such a claim with the profoundest pity for the man who makes it, because we know that there is a way of holding the truth itself which neutralises all its value. "Well knows he, who uses to consider that our faith and knowledge thrive by exercise as well as our limbs and complexion. Truth is compared in Scripture to a streaming fountain; if her waters flow not in a perpetual progression, they sicken

into a muddy pool of conformity and tradition. A man may be a heretic in the truth; and if he believe things only because his pastor says so, or the assembly so determines, without knowing other reason, though his belief be true, yet the very truth he holds becomes his heresy."*

Any one who has come, even in the least degree, within the reach of the new Reformation—a reformation which, like every preceding one, is recognized last of all by the authorized guides of religious thought—can only read with a bewildered amazement such words as the following; the words of an Anglican priest, who writes a pastoral letter for his congregation, after consultation with other parish priests, and who may be regarded almost as a representative of a very powerful sect within the Establishment. "The Church of England takes her stand not on Acts of Parliament or Royal injunction, or even a purer faith, or greater manifestation of the spiritual life; all this might one day fail her. She is the one only Christian body having mission from Christ to this land, and on this she founds her claim on your allegiance. She is the only church in the world which can claim the joint British and Saxon succession. The succession of the old British Church, founded by St. Paul, or one of his immediate companions, and that of the later Saxon Church, founded by St. Augustine, met in her, and in her alone. Other bodies of Christians in England may have or may lack a valid priesthood; but all agree in either lacking mission altogether, or having an intruded mission which is worthless." It is scarcely possible to put words together which would contain more

* Milton's Areopagitica.

absurdities than these few sentences. But what do the mass of thinking men care for this sort of twaddle? When a man tells us that what he calls mission is of more importance than purity of faith, or reality of spiritual life, we know exactly what to make of him. A "mission" to proclaim the truth can never be separated from the *knowledge* of the truth; and it is simple nonsense to affirm that a man who really knows the fundamental truths of the Christian religion must keep his mouth shut until it can be proved that he is in the succession of the old British Church founded by X or Y, and of the later church founded by St. Augustine.

So, again, it is one of the results of the new Reformation that a mere mistake may in no case be punished as a sin. The intellect can only work according to its own laws. Belief must in all cases depend upon evidence, and if the evidence be insufficient there can be no belief; and it is not only right, it is inevitable, that there should be none. But this elementary principle is recognized by scarcely a single existing sect of Christians. It is notorious, for instance, that almost all those who call themselves orthodox believe that the whole body of Unitarians are not only in error, but in fatal error, so that unless they are brought to Trinitarian truth they cannot possibly be saved. But surely there are very many considerations by which this harsh judgment might be modified. It is exceedingly difficult to determine by what a man says on some particular dogma, whether or not he believes even the fact of which that dogma is meant to be the verbal expression. It is impossible, for instance, to read many of the hymns in Mr. Martineau's selection, "Hymns for the Christian Church and Home," without feeling that every one who

can sincerely use them must be able to give an answer to the question, "What think ye of Christ?" which crowds of Trinitarians might envy. The doctrine of the Unity of God is, to say the least, quite as important as the doctrine of the Trinity. If either may be held in abeyance it is surely the doctrine of the Trinity; because that doctrine is revealed to us, if at all, in the personal history of Jesus Christ, and in the spiritual experience of living men and women. These facts, therefore, the life of Christ and the experience of human beings, would of themselves suggest so much as is true of the modern doctrine of the Trinity, whereas the doctrine of the Trinity alone, without a very clear affirmation of the Unity of God, might easily degenerate, and, as a matter of fact, much oftener than not has degenerated into the doctrine that there are three equal and separate Gods. But not only is this danger to be apprehended in dogmatic statements about the nature of God; it lurks in almost every corner of orthodoxy. The ordinary doctrine of the Atonement, for instance, unmistakeably divides the substance. It represents the will of the Father as determined by the sacrifice of the Son; and in its coarser forms it represents the will of the Father as violently opposed to the will of the Son. In fact, of all those who use the strongest possible expressions, who chant with all earnestness, on the appointed festivals, the Athanasian Creed,—or who, on the other hand, declare that the homage of Jesus Christ is a debasing idolatry,—it is for the most part impossible to affirm what their belief really is. "We see men of all kinds of professed creeds attain to almost all degrees of worth or worthlessness under each or any of them. This is not what I call religion; this profession and assertion, which is

often only a profession and assertion from the outworks of the man, from the mere argumentative region of him, if even so deep as that. But the thing a man does practically believe (and this is often enough without asserting it even to himself, much less to others), the thing a man does practically lay to heart, and know for certain concerning his vital relations to this mysterious universe, and his duty or destiny there, that is in all cases the primary thing for him, and creatively determines all the rest."*

But quite apart from the fact that it is wholly impossible for any one to ascertain what anybody else means by his own dogmatic formularies, it is scarcely possible to find a human being so vain as to imagine that his own dogmatic formulas, even when taken in the sense in which he himself accepts them, are adequate expressions of the truth. To begin with, they are inadequate because they are indefinite, because they admit of being accepted in very many senses. And if not, what form of words is there which exhausts the description of the divine nature? Is a man, then, to be damned for ever because he denies the doctrine of the Trinity? On the other hand, is a man to be damned for ever because he worships Jesus Christ? And again, is a man to be damned for ever for anything? Is there any mistake so fatal, any vice so incurable, any rebellion of the will so wholly beyond God's power to tame, that it must needs involve everlasting torment, everlasting wickedness, and everlasting error? Is the world so clumsily made, and human history so hopelessly disorderly and insignificant, that they contain no revelation

* Carlyle. "Hero Worship."

of the nature and attributes of Almighty God? Is the reason of man so unreceptive, and so unresponsive, that the open secret of the universe must remain for ever unknown? Is the human will so madly rebellious, that for ever and ever it will choose to resist every appeal of infinite wisdom and inexhaustible love?

The very centre of the new Reformation is charity;—charity in order that we may know the truth, charity in order that the truth may do us good when we do know it. Indeed, in a single sentence, the motto of the new Reformation, and the very principle of Rationalism itself, may be expressed in the words of our Saviour Christ; "I am a King. To this end was I born, and for this cause came I into the world, that I should bear witness unto the truth. Every one that is of the truth heareth my voice."

JOHN STUART MILL.*

MR. MILL is himself a very noble example of the effect of that culture—intellectual, moral, and æsthetical—which he recommends to the students of the University of Aberdeen. It is impossible to read what he has written without something like a horrible suspicion that somehow or other the intellectual vigour of Englishmen is degenerating. It is easy enough still to find accurate scholars, it is also easy to find men who have not only

* References to Mr. Mill's works are to the editions named in the following list.

A System of Logic, Ratiocinative and Inductive, being a connected view of the principles of evidence, and the methods of Scientific Investigation. In two volumes. Sixth edition. 1855.

An Examination of Sir William Hamilton's Philosophy and of the Principal Philosophical Questions discussed in his Writings. 1865.

Auguste Comte and Positivism. Second edition. 1866.

Dissertations and Discussions, Political, Philosophical, and Historical. In three volumes. 1867.

Utilitarianism. 1863.

Essays on some unsettled Questions of Political Economy. 1844.

Principles of Political Economy, with some of their applications to Social Philosophy. In two volumes. Second edition. 1849.

Considerations on Representative Government. Third edition. 1865.

On Liberty. Second edition. 1859.

Inaugural Address delivered to the University of St. Andrew's, February 1st, 1867. 1867.

explored but enlarged the domain of the physical sciences. Again, there is no lack of weak-minded philanthropists, and of strong-minded men who are weak in love. But there is scarcely a living Englishman whose culture is so thorough on all sides, who is so complete a master both of the old learning and the new, who is at once so wise and so benevolent, who has so firm a hold of great principles and so delicate a skill in applying them to the complicated details of common life, as Mr. John S. Mill. He may well look down with amazement on the sort of education with which the present generation seems to be content. The amount of knowledge which now elevates a boy or young man almost to the rank of a genius, is precisely the amount of knowledge which he ought to be flogged for being without. It is wholly incredible that, with anything like judicious teaching, a boy's whole school-time should be exhausted in acquiring a very imperfect knowledge of the classics, and perhaps even less of mathematics; while in most of what are called commercial schools, not even so much as this is attempted. There is a certain part of everybody's education which should be accurate and general, and not merely professional; the man himself needs culture, and when that great object has been secured, it will then be time enough to learn the details of his own profession or trade. Very few indeed have either the natural gifts or the acquired knowledge of Mr. Mill; but it surely ought to be possible, and even easy, for any man or woman who professes to be educated at all, to read with some fair appreciation what he has written.

Even in mere style he is himself a model, whom the Aberdeen students might with the utmost advantage imitate. His is a truly classical style; not in the sense

of being a servile imitation of any one Greek or Latin author, but in the sense of possessing those very qualities which make the best of the Greek and Latin authors so admirable. Mr. Mill's style is in all cases completely subordinate to his matter, and wholly determined by it. Having something to say, some truth to impart to all who may be willing to listen to him, his one great object is, distinctly and accurately to say it. His writings are so perfectly clear that it is almost impossible, even for the dullest reader, to miss his meaning; and in truth, passing from him to those with whom he most closely agrees, as to those subjects of which they both treat—passing, for instance, from Mr. Mill's "Examination of Sir William Hamilton's Philosophy," to Professor Bain's "Senses and Intellect"—the mere difference of style occasions an almost painful discomfort. Mr. Bain's book is by no means obscure; and again, the style of Sir William Hamilton has been sometimes regarded as almost the perfection of philosophical language. But compared with Mr. Mill Mr. Bain seems heavy and uninteresting, and Sir W. Hamilton pedantic and un-English. Mr. Mill has shown that it is perfectly possible to express all that Sir W. Hamilton wanted to say, in the very simplest English; without one of those uncouth technical terms, which are always misleading when they are not almost miraculously precise—and leaving to the reader no difficulty, except that which is inherent in the subject.

Once again, judging Mr. Mill by those very tests which he himself furnished for the guidance of the Aberdeen students, we are bound to admit that his extraordinary culture is no way regarded by him as a private luxury, but far rather as a precious gift bestowed

upon him in trust for the good of his fellowmen. Sometimes he may seem to look down almost with contempt upon ignorance and feebleness, but it is only when they are professing to be something other than they are; when ignorance vaunts itself as wisdom, and weakness of conviction affects to be sensitiveness of conscience, or the special reverence of religion. Otherwise his sympathy and his help, both in word and deed, have been ever at the service of the oppressed; and at the very least, no one can accuse him of being nothing more than a clever writer or a profound thinker, with no clear and fruitful suggestions for the good of society. Science must ever precede a perfect art; and he who can perfect the one is in the end the best helper of those who must practise the other. But Mr. Mill's writings are not merely scientific or theoretic, they abound with the most fruitful practical suggestions; they manifest, moreover, an impartiality almost unexampled; they are perfectly free from all those devices by which mere partisans are in the habit of blinding the eyes of their followers to the dangers even of those changes which are necessary and beneficial. Thus, for instance, the despotism of autocrats, and the selfish incompetence of privileged classes, are not more justly estimated than the fatal tyranny of the numerical majority—the despotism and selfishness of the mob.

"The great mass of Mr. Mill's labour," says Mr. Martineau,* "has been devoted to what may be termed the *middle ground* of human thought, below the primary data which reason must assume, and short of the applied science which has practice for its end. At the upper

* *National Review*, 1859.

limit, shunning the original postulates of all knowledge, and at the lower, its concrete results, he has addressed himself to its intermediary processes, and determined the methods for working out derivative but still general truths. Does he treat of the investigation of nature? he takes it up to the highest *laws of phænomena*, irrespective of the hypothesis of an ulterior source. Does he define the range of logic? It is the science of *proof*, dealing only with the inference of secondary truths, not the science of *belief*, which would include also the list of first truths. Does he explain the business of Ethics? It is to appraise and classify voluntary actions by their *consequences*, not to scrutinize them in their springs." Possibly, six years later, after the publication of the "Examination of Sir W. Hamilton's Philosophy," this judgment might have been slightly modified. Mr. Mill, no doubt, believes that he has much reduced the number of primary data and original postulates, but it can scarcely now be said that he has shunned them. The reasons for his reticence in the earlier editions of his "Logic" were by no means without force, but that reticence has now ceased to be necessary. In the preface to the sixth edition of his "Logic," he says; "A cause of complaint has been removed, which could hardly have arisen at a much earlier period. The main doctrines of this treatise are on the whole compatible with either of the conflicting theories respecting the ultimate structure of the human mind—the *à priori*, or intuitional theory, and the experiential theory; though they may require from the former, or rather from certain forms of it, the sacrifice of some of its outworks. I had therefore, as announced in the introduction, abstained as much as possible from carrying the inquiry beyond

the peculiar field of logic, into the remoter metaphysical regions of thought; and have been content to express the doctrines and reasonings of logic in terms which are the common property of both the contending schools of metaphysicians. This reserve was probably favourable in the first instance to the reception of the work, but a time came when some readers became impatient of it. Finding that the investigations continually stopped short because they could not have been carried further without entering on the higher metaphysics, some were disposed to conclude that the author had not himself ventured to pursue his speculations into that province, and that if he had done so he might probably have brought back from that region different conclusions from those arrived at in the work. The reader has now the means of satisfying himself whether this is the case or not. I have indeed maintained the same abstinence as in the former editions from the actual discussion of any but a few outlying questions of metaphysics, since no other plan seems to me appropriate to a treatise on Logic; but the place of such discussion has been supplied by references to a work recently published, "An Examination of Sir William Hamilton's Philosophy," in which will be found the remainder of the investigations which have necessarily been cut short in these pages. In a few cases in which it appeared possible and appropriate, as in the concluding section of Chap. III. of the second Book, a place has been made for the substance of what has been set forth and explained with greater fulness in the separate work."

All nameable things are included by Mr. Mill in four classes; and, as all possible objects of thought can have names given to them, all possible objects of thought

must belong to one or other of these four classes. Every thing that we can think of or name, must belong, either (first) to feelings or states of consciousness, or (secondly) the minds which experience those feelings, or (thirdly) the bodies or external objects which excite certain of those feelings together with the powers or properties whereby they excite them, or (lastly) the relations between states of consciousness. Mr. Mill is careful to state that the second and third of these classes cannot be proved to be real objects; he includes them only out of deference to common language, which expresses in this matter an almost universal belief.

But it is hard to understand why Mr. Mill should have retained even his fourth class of nameable things. States of consciousness cannot be considered as real entities; which admit of being compared with one another just as, on the ordinary hypothesis, we can compare tables and chairs with one another. When we have banished both bodies and minds, the perception of a resemblance between two states of consciousness is itself a simple feeling. The *inference* that we are comparing two separate and different things may be just as delusive as the inference that our sensations are occasioned by some external object. In fact, Mr. Mill destroys even what he calls a thread of consciousness. If it be not absurd to speak of a man's life at all, it would seem that it consists of a long series of mental states, not one of which of course can be conscious of itself as part of a series. What I call memory may be merely treacherous when it seems to assure me that I, who experience a certain feeling, now am *the very same person* who experienced a closely similar feeling at some past time. Past and present can only be thus united, not merely by an ideal

thread upon which the separate beads of consciousness may be strung, but by the enduring reality of a living subject of whose mental life these various states of consciousness have formed a part. This, indeed, Mr. Mill himself seems prepared to admit; regarding it as an ultimate and inexplicable fact. "The theory,"* he says, "which resolves mind into a series of feelings, with a background of possibilities of feeling . . . . has intrinsic difficulties which we have not yet set forth, and which it seems to me beyond the power of metaphysical analysis to remove. Besides present feelings, and possibilities of present feeling, there is another class of phenomena to be included in an enumeration of the elements making up our conception of Mind. The thread of consciousness, which composes the mind's phenomenal life, consists not only of present sensations, but likewise, in part, of memories and expectations. Now what are these? In themselves they are present feelings, states of present consciousness, and in that respect not distinguished from sensations. They all, moreover, resemble some given sensations or feelings, of which we have previously had experience. But they are attended with the peculiarity that each of them involves a belief in more than its own present existence. A sensation involves only this; but a remembrance of sensation, even if not referred to any particular date, involves the suggestion and belief that a sensation, of which it is a copy or representation, actually existed in the past: and an expectation involves the belief, more or less positive, that a sensation or other feeling to which it directly refers, will exist in the future. Nor

* "Examination of Sir W. Hamilton's Philosophy," p. 211.

can the phenomena involved in these two states of consciousness be adequately expressed without saying, that the belief they include is, that I myself formerly had, or that I myself, and no other, shall hereafter have, the sensations remembered or expected. The fact believed is, that the sensations did actually form, or will hereafter form, part of the self-same series of states, or thread of consciousness, of which the remembrance or expectation of those sensations is the part now present. If, therefore, we speak of the Mind as a series of feelings, we are obliged to complete the statement by calling it a series of feelings which is aware of itself as past and future; and we are reduced to the alternative of believing that the Mind, or Ego, is something different from any series of feelings, or possibilities of them, or of accepting the paradox, that something which *ex hypothesi* is but a series of feelings, can be aware of itself as a series."

But why should we accept the paradox instead of believing that the mind is something different from any series of feelings? If memory were a very rare phenomenon, occurring only once or twice in a lifetime, a theory which could not without a certain sort of absurdity explain memory, might nevertheless be a useful theory of the mind. But, in fact, it may be affirmed that memory is probably the most constant and universal of all mental phenomena. If we want to ascertain the time of day by looking at the face of a clock, we not only remember what a clock is, but we must look at both its hands, and then compare their positions on the dial. If we do not remember the position of the hour hand when we observe the minute hand, we shall never know the time. We make the calculation with enormous rapidity, but nevertheless it must occupy some time, however

small. That state of consciousness which we refer to the minute hand must be regarded as separate and different from that which we refer to the hour hand; and the two can only be compared if there be a permanent subject of whose experience both these states of consciousness are parts. Every one of those things which are included in Mr. Mill's fourth class of things nameable involves memory, while memory itself belongs also to the first class. A theory of mind, therefore, which fails to account for the largest part of all mental phenomena, can scarcely be considered complete. It may safely enough be admitted that the Ego being an ultimate fact is inexplicable, but that surely can be no reason for rejecting it. Nor, on the other hand, is the mystery the least lessened by a theory, however symmetrical, which tries to escape the fact by an ingenious explanation of the mode in which we might conceivably have been led to believe that mind is a separate reality, even though in reality it may be only a series of feelings, with a background of possibilities of feeling.

Moreover, a philosophy which derives almost every one of our firmest beliefs from the laws of association is more deeply in need than any other philosophy of that memory which it is unable to explain, and that abiding personality of which memory testifies. If we grant the existence of an abiding mind, manifesting itself of course by diverse phenomena, but itself different from any and from all of them—then it may not be difficult to account for the belief in the Non-Ego by the laws of association. But the laws of association mean, not simply that certain states of consciousness have existed one after another, but that I myself have continually observed that certain things were always connected together by some contiguity

or resemblance. Indeed, if we cannot believe this, it seems impossible to imagine what we ever could be justified in believing. If we regard the external world as including possibilities of sensation, we can only arrive at this belief because we ourselves have over and over again experienced certain sensations in groups or sets. Whether this purely ideal explanation of the Non-Ego be philosophical and complete is at least an open question; but at any rate it requires, almost more than any other theory, the separate reality of the Ego.

Mr. Mill is well aware that when he rejects the ordinary explanations of universal beliefs, he is almost bound to furnish a better explanation of his own; and accordingly he furnishes us with a very lucid exposition of the psychological theory of the belief in an external world. "I proceed," he says,* "to state the case of those who hold that the belief in an external world is not intuitive, but an acquired product." But it is surely obvious that the mode in which we arrive at a belief can have no effect whatever upon the reality of that which is believed. Indeed the psychological theory is more in need of the *reality* of the Non-Ego than its rival. If our belief in an external world be intuitive, it may be a harmless and a useful delusion. The *belief*, at any rate, is both harmless and useful; and the production of that belief without a world at all—with all its details, and with all their consistency—might conceivably have served the purpose of the Creator as completely as the creation of a material universe. But if the belief in an external world be *not* intuitive, *not* a part of the original furniture of the mind; if it be an acquired

* "Examinations," &c., 190.

product, needing for its production innumerable repetitions of sensations in definite groups, how are these sensations to be accounted for? The organs of sense themselves are parts of the external world: how are *they* to be accounted for? Do the laws of associatio depend upon innumerable repetitions of—*nothing?*

"Matter," says Mr. Mill, "may be defined a Permanent Possibility of Sensation. I see a piece of white paper on a table. I go into another room, and though I have ceased to see it, I am persuaded that the paper is still there. I no longer have the sensations which it gave me, but I believe that when I again place myself in the circumstances in which I had those sensations, that is, when I go again into the room, I shall again have them; and further, that there has been no intervening moment at which this would not have been the case. Owing to this law of my mind, my conception of the world at any given instant consists, in only a small proportion, of present sensations. Of these I may at the time have none at all, and they are in any case a most insignificant portion of the whole which I apprehend. The conception I form of the world existing at any moment comprises, along with the sensations I am feeling, a countless variety of possibilities of sensation; namely, the whole of those which past observation tells me that I could, under any supposable circumstances, experience at this moment, together with an indefinite and illimitable multitude of others which, though I do not know that I could, yet it is possible that I might experience in circumstances not known to me. These various possibilities are the important thing to me in the world. My present sensations are generally of little importance, and are moreover fugitive; the possibilities,

on the contrary, are permanent, which is the character that mainly distinguishes our idea of substance or matter from our notion of sensation. These possibilities, which are conditional certainties, need a special name to distinguish them from mere vague possibilities, which experience gives no warrant for reckoning upon. Now, as soon as a distinguishing name is given, though it be only to the same thing regarded in a different aspect, one of the most familiar experiences of our mental nature teaches us that the different name comes to be considered as the name of a different thing.

"There is another important peculiarity of these certified or guaranteed possibilities of sensation, namely, that they have reference, not to single sensations, but to sensations joined together in groups. When we think of anything as a material substance or body, we either have had, or we think that on some given supposition we should have, not some *one* sensation, but a great and even an indefinite number and variety of sensations, generally belonging to different senses, but so linked together that the presence of one announces the possible presence at the very same instant of any or all of the rest. In our mind, therefore, not only is this particular possibility of sensation invested with the quality of permanence when we are not actually feeling any of the sensations at all; but when we are feeling some of them the remaining sensations of the group are conceived by us in the form of present possibilities, which might be realized at the very moment. And as this happens in turn to all of them, the group as a whole presents itself to the mind as permanent, in contrast, not solely with the temporariness of my bodily presence, but also with the temporary character of each of the sensations composing

the group; in other words, as a kind of permanent substratum, under a set of passing experiences or manifestations, which is another leading character of our idea of substance or matter as distinguished from sensation."*

Now what is the problem? To account for our belief in an external world. Let us grant that the belief is acquired, though we cannot remember a time when we were without it. Nevertheless, there must have been a time when we first made an acquaintance with what we believed to be external to ourselves. We saw, for example—or at least something happened which we afterwards were compelled to explain by the hypothesis of a permanent mind or Ego—*we* observed a piece of white paper lying on a table; we noticed its form, colour, position, smoothness, hardness, weight; we experienced, in fact, a definite group or set of sensations. We had never seen a piece of white paper before; and inasmuch as one single group of sensations not associated as yet by contiguity or resemblance with any other group, would awaken neither memory nor anticipation, we should have no reason for expecting to see a piece of white paper again. But supposing, by sheer accident, we were to pass fifty or sixty times near the same table, observe the same piece of white paper, and experience thereupon the same definite group or set of sensations, how should we explain this recurrence of feeling? Would the piece of white paper be in the least degree more real after we had seen it fifty times than it was when we saw it for the first time? If the belief in an external world be intuitive, we should have referred our sensations at first to the piece of white paper as an

* "Examination," &c., pp. 192—194.

external object; but if it be acquired, the same result would have been arrived at, though by a slower process. We should have perceived that though we might move away from the piece of paper, yet if we chose to be near it, we were no longer masters of our own sensations. We should have found out that we were unable steadily to look at a thin, light, square piece of white paper, and then experience the sensations of heaviness, and roundness, and thickness, and blueness. We should have come to feel;—This piece of paper is as real as I am, and is external to myself; I do not take it away with me; it is not a group of sensations I can produce at will, whether the paper be present or absent; moreover, when it is present, it can compel me to experience a certain group of sensations, however much I may try not to experience them together. It is, therefore, not myself, it is not merely a group of my sensations, but a real external object, which is a cause of my sensations. Thus, though by different roads, by direct intuition, or sure inference, we arrive at the same result—an invincible belief in the Non-Ego. To call a piece of white paper a permanent possibility of sensations throws no light whatever upon the problem we are endeavouring to solve, because we must then ask how it is that a piece of white paper *is* a *permanent* possibility of sensations; and, moreover, of a *certain group* of sensations, and of that group only. The only reasonable explanation seems to be that it is a permanent possibility of a definite group of sensations, because it is a real object, external to ourselves, and wholly independent of our states of consciousness.

"One of the best ways," says Mr. Mill,* "of showing

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* Logic, Vol. I., page 62.

what is meant by substance is, to consider what position it is necessary to take up, in order to maintain its existence against opponents.

"It is certain, then, that a part of our notion of a body consists of the notion of a number of sensations of our own, or of other sentient beings, habitually occurring simultaneously. My conception of the table at which I am writing is compounded of its visible form and size, which are complex sensations of sight; its tangible form and size, which are complex sensations of our organs of touch and our muscles; its weight, which is also a sensation of touch and of the muscles; its colour, which is a sensation of sight; its hardness, which is a sensation of the muscles; its composition, which is another word for all the varieties of sensation which we receive under various circumstances from the wood of which it is made, and so forth. All or most of these various sensations frequently are, and as we learn by experience, always might be experienced simultaneously, or in many different orders of succession, at our own choice; and hence the thought of any one of them makes us think of the others, and the whole becomes mentally amalgamated into one mixed state of consciousness, which, in the language of the school of Locke and Hartley, is termed a complex idea.

"Now, there are philosophers who have argued as follows. If we conceive an orange to be divested of its natural colour without acquiring any new one; to lose its softness without becoming hard, its roundness without becoming square or pentagonal, or of any other regular or irregular figure whatever; to be deprived of size, of weight, of taste, of smell; to lose all its mechanical and all its chemical properties, and acquire no new ones; to become, in short, invisible, intangible, imperceptible, not

only by all our senses, but by the senses of all other sentient beings, real or possible; nothing, say these thinkers, would remain. For of what nature, they ask, could be the residuum? and by what token could it manifest its presence?"

But what does this amount to beyond saying, that if an object does really exist, and is really possessed of certain properties, it will be *manifested* by means of those properties. If an orange were neither round, nor soft, nor juicy, nor coloured, nor possessed of weight, it would simply not be an orange. Nobody denies that we recognize external objects by means of the effect which they produce upon ourselves—the real question is, what is the best mode of accounting for those effects which are so constantly produced upon ourselves. The existence of external objects, having definite properties and differing from one another, would at once account for those effects. If we do not accept that explanation, we are compelled to accept the alternative—the psychological theory; and that theory cannot possibly explain how it comes to pass, that *the very first time* that we see a piece of white paper, we experience the very same group of sensations, which we experience, without diminution or addition, after seeing it a million times.

Indeed, on Mr. Mill's theory, the whole universe of matter and mind may be compared to innumerable series of small marbles, crossing and re-crossing one another in all manners of ways. Each series may be taken to represent the life of a single human being, and the points of intersection may be taken to represent the opportunities that exist of our knowledge of one another. We may take any one series as a type of all the rest; and we must imagine some invisible hand dropping

marble after marble, sometimes in straight lines, sometimes in double parallel lines, sometimes in diverging, and then again converging lines, sometimes in little groups, and sometimes in sets of groups, till we arrive at the last marble of the series—which may stand for the consciousness of any individual at this present moment. These marbles are not, indeed, really connected with each other, they do not belong to an Ego, representing the innumerable phœnomenal variations of one self. As *we* look down upon the series, we may observe that groups of five, for instance, occur at regular intervals, always preceded (shall we say?) by groups of three and followed by groups of seven. We may believe that whoever dropped the marbles, dropped them according to a definite plan; and after examining a large number of series, we may arrive at the conclusion that they are all arranged after the same plan. Now what the psychological theory should be prepared to answer, is the question—what does *the last marble* know about all the rest of the series of which it forms the conclusion? and yet again, what does that last marble know about all those series of marbles which have crossed and re-crossed it at so many different points? How can that last marble foresee (not what combinations it will itself hereafter enter into, for it will be left where it is, a part of the series, but) the future combinations of other marbles in all manner of series?

But when the external world has been resolved into a self-conscious series of states of consciousness, psychology makes amends by becoming itself a department of physiology. "Mr. Bain," says Mr. Mill,* in a review of

* "Dissertations," &c., iii. 117—119.

Professor Bain's "Pyschology," "commences his work with a full and luminous exposition of what is known of the structure and functions of the nervous system. What may be called the outward action of the nervous system is twofold—sensation and muscular motion; and one of the great physiological discoveries of the present age is, that these two functions are performed by means of two distinct sets of nerves, in close juxtaposition; one of which, if separately severed or paralysed, puts an end to sensation in the part of the body which it supplies, but leaves the power of motion unimpaired; the other destroys the power of motion, but does not affect sensation. That the central organ of the nervous system, the brain, must in some way or other co-operate in all sensation, and in all muscular motion except that which is actually automatic and mechanical, is also certain; for if the nervous continuity between any part of the body and the brain is interrupted, either by the division of the nerve, or by pressure on any intermediate portion, unfitting it to perform its functions, sensation and voluntary motion in that part cease to exist. That the memory or thought of a sensation formerly experienced has also for its necessary condition a state of the brain, and of the same nerves which transmit the sensation itself, does not admit of the same direct proof by experiment, but is, at least, a highly probable hypothesis. When we consider that in dreams, hallucinations, and some highly excited states of the nervous system, the idea or remembrance of a sensation is actually mistaken for the sensation itself; and also that the idea, when vividly excited, not unfrequently produces the same effects on the whole bodily frame which the sensation would produce, it is hardly possible, in the face of

all this resemblance, to suppose any fundamentally different machinery for their production, or any real difference in their physical conditions, except one of degree. The instrumentality of the brain in thought is a more mysterious subject; the evidence is less direct, and its interpretation has given rise to some of the keenest controversies of our era, controversies yet far from being conclusively decided. But the general connexion is attested by many indisputable pathological facts: such as, the effect of cerebral inflammation in producing delirium; the relation between idiotcy and cerebral malformation or disease; and is confirmed by the entire range of comparative anatomy, which shows the intellectual faculties of the various species of animals bearing, if not an exact ratio, yet a very unequivocal relation, to the development in proportional size, and complexity of structure, of the cerebral hemispheres.

"However imperfect our knowledge may still be in regard to this part of the functions of the nervous system, it is certain that all our sensations depend upon the transmission of some sort of nervous influence *inward*, from the senses to the brain, and that our voluntary motions take place by the transmission of some sort of nervous influence *outward*, from the brain to the muscular system; these two nervous operations being, as already observed, the functions of two distinct systems of nerves, called respectively the nerves of sensation and those of motion. It is now necessary to notice another physiological truth, brought to light only within the present generation, viz., the different functions of the two kinds of matter of which the nervous system is compounded. The nerves consist partly of grey vesicular or cell-like matter, partly of white fibrous matter.

Physiologists are now of opinion that the function of the grey matter is that of originating power, while the white fibrous matter is simply a conductor, which conveys the influence to and from the brain, and between one part of the brain and another. With this physiological discovery is connected the first capital improvement which Mr. Bain has made in the Association Psychology as left by his predecessors."

But what have we here? *The active* element, *the spontaneity* of the mind itself, is an ultimate mental fact. Even a theory of association which omits this element is not adequate, on Mr. Mill's own admission, to account for our nature. It is Mr. Bain's conspicuous merit to have included and explained this spontaneity in his psychology. And how is this done? *By assuming the existence of an external world*, viz.: the grey matter of the brain! But it has already been proved that the grey matter of the brain is itself only ideal, the result of the law of association, a state of consciousness, a marble in a series dropped by some invisible hand, having no vital relation to any other marble in the series. First, the mind (whatever that may be) gives us the grey matter of the brain; and *then*, the grey matter of the brain gives us spontaneity, the foundation of the law of association, the necessary condition of mental life. Thus, we arrive at *mere nescience*. We know nothing of body; for granting the existence of an *ego*, or a series of states of consciousness conscious of itself as a series; granting spontaneity, the active element of the mind; *body*, including the grey matter of the brain, may be a mere possibility of sensations, a delusion, a product of association and of the universal (but unaccountable) tendency to believe that different

and mutually exclusive names stand for realities. Again, we know nothing of mind; for granting the existence of the non-ego, even immortality and God may be a kind of neural phenomena. And again, granting neither mind nor matter as a starting point, we cannot make a single assertion except a comprehensive confession of utter blankness. Meanwhile, M. Comte has written six volumes of Positive Philosophy; Professor Bain two of Psychology, and Mr. Mill himself some score on divers subjects. These we are to believe, are a veritable product of Positioism. "Enfin, dans l'état positif, l'esprit humain reconnaissant l'impossibilité d'obtenir des notions absolues, renonce à chercher l'origine et la destination de l'univers, et à connaître les causes intimes des phénomènes, pour s'attacher uniquement à découvrir, par l'usage bien combiné du raisonnement et de l'observation, leurs lois effectives, c'est-a-dire, leurs relations invariables de succession et de similitude. L'explication des faits, réduite alors à ses termes réels, n'est plus désormais que la liaison établie entre les divers phénomènes particuliers et quelques faits généraux dont les progrès de la science tendent de plus en plus à diminuer le nombre."* So M. Comte's "Tableau Synoptique" exhibits only a list, very much condensed, of the cheats practised by non-existent minds upon each other, consisting of scientific arrangements of the phœnomena of non-existent matter. We must resign *knowledge*, and build on *a hypothesis*. But how does it come to pass that only *one* hypothesis will really account for all the facts; the hypothesis that among things nameable are *the minds* which experience, and *the bodies*

* Comte. Cours de Philosophie Pos. (2nd Edition, 1864) i. 9, 10.

which occasion, states of consciousness? Indeed, on this basis of pure idealism, an appeal to the universal belief of mankind is simply idle. Our fellow-creatures are modes of ourselves—states of our own consciousness—if, in truth, *we ourselves* are more than a transient flash of consciousness. How can the last marble of one series discuss whether the negation of God is or is not conceivable or believable by the ten thousandth marble of another series? Why devote several paragraphs to a demolition of Mr. Herbert Spencer's criterion of truth, when a part of the truth to be proved is the *existence* of the very people whose invincible beliefs are to be regarded as the best evidence we can secure for our own belief either in matter or mind? "*Everybody* believes it!" Nonsense. Prove that there *is anybody*.

Mr. Mill's Exposition of the Philosophy of Comte is wonderfully lucid and impartial; and does much to relieve that philosophy from misconception, giving the explanations necessary to remove the obstacles which prevent many competent persons from assenting to it. "It is proper to begin," he says,* "by relieving the doctrine from a religious prejudice. The doctrine condemns all theological explanations, and replaces them or thinks them destined to be replaced by theories which take no account of anything but an ascertained order of phenomena. It is inferred that if this change were completely accomplished, mankind would cease to refer the constitution of nature to an intelligent will, or to believe at all in a Creator and supreme Governor of the world. This supposition is the more natural, as M. Comte was avowedly of that opinion. He indeed

* Auguste Comte (Trübner) 13—15.

disclaimed, with some acrimony, dogmatic atheism, and even says (in a later work, but the earliest contains nothing at variance with it) that the hypothesis of design has much greater verisimilitude than that of a blind mechanism. But conjecture, founded on analogy, did not seem to him a basis to rest a theory on, in a mature state of human intelligence. He deemed all real knowledge of a commencement inaccessible to us, and the inquiry into it an overpassing of the essential limits of our mental faculties. To this point, however, those who accept the theory of the progressive stages of opinion are not obliged to follow him. The Positive mode of thought is not necessarily a denial of the supernatural; it merely throws back that question to the origin of all things. If the universe had a beginning, its beginning, by the very conditions of the case, was supernatural; the laws of nature cannot account for their own origin. The Positive philosopher is free to form his own opinion on the subject, according to the weight he attaches to the analogies which are called marks of design, and to the general traditions of the human race. The value of these evidences is indeed a question for Positive philosophy, but it is not one upon which Positive philosophers must necessarily be agreed. It is one of M. Comte's mistakes that he never allows of open questions. Positive Philosophy maintains that within the existing order of the universe, or rather of the part of it known to us, the direct determining cause of every phenomenon is not supernatural, but natural. It is compatible with this to believe that the universe was created, and even that it is continuously governed by an intelligence, provided we admit that the intelligent governor adheres to fixed laws, which are only modified or counteracted by

other laws of the same dispensation, and are never either capriciously or providentially departed from. Whoever regards all events as parts of a constant order, each one being the invariable consequent of some antecedent condition, or combination of conditions, accepts fully the Positive mode of thought; whether he acknowledges or not a universal antecedent on which the whole system of nature was originally consequent, and whether that universal antecedent is conceived as an intelligence or not."

This is much less offensive in form, if not in reality, than the popular statements of the theological explanation of facts—much less offensive even than the Positivism of Mr. G. H. Lewes. It is plain that here though in spite of all consistency, we are dealing with real matter and real minds, and their mutual relations and phœnomena, and endeavouring to account for them and their origin. M. Comte angrily forbids us. Here are premisses *without* conclusion, facts from which nothing can be inferred. We may wander among phenomena, finding by diverse canons of induction that one is a mark of another; but we may not find that (or even ask whether) *all phenomena together* are not a mark of something else. Mr. Mill is more generous. Theology is not inconsistent with Positivism *if* God be an hypothesis, an impersonation of zero, keeping quite out of the way of all our phœnomena.

But this is not *ignorance* of *God*, it is *knowledge* of *not-God;* it is an excursion into those very regions from which we are assured the human mind is for ever excluded. To admit God, even hypothetically, is to admit One who, being able to produce "Nature," is able to change "Nature;" and of whose unfathomable personality what we call nature may be a most transient

phœnomenon. Meanwhile, tradition, more or less trustworthy, assures us that among recorded phenomena are some that could *not* be accounted for by the ordinary antecedents. Why should *Positivism* gag the mouth of *history?*

In truth, Positivism, as expounded by its chief prophets, is undoubtedly incompatible with the belief in a living God who can interfere, and has sometimes actually interfered, with the customary series of phenomena. Nevertheless, outside its proper boundaries, in its playground, or in its Holy of Holies, it may have not only a morality, but a religion. M. Comte's ritual and dogma are, indeed, most melancholy;* but even Mr. Mill can understand a religion without a God. Nor is his religion the least noble of the many proofs of the greatness and purity of his soul.

"When we say that M. Comte has erected his philosophy into a religion, the word religion must not be understood in its ordinary sense. He made no change in the purely negative attitude which he maintained towards theology: his religion is without a God. In saying this, we have done enough to induce nine-tenths of all readers, at least in our own country, to avert their faces and close their ears. To have no religion, though scandalous enough, is an idea they are partly used to; but to have no God, and to talk of religion, is to their feelings at once an absurdity and an impiety. Of the remaining tenth, a great proportion, perhaps, will turn away from anything which calls itself by the name of religion at all. Between the two it is difficult to find an

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* "Others may laugh, but we could far rather weep at this melancholy decadence of a great intellect."—Auguste Comte, 199.

audience who can be induced to listen to M. Comte without an insurmountable prejudice. But, to be just to any opinion, it ought to be considered, not exclusively from an opponent's point of view, but from that of the mind which propounds it. Though conscious of being in an extremely small minority, we venture to think that a religion may exist without belief in a God; and that a religion without a God may be, even to Christians, an instructive and profitable object of contemplation.

"What, in truth, are the conditions necessary to constitute a religion? There must be a creed, or conviction claiming authority over the whole of human life; a belief, or set of beliefs, deliberately adopted, respecting human destiny and duty, to which the believer inwardly acknowledges that all his actions ought to be subordinate. Moreover, there must be a sentiment connected with this creed, or capable of being invoked by it, sufficiently powerful to give it, in fact, the authority over human conduct to which it lays claim in theory. It is a great advantage (though not absolutely indispensable) that this sentiment should crystallize, as it were, round a concrete object; if possible a really existing one, though, in all the more important cases, only ideally present. Such an object Theism and Christianity offer to the believer; but the condition may be fulfilled, if not in a manner strictly equivalent, by another object. It has been said that whoever believes in 'The Infinite nature of Duty,' even if he believes in nothing else, is religious. M. Comte believes in what is meant by the infinite nature of duty, but he refers the obligations of duty, as well as all sentiments of devotion, to a concrete object, at once ideal and real; the Human Race, conceived as a continuous whole, including the past, the present, and

the future. This great collective existence, this "Grand Etre," as he terms it, though the feelings it can excite are necessarily very different from those which direct themselves towards an ideally perfect Being, has, as he forcibly urges, this advantage in respect to us, that it really needs our services, which Omnipotence cannot, in any genuine sense of the term, be supposed to do; and M. Comte says, that assuming the existence of a Supreme Providence (which he is as far from denying as affirming), the best, and even the only way in which we can rightly worship or serve Him, is by doing our utmost to love and serve that other Great Being, whose inferior Providence has bestowed on us all the benefits we owe to the labours and virtues of former generations. It may not be consonant to usage to call this a religion; but the term so applied has a meaning, and one which is not adequately expressed by any other word. Candid persons of all creeds may be willing to admit that if a person has an ideal object, his attachment and sense of duty towards which are able to control and discipline all his other sentiments and propensities, and prescribe to him a rule of life, that person has a religion; and though every one naturally prefers his own religion to any other, all must admit that if the object of this attachment and of this feeling of duty is the aggregate of our fellow-creatures, this religion of the infidel cannot in honesty and conscience be called an intrinsically bad one. Many, indeed, may be unable to believe that this object is capable of gathering round it feelings sufficiently strong; but this is exactly the point on which a doubt can hardly remain in an intelligent reader of M. Comte; and we join with him in contemning, as equally irrational and mean, the conception of human nature as

incapable of giving its love and devoting its existence to any object which cannot afford in exchange an eternity of personal enjoyment."*

This is precisely in harmony with much else in Mr. Mill's writings, as for instance, the conclusion of his inaugural address to the students of Aberdeen :—"I do not attempt to instigate you by the prospect of direct rewards, either earthly or heavenly; the less we think about being rewarded, in either way, the better for us. But there is one reward that will not fail you, and which may be called disinterested, because it is not a consequence, but is inherent in the very fact of deserving it; the deeper and more varied interest you will feel in life, which will give it tenfold its value, and a value which will last to the end. All merely personal objects grow less valuable as we advance in life; this not only endures but increases." † And yet more, the grand burst of righteous indignation which all manner of Pharisees mistook for blasphemy, in his examination of Mr. Mansel's "Theological Application of Sir W. Hamilton's Philosophy :"—"If instead of the glad tidings that there exists a Being in whom all the excellences which the highest human mind can conceive exist in a degree inconceivable to us, I am informed that the world is ruled by a being whose attributes are infinite, but what they are we cannot learn, nor what are the principles of his government, except that 'the highest human morality which we are capable of conceiving' does not sanction them : convince me of it and I will bear my fate as I may. But when I am told that I must believe this, and at the same time call this being by the names that express and affirm the highest

* Comte, 132—135. † Pp., 98, 99.

human morality, I say in plain terms that I will not. Whatever power such a being may have over me, there is one thing which he shall not do, he shall not compel me to worship him. I will call no being good, who is not what I mean when I apply that epithet to my fellow-creatures; and if such a being can sentence me to hell for not so calling him, to hell I will go." *

Nothing is more obvious than that a religion which consists chiefly in a skilful calculation of the rewards of virtue is a mere form of selfishness; and such teaching as Mr. Mill's may be heartily welcomed even by those who are wholly unable to reconcile it with "Utilitarian" morality. Nor is Mr. Mill's protest against pious greediness any the less necessary because the popular appeals of religious teachers are so often addressed to that very selfishness which it must be a chief triumph of any religion worth having utterly to destroy. But both religion and morality seem to require a far surer foundation than has been laid for them in Mr. Mill's philosophy. For that philosophy excludes, not as denied but as unknown, even a single real mind; and if a whole human race may be assumed, why not have a God as well as a religion? For "God" is not necessarily that meddlesome disorder which is assumed in what M. Comte, with most offensive infelicity, calls "the *theological*" mode of philosophizing. Men as familiar as M. Comte with the natural sciences are nevertheless believers in God; and by no means feel compelled to assume that He will be for ever altering His plans. Nor do they account for customary phenomena by the hypothesis of a direct interference, rather than the operation of a fixed

* "Examination," pp., 102, 103.

rule—which rule, however, is itself the expression of a purpose that we have no reason to believe is necessarily unalterable.* The more we know of phenomena, especially the more we know of *the order* of phenomena, the less possible is it to account for all facts and all their mutual relations without a cause beyond and apart from phenomena. For what we know there may exist innumerable "natures," innumerable series of phenomena, in kind and in order wholly different from that series with which we are familiar. Nor is it possible for us to determine which of these natures is the better and which is the less good; nor again, whether innumerable changes might not be better than the permanence of any one series of phenomena. Indeed, it seems highly probable that if there really be a God, and if nature be so orderly that by means of its orderliness God Himself may be forgotten, and even plausibly denied, it would be well that some interruption of the ordinary series should actually take place. So long as the reasonable expectations which God Himself has justified are habitually satisfied, or even so long as their occasional disappointment is fairly compensated, it may often be well to depart from an order of procedure which, if entirely invariable, might be supposed to be necessary.

At any rate, it is tolerably plain that M. Comte would never have arrived at a religion unless he had met with "une angélique influence," and experienced "une incomparable passion privée." It is easy enough to deny a God, and even to resolve our own personality into an unconnected series of states of consciousness, until some living being distinct from ourselves presents to us a new manifestation of the external world. Angelic influences

* See Martineau's "Essays" (Trübner, 1866), pp. 180, 181.

cannot easily be explained away, and the belief in any real existence whatever, were it only the existence of an old rag, contains within itself the possibility of the existence of an immeasurable universe. What would M. Comte have cared for the extinct members of the human race if there had not been among them the incomparable Madame Clotilde de Vaux? Over so narrow a bridge he found it easy to cross into the boundless misty region, not of religion but of fanaticism and superstition.

And in truth, devotion to the whole human race can only be justifiable if there *be* a human race, and if devotion to that human race be reasonable; otherwise such devotion must at least interfere with devotion to our own selves; and self-sacrifice, the mere neglect of our own comfort for the sake of no higher good, is a form of madness. Why not say to M. Comte, "This human race that you would have us live for has no existence whatever; it is one of those transient states of consciousness which, immersed as we are in unfathomable delusions, we cannot help calling yours, but neither you nor we exist; and all human language, all human affection, all human action is based upon nothing." Would Mr. Mill advise us to leave the religion of heathens alone because it includes a creed and a sentiment? Would he not tell us that if the creed be false we are bound to destroy it, and if the sentiment be irrational we are bound to desecrate it? What can any reasonable being make of M. Comte's religion? To a Christian it is a kind of blasphemous idolatry, and to a Positivist it is a melancholy absurdity.

It has been said that "whoever believes in the infinite nature of duty, even if he believes in nothing else, is

religious." But what can the infinite nature of duty be? M. Comte refers the obligations of duty, as well as all sentiments of devotion, to a concrete object, at once ideal and real; the human race, conceived as a continuous whole, including the past, the present, and the future. But what is the use of referring duty to a concrete whole if there *be* no concrete whole? And may not the individual repudiate his obligations to the concrete whole even if it exists? A is required to sacrifice his own interests to all the other letters of the alphabet, either jointly or severally; he wants to know why, and he is told that it is a much grander and more refined sort of happiness to care impartially for himself and Z, than to care partially for himself alone. But supposing he does not think so; supposing he does not care in the least for Z, and would gladly sacrifice him to everlasting perdition for one thrill of personal enjoyment: why not sacrifice Z? A utilitarianism that ends in this precept, "Seek always your own happiness, even though you should have to sacrifice for it the happiness of everybody else," is intelligible and consistent; but a utilitarianism that ends in the precept, "Sacrifice your own happiness whenever it would interfere with the happiness of your fellow creatures and of the whole human race," is preposterous and suicidal. It is easy enough to believe that Mr. Mill would rather go to hell than do a wrong action; but the old-fashioned utilitarianism, which alone is logical and consistent, would only think him a fool for his heroism. Very few, then, will be able to perceive how a Positivist can find any infinite nature of duty to serve as a foundation either for religion or morals.

But whatever the ultimate principles may be which

Mr. Mill accepts, there can be no doubt whatever that in "the middle ground of human thought below the primary data which reason must assume," he has accomplished more than almost any other living man. His "Inductive Logic" is by far the best existing guide in the study of phœnomena, whether there be any external world or not. Whether or not happiness be the sole criterion of morality, he has directed our attention with special care to the fact that a selfish man is a bad man. Omitting the primary data, Mr. Mill's conclusions are all on the right side; and not only so, but expressed with singular clearness and infectious enthusiasm. "I must again repeat," he says,* "what the assailants of utilitarianism seldom have the justice to acknowledge, that the happiness which forms the utilitarian standard of what is right in conduct is not the agent's own happiness, but that of all concerned. As between his own happiness and that of others, utilitarianism requires him to be as strictly impartial as a disinterested and benevolent spectator. In the golden rule of Jesus of Nazareth, we read the complete spirit of the ethics of utility. To do as you would be done by, and to love your neighbour as yourself, constitute the ideal perfection of utilitarian morality. As the means of making the nearest approach to this ideal, utility would enjoin, first, that laws and social arrangements should place the happiness, or (as speaking practically it may be called) the interest, of every individual, as nearly as possible in harmony with the interest of the whole; and secondly, that education and opinion, which have so vast a power over human character, should so use that power as to establish in the mind of every individual an indissoluble association between his

* "Utilitarianism," pp. 24, 25.

own happiness and the practice of such modes of conduct, negative and positive, as regard for the universal happiness prescribes; so that not only he may be unable to conceive the possibility of happiness to himself, consistently with conduct opposed to the general good, but also that a direct impulse to promote the general good may be in every individual one of the habitual motives of action, and the sentiments connected therewith may fill a large and prominent place in every human being's sentient existence." Nay, he holds that *virtue itself* is to be desired disinterestedly for itself; is capable of becoming to the individual a good in itself, without looking to any end beyond it,—desirable in itself, *even though in the individual instance it should not produce those other desirable consequences which it tends to produce*, and on account of which (in Mr. Mill's judgment) it is held to be virtue.* What can we need better than this?

Perhaps the most perfect of Mr. Mill's works is his "Political Economy;" a mine of treasure which cannot be too carefully explored by those who would understand the social problems of the day, or help in their practical solution. "Those branches of politics," he says to the students of the University of Aberdeen,† "or of the laws of social life in which there exists a collection of facts or thoughts sufficiently sifted and methodized to form the beginning of a science, should be taught *ex professo*. Among the chief of these is Political Economy—the sources and conditions of wealth and material prosperity for aggregate bodies of human beings. This study approaches nearer to the rank of a science, in the sense in

* "Utilitarianism," pp. 52—54. † "Inaugural Address," 69, 70.

which we apply that name to the physical sciences, than anything else connected with politics yet does. I need not enlarge on the important lessons which it affords for the guidance of life, and for the estimation of laws and institutions, or on the necessity of knowing all that it can teach in order to have true views of the course of human affairs, or form plans for their improvement which will stand actual trial. The same persons who cry down Logic will generally warn you against Political Economy. It is unfeeling, they will tell you. It recognizes unpleasant facts. For my part the most unfeeling thing I know of, is the law of gravitation; it breaks the neck of the best and most amiable person without scruple, if he forgets for a single moment to give heed to it. The winds and waves too are very unfeeling. Would you advise those who go to sea to deny the winds and waves; or to make use of them, and find the means of guarding against their dangers? My advice to you is to study the great writers on Political Economy, and hold firmly by whatever in them you find true; and depend upon it that if you are not selfish or hard-hearted already, Political Economy will not make you so."

It is scarcely possible to conceive of a sillier objection to the study of Political Economy, one more completely without foundation in fact, than the objection that it is unfeeling. If the objection were made against most forms of modern philanthropy, it would have some weight, for the most deliberate cruelty could scarcely be more mischievous than the well-meant endeavours of many benevolent people to benefit their fellow-creatures; unfortunately too, the mischief is often consecrated by religious associations. The most offensive part of

Political Economy is that which has often been stigmatized as Malthusianism. The wages of the labouring class must depend partly upon the amount of capital which will be employed in the purchase of labour; and partly upon the number of individuals among whom that amount of capital will be distributed. It is conceivable enough that the wealth of the rich might simply be stolen from them, that they might be compelled to employ more labourers, or to give higher wages; but even that would be only an iniquitous mode of increasing the capital employed in the purchase of labour. But if only a hundred pounds a week are to be spent upon a hundred workmen, paid at the same rate, any child can calculate what each man's share will be; and if the number of workmen be doubled, any child can see that the wages of each man must be diminished by half. There are two ways, therefore, of increasing wages: 1st, increase directly or indirectly the capital to be employed in the purchase of labour without increasing the number of labourers; or, 2ndly, diminish directly or indirectly the number of persons among whom this wage-fund will have to be distributed without diminishing the fund itself. There are many ways of diminishing the number of human beings; or, at least, of preventing their too rapid increase. They may, however, all be reduced to two classes, preventive or destructive. The first of these modes is the one habitually adopted by the upper and middle classes of society; the second is habitually adopted by the labouring classes. If a young man of good family has only just enough to live on, that is to say, just enough to live on without sinking into a lower stratum of society, he never dreams of encumbering himself with a wife and a large family; he remains

unmarried, just as many people who prefer riding to walking manage to exist without a carriage and pair. If a working man has only just enough to live upon, he marries at the first practicable moment a girl who has nothing whatever to live upon, and then they have a number of children who must also take their share of the scanty pittance of their father. In times of scarcity the father's wages are often reduced, or he may remain out of work for many weeks in succession; then the wife and children have, at first not enough, and ultimately nothing at all to eat. Of course they get ill; if the distress continue long the weakest of them die—and so far as that family is concerned the number of individuals among whom the wage-fund must be distributed, is diminished by the destructive mode. It is exactly this sort of misery that Political Economy would prevent. The question is not this: is matrimony a divine institution? nor this; are you very much in love? nor this; why should you be deprived of those natural pleasures which are enjoyed by the rich? The real question is far less romantic, and, moreover, far more easily answered. You know exactly what your income is, can you afford to keep a wife and six children? What's the use of being very much in love, if you have not a bread-loaf.

Unfortunately, there is among working people, as among all other people, a large amount of vice; and good men, knowing well the unspeakable worth of the legal safeguard of marriage, imagine that for the prevention of vice, marriages among the poor should not only be facilitated but greatly encouraged. To all such persons, I venture to recommend a very careful study of the thirteenth chapter of the second book of Mr. Mill's "Political Economy." "Poverty, like most social evils,"

he says,* "exists because men follow their brute instincts without due consideration. But society is possible, precisely because man is not necessarily a brute. Civilization, in every one of its aspects, is a struggle against the animal instincts. Over some even of the strongest of them it has shown itself capable of acquiring abundant control. It has artificialized large portions of mankind to such an extent, that of many of their most natural inclinations they have scarcely a vestige or a remembrance left. If it has not brought the instinct of population under as much restraint as is needful, we must remember that it has never seriously tried. What efforts it has made have mostly been in the contrary direction. Religion, morality, and statesmanship have vied with one another in incitements to marriage, and to the multiplication of the species, so it be but in wedlock. Religion has not even yet discontinued its encouragements. The Roman Catholic clergy (of any other clergy it is unnecessary to speak, since no other have any considerable influence over the poorer classes) everywhere think it their duty to promote marriage in order to prevent fornication. There is still in many minds a strong religious prejudice against the true doctrine. The rich, provided the consequences do not touch themselves, think it impugns the wisdom of Providence to suppose that misery can result from the operation of a natural propensity; the poor think that 'God never sends mouths but he sends meat.' No one would guess from the language of either, that man had any voice or choice in the matter. So complete is the confusion of ideas on the whole subject, owing in a great degree to the mystery

* "Political Economy," i. 455—457 (see the whole chapter).

in which it is shrouded by a spurious delicacy; which prefers that right and wrong should be mismeasured and confounded on one of the subjects most momentous to human welfare, rather than that the subject should be freely spoken of and discussed. People are little aware of the cost to mankind of this scrupulosity of speech. The diseases of society can, no more than corporal maladies, be prevented or cured without being spoken about in plain language. All experience shows that the mass of mankind never judge of moral questions for themselves, never see anything to be right or wrong until they have been frequently told it; and who tells them that they have any duties in the matter in question, while they keep within matrimonial limits? Who meets with the smallest condemnation, or rather who does not meet with sympathy and benevolence, for any amount of evil he may have brought upon himself and those dependant on him, by this species of incontinence." "One cannot wonder that silence on this great department of human duty should produce unconsciousness of moral obligations, when it produces oblivion of physical facts. That it is possible to delay marriage, and to live in abstinence while unmarried, most people are willing to allow; but when persons are once married, the idea, in this country, never seems to enter any one's mind that having or not having a family, or the number of which it shall consist, is at all amenable to their own control. One would imagine that children were rained down upon married people direct from heaven, without their being art or part in the matter; that it was really, as the common phrases have it, God's will and not their own, which decided the numbers of their offspring."

Whether or not the cruel folly of bringing into the

world more people than one can keep is at all lessened or mitigated by the performance of a preliminary religious ceremony, may be left for the decision of casuists. Political Economy, so far at least as the theory of wages is concerned, has nothing whatever to do either with the religious or the legal sanctions of marriage; it is concerned only with the physical results. Married people *without children* can live just as comfortably as unmarried people *without children*.

That the wealth of a country like England is neither wisely nor justly distributed, political economists would be the first to admit; indeed, they are the only people who understand the matter at all. To amend the laws and to improve the social condition of the country, would be, indeed, an immeasurable benefit, not only to the working classes but to public morality; but to act as if a bad law did not exist, is an extremely different thing from mending it. It may be true that the wealth of England should be so distributed that every honest working man should earn enough wage, not only to support a wife and feed an average family, but also to educate them and to secure some fair amount of leisure for the culture of his own mind. But if the wealth of England be not distributed after that manner, what is the use of acting as if it were? If a man who deserves a hundred shillings, only gets twenty, what will a butcher or a baker care for his deserts? The real hindrances in the way of an equitable distribution of wealth, are, among other things, the laws which regulate the descent and transfer of real property, popular ignorance, the profuse and joyless waste of the unproductive classes of society, and the everlasting race for riches, the treading upon one another's heels, the keeping

up appearances, which has in fact turned almost all human life into a lie. And yet, the very people who accuse political economy of being unfeeling, are the very people who are the main supporters of nearly every social abuse. All the church property in the kingdom, or at any rate by far the largest part of it, is a consecrated justification of perhaps the most reckless absurdity of which a nation can be guilty.* And what have the philanthropists, excepting those who were more or less political economists also, done for popular education? Left it to the clergy; a body of men who have probably with a sublime self-denial, spent fifty times as much on education out of their own pockets as *the present generation* of Churchmen has contributed to the stipends of the clergy. But notwithstanding the extreme benevolence of the clergy, any public education entrusted solely to their management will be limited on the one side by Anglican orthodoxy, and on the other by the opinions and prejudices of country squires. Now Anglican orthodoxy excludes Dissenters from receiving *any* education; and the opinions and prejudices of country squires limit the education actually given to the mere rudiments even of the most necessary branches of knowledge. We are all amazed at the folly of strikes, the injustice and wastefulness of trades' unions, and the like. What excellent advice Lord Derby can give to working men—as thus, at Manchester:—

"I warn as a friend, as an earnest and sincere friend—and, speaking from the deepest conviction, I warn the working classes not to be led away by the flattering delusion of men who will tell them that they can induce Parliament to pass a measure of

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* See "Dissertations," i., 1—41.

exceptional legislation for their special and immediate benefit. They cannot induce, I hope, any Parliament to pass any such measure; and if such a measure were to be passed, the workmen would find, to their misfortune, that it was the greatest injury that could be done them. I mean a measure attempting to regulate the rate of wages. To interfere between labour and capital is beyond the legislation of any Parliament; and indeed it would be in short only to lead Parliament to adopt such a course of legislation as has been recommended in some of the bye laws we have heard so much of of late in connection with various trades' unions in the country. Don't let me be misunderstood. I am no adversary or opponent of trades' unions. I think that confined to their legitimate object they are useful and salutary instruments for maintaining the rights of the labouring classes.

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"I say that even strikes, objectionable as they are in principle, and injurious as they are to the working classes, are not an illegitimate or illegal mode of procceding; I say that if capital and labour cannot agree together, the only mode of bringing them together is the absence of one or the other—the capital to employ the labour, or the labourer to give the capital.

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"It is a great disadvantage to the honest man who is only desirous of making the most of his industry, for such a man to be prohibited from turning his own skill to his advantage. Can there be a greater restriction upon the labouring man? What is the capital of the labouring man? It is his labour; and really if these societies are to prevent a man from making the most of his labour it is simply to put the idle, the indolent and the worthless upon the same footing as the intelligent and industrious, and to bring all labour down to a dead level, and to increase the expense of all work that depends on that labour, not only by increased wages, but also by the uncertainty which prevails on the part of every contractor as to his power of executing a contract, and the necessity of charging higher prices, because he may be deprived of the services of those upon whom he relies.

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"I say that trades' unions go beyond their limits when they agree not only themselves not to work, but to prevent and intimidate other persons from working. For my own part, looking to the

public and private interests of the members, I cannot for the life of me understand how English workmen, entitled to make the most of their own industry and science, can submit to the tyranny under which they are groaning. Gentlemen, the whole course of our legislation for the last, I won't say how many years, has been a protest against class legislation. It has been an argument in favour of the free admission of all foreign goods; an argument in favour of free trade; an argument opposed to all class protection. What would you say if in this city of Manchester Government were to impose, as in Continental cities, an *octroi* duty on the importation of every article of agricultural produce? The whole city would be in an uproar; and yet you submit to the bye-laws of associations which say that not only shall a tax be paid, but not a single brick shall be laid in Manchester that is imported—not from a foreign country—from beyond a single district—even beyond the breadth of a canal. We are speaking in the Free Trade Hall. What do you say of bye-laws which say that not a stone shall be worked in a quarry to save an enormous additional amount of labour in carting it to the place where it is to be deposited, but that it shall be brought in bulk and worked by the workmen, and if it should have been worked in the quarry, then the farce is to be gone through of working it again by workmen in Manchester? If this system is to prevail, what is to become of our threshing-machines and our steam ploughs, our mowing and reaping machines? You would have to resort to your old flail and other obsolete implements, and in manufactures to old hand-loom weaving; you would have to do away with the power-loom and all those old inventions of genius which, while they have multiplied to an indefinite amount the productive capital of the country, have at the same time multiplied to an extent almost equally indefinite the amount and number of persons employed. I say that the British workman would do well seriously to consider these things."

This is very admirable advice; but it will not be appreciated, it will not even be understood, by the grown-up men to whom it is addressed for the first time. Nobody knows better than the great Conservative leader, that the advantages of free trade are far from *obvious*,

whether free trade be in labour or in corn. If men are to be brought to believe that itis impossible for them by mere combination or intimidation permanently to raise the rate of wages, this result can only be secured by careful education; and all education, the effects of which are to last through life, must begin in childhood. How many schools then are there under the control of the clergy and squires in which even the simplest rudiments of political economy are taught to the children? It may indeed be urged, that the children of the wealthier classes are left in equal ignorance of what every one ought to know. So much the worse for the future of England. But, nevertheless, the danger in the latter case is by no means so great as in the former. The interests of the wealthier classes are *obviously* as well as really inseparable from order and obedience to the laws; whereas the interests of the working classes are often apparently though not really hindered and sacrificed by the laws and usages of society. Everybody with three hundred a year would expect to lose by a revolution; whereas nothing would be easier than to convince the majority of working men that *they* would be sure to gain. Education is the less necessary for the wealthier classes because prejudice and selfishness secure their loyalty. But the loyalty and order of the working classes can be secured by education alone.

It may very safely be affirmed of Mr. Mill's writings that their practical conclusions are almost invariably sound and noble. They furnish a splendid discipline both for the intellect and conscience; and they are works of which it may truly be said that no educated Englishman can afford to be ignorant.

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